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THE NEW YORKER

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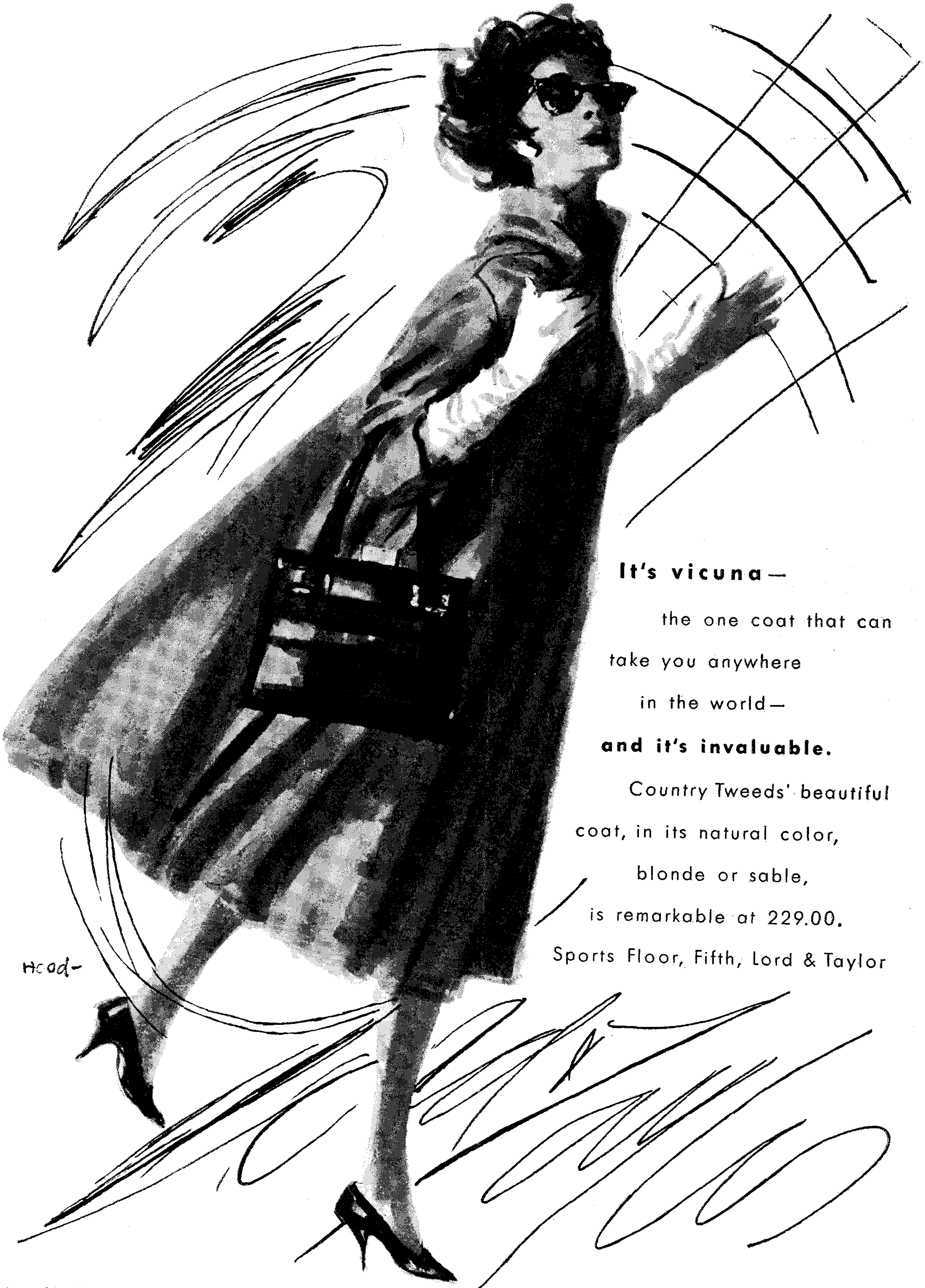

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—The range and brilliance of Laurence Olivier's performance as a seedy music-hall artist and an even more dismaying family man are an enormous help to John Osborne's otherwise rather disappointing tragedy. The excellent supporting cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 4. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcee and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

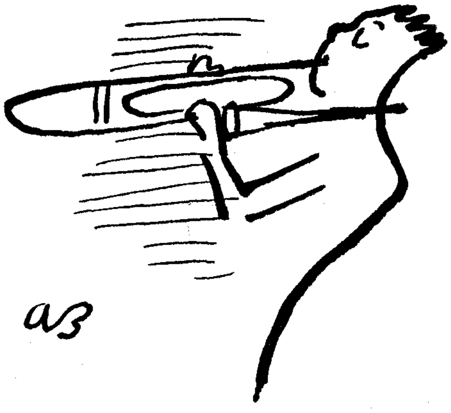
Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe and Natalie Schafer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney and Joan Blondell do well with other leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and generally very talented cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives the season's most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. Miss Hayes gets a lot of help from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx, and the crux of the enterprise is the romance that springs up between them. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy head an expert cast in an expert, if highly gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Greer Garson is now the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Firstborn—Christopher Fry's Biblical verse drama, starring Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle, Mildred Natwick, and Torin Thatcher. Presented by Miss Cornell and Roger L. Stevens, and directed by Mr. Quayle. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40. Through Saturday, June 7.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are skillful in their support. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually breezy and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer supplied the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed the gifted cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this quite impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **l'il abner:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 11, May 3, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** O'Neill's "Anna Christie," turned into a musical by George Abbott. The songs are by Bob Merrill, and the cast is headed by Thelma Ritter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

JANE EYRE—A play by Huntington Hartford, taken from Charlotte Brontë's novel, with Eric Portman and Blanche Yurka. Directed by Demetrios Vilan and produced by Courtney Burr, in association with Sterling Productions. Opens Thursday, May 1. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VISIT—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, adapted by Maurice Valency. Presented by the Producers Theatre and directed by Peter Brook. Opens Monday, May 5, and will run through Saturday, July 5. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Federico García Lorca's "Blood Wedding," with Margot Lassner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Through Sunday, May 4: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 9: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays and Thursday, May 1, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, and Arthur Malet in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CRICKET THEATRE—A new version of Jean Anouilh's comedy "Ardele," with William LeMassena, Gertrude Corey, and David Hooks. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Shaw's "The Philanderer," with William Landis and Del Tenney. Previews Friday through Sunday, May 2-4, and Tuesday through Saturday, May 6-10, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, May 12. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412.)

MARTINIQUE THEATRE—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—A two-week repertory of Molière plays being presented, in French, by Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, from Montreal, in its first appearance in this country. Through Sunday, May 4: "Le Malade Imaginaire." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 6-11: Three farces—"Le Mariage Forcé," "Sganarelle," and "La Jalousie du Barbouillé." (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

RENATA THEATRE—A revival of Jean Giraudoux's "The Enchanted," adapted by Maurice Valency and with Sushelagh Ree, Gerald Hiken, and Paul Ballantyne. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

TARA THEATRE—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. Previews Friday through Sunday, May 2-4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8, at 8. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE 74—Ettore Rella's "Sign of Winter," with Elizabeth Farrar and Larry Haddon in a cast directed by Charles Olsen. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, May 1-6, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 7. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 3 and 8:40; and Sundays at 7:30.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham and Hortense Alden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—Final performances by a hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-7209. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

LES BALLETS DE PARIS—A company headed by Jeanmaire and Roland Petit. Three of four new ballets ("La Dame dans la Lune," "Counter Point," "La Rose des Vents," and "La Chambre"), plus "Carmen," are presented at each performance. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

JEAN LÉON DESTINÉ—With his Haitian dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, May 10, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The usual gamut, from aerialists to zanies. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—As their final production this season, the group will do "Let 'Em Eat Steak," a comedy by Louise Conkling. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8:40, and Saturday, May 10, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a travelling posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night Betty Benee lets go some ditties in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a flower show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stars are out every night but Sunday in the roof of the Persian Room, and there are more stars in the dance tunes of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and instrumentalists, too—and of Mark Monte's smaller group. At dinner and supper, Jane Powell is reasserting the old Hollywood fable that you can improve the flavor of even the very best ballad by dousing it with a rich cream sauce. Her school for cookery closes on Tuesday, May 6; next evening, Celeste Holm, woman of the world to her handsome fingertips, becomes the recitalist. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-lemon music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which will never be arrested for reckless driving, canters along all evening. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the sort of dream house that would now take eight million dollars to duplicate, sways gently in the breeze of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small dance ensembles. At dinner and supper, Bill Hayes and Florence Henderson offer a joint vocal concert in their chipper musical-comedy manner. Their final performance will be given on Wednesday, May 7; their successor will

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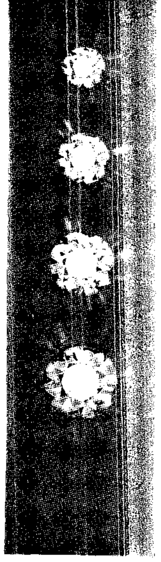

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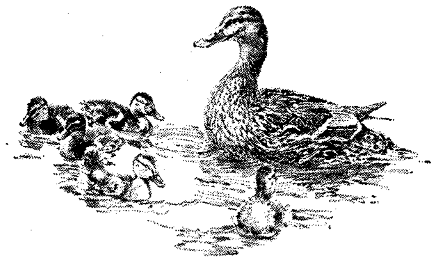

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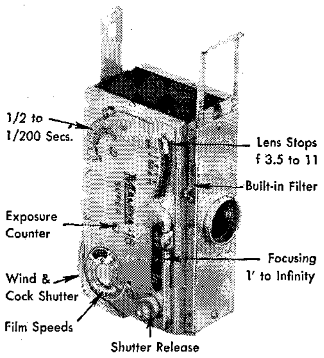

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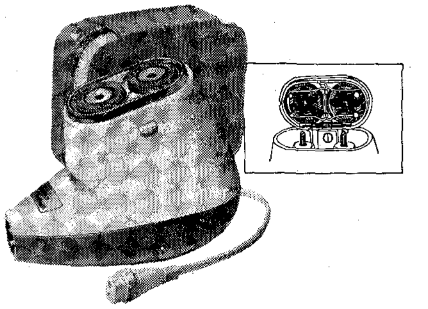

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be Patricia Wilson, a pretty child and a vocal one, too. All quiet Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The new management has changed the name (né Ambassador), the stationery, and the matchbooks, but everything else looks the same. In the Embassy Club, a decorator's delight, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after ten, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Mondays.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's pagan rout, which has all the trimmings of a Mexican fiesta except the firecrackers, lets go with dance music every so often in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Paris for which Maurice Chevalier is spokesman in the Empire Room is a venerable figment of show-business imagination, but you won't mind the old lantern slides at all, because M. Chevalier is doing the lyrics that go with them. He appears at dinner Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. Also on hand are Emil Coleman's band and Béla Babai's crew, both of which bat out decisive dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a trio belonging to the celebrated Cy Walter and a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely request the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Mr. W. also tosses off an occasional eloquent piano soliloquy. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

NOTE—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails are provided. From any window table, you can watch what's left of old New York being torn limb from limb while someone plays subdued martyr music. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The old order (which happens to be a good one) never changes—the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master here for many years, presiding over a bit of formal gardening that is almost Regency in feeling. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. The arise-and-shine piano of Jack Banan (to be succeeded on Tuesday, May 6, by Bud Gregg) starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) *love is where you find it,* and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Music with the enchantment of a Latin midsummer night's dream issues from the guitar of Renato Rossini, who graces this hall of mirrors between nine and one. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from *seven-thirty until very late indeed.* The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else is Aaron Bell's trio, which is solid hot, skip, and jump, as well as Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, an outfit full of life but inclined to wax sentimental. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The zimbalon, now one with the whooping crane, has almost its last nesting place here. Other Hungarian artifacts—happy piano, violin, song, and cuisine—are likewise in evidence. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Springtime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by George Feyer, who uses the *accent aigu,* rather than the *accent grave,* from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook in a handsome restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever millionaire clubmen do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from *five-thirty* to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Nocturnal life, adorned by Hamish Menzies, whose piano, conversation, and ballads (the sassy ones, anyway) are admirably suited to the dark hours between ten and daybreak. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, bobbing violinists and occasionally a sturdy Italian operatic tenor down front, all of which makes for a birthday-party mood. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, perfectly cast as Samson bringing the temple down about his ears, is completing his job of demolition on Wednesday, May 7; the ensuing hurly-burly will involve Johnny Mathis, a jazz singer to remember when *he leaves off the extraneous* curlicues. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The new Latin Quarter (a refurbishing of both décor and management) is a fond and foolish reminder of the days when floor shows really were floor shows—a pride of showgirls big enough to beat the Chicago Bears; a spate of pony ballerinas, singers, clowns, and jugglers, all marching and countermarching; and a real onstage rainstorm. The singer above all others is Sallie Blair, in a primeval, gut-bucket mood; the clowns are the pantomimic Bernard Brothers. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The principal citizens are George Matson, a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mimic whose commentary on the passing scene is all the more vivid for being unspoken, and Mae Barnes, whose commentary on anything comes from the depths of a voice edged with broken glass. Among the other inhabitants is Charlie Manna, who is given to cheerful tomfoolery. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his accomplices), which makes distilled jazz, and the piano of Bart Howard.... ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The fine art of sardonic writing and the fine art of sardonic acting welded together in a joint show. The actors: Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold. The writers: Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The curator of this enterprise is Julius Monk, who knows all there is to know about putting on a revue; the pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, and more salon than anything else. The Norman Paris trio, which involves Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia as sidemen, is the new music in a seventeen-jewel setting; Warren Vaughn's piano is gay and irresponsible. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The accent is on the positive—songs by Felicia Sanders, a pillar of fire by night; rumpus-room humor by the long-lost Jane Dulo; chalk talks by Larry Storch, also long-lost, that are red, hot, and (unhappily) now and then blue; and demented ditties by Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, moderator of this unruly brood, chips in with a few worldly arias. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Phyllis Diller, a girl with a song in her heart and an addle in her pate, is running the funny-sayings department in the small bar; Dean Sheldon just sings. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Sheldon; Mondays, there are amateur acts and no Diller.... **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unmannered singer of songs of passion and songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre, as well as pianist of the evening. They stay home Sundays.... **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Monique Van Vooren, an Aphrodite with modern airs (such as Cole Porter's) and graces, not to mention a flash or two of wit, is now serving as great white goddess from over the seas (Belgium). Her *mise en scène* is a blend of Miami and Las Vegas. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude Band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio that includes Mousie Alexander. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The immemorial Ben Webster is once more huffing and puffing down his valiant saxophone in the midst of a very happy family, among its members being Jimmy Jones on piano and Joe Benjamin on bass. The Kingston Trio, a fine-looking body of young men from the orange groves of Academe—Stanford and like that—does the singing, whose attitude is also very happy. Sunday afternoons, there's also a matinée at four; Langston Hughes will read poetry to a jazz background at both sessions on Sunday, May 4. Closed Mondays.... **THE ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Another (and probably elaborate) assembly hall for America's most famous native industry opens on Monday, May 5, with Joe Bushkin's quartet and Teddy Wilson's trio to show that there's life in the older school of music yet. They'll be proselytizing every day but Sunday.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the trios of Mary Lou Williams and Billy Taylor, both pianists, take turns at revealing what the future has in store for us. She is a progenitor of the vanguardist movement; he is a light-fingered, not to say twenty-fingered, disciple. Their night starts at nine. The Williamses are on leave Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. The cocktail classes in introspective piano, which run until nine, are again being supervised by Johnny Mehegan, who is around every day but Sunday.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce intensity. On the podium right now is Johnny Richards' orchestra and the Roy Haynes trio. They both clear out on Wednesday, May 7. The next batch, due next evening: Jeri Southern, slowly but surely winding lyrics around her little finger; the Horace Silver quintet, whose leader is a cool-headed pianist; and the Terry Gibbs quartet, which is usually in a merry frame of mind. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his new trio (two bassists) are off and running, or even flying, on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, a thundering herd in which Jo Jones, Wingy Manone, Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis should be prominent.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise comes from a quartet led by Bobby Hackett, whose cornet has a sterling-silver lining, and a trio led by Eddie Heywood, a middle-of-the-roader but no slowpoke. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for Jimmy Giuffre's trio (Bob Brookmeyer helps this one a lot), whose message is in general a resignation from the world and its temptations, plus the sextet run by Miles Davis, an enigmatic young man with a horn and a truant from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

several schools of music. Sundays are early days, from five until midnight. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, whose laboratory turns out sound effects that don't grow on trees, is experimenting, as always, with a group of cronies. Sundays, the hours are six to twelve; Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth and, for that matter, questing jazz, which Randy Weston's quintet is now undertaking to provide. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): An almost forgotten form of dance music from the rocks and rills of an earlier America resounds happily as Max Kaminsky's sextet, which also embodies Dick Cary, Charlie Queener, Bob Wilber, and Bobby Donaldson, sets to work, at ten in the evening, beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Saturday, May 3, may be the last day of this pageant. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RAFAEL ALBERTI—Bullfighting scenes, sensitively handled, by a contemporary Argentine poet and painter; through Saturday, May 3. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

CHARLES ALSTON—Paintings (figures and landscapes), drawings, and sculptures; through May 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Paintings, suave in color and design, by an Italian artist; through Saturday, May 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

DUSTI BONGÉ—Broadly patterned Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JAMES BOYNTON—Non-objective oils by one of the younger Americans represented at the Brussels World's Fair; through May 24. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JACOB EPSTEIN—Nineteen bronze portraits; through May 17. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Abstract oils and drawings; through May 31. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

SIDNEY GORDIN—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures, rhythmic in feeling; through Saturday, May 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DOROTHEA GREENBAUM—Sculptures, done in a wide variety of mediums, in her first showing in four years; through Friday, May 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—Abstract sculptures by a Rumanian-born French artist; through May 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ALEXEJ AND ANDREAS VON JAWLENSKY—Oils by the early German Expressionist and by his son Andreas; through Saturday, May 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

PAUL KLEE—A small, well-selected group of his water colors and drawings; through May 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRI LAURENS—A minor memorial of works in bronze and other materials by the early Cubist sculptor, who died in 1954; through May 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

EZIO MARTINELLI—Drawings; through Saturday, May 10. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—New paintings, plus some earlier ones, in his first exhibition here since 1953; through May 17. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

ELIZABETH MCFADDEN—Colorfully decorative col-

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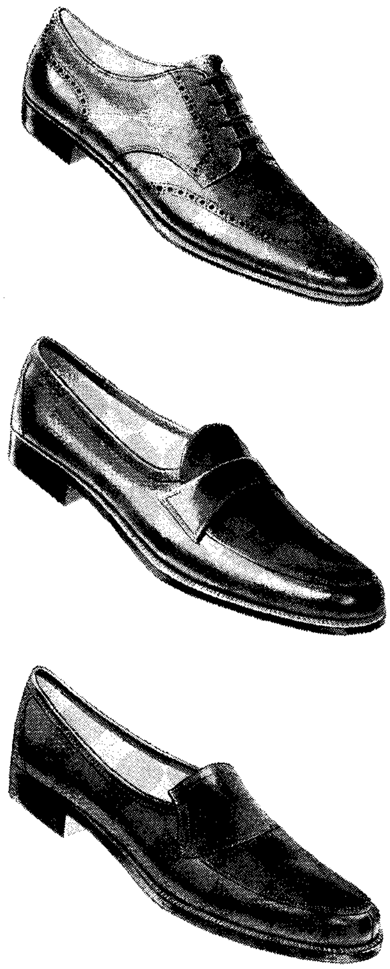

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lages; through Saturday, May 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Edward Melcarth—American and Italian scenes, in a showing of his new oils; through May 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman—Fifteen small bronzes (all being shown for the first time) and a group of drawings; through Saturday, May 3. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City; through Saturday, May 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

William Ronald—Abstract Expressionist oils by a young Canadian artist, in his second New York exhibition; through Saturday, May 10. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Charles Shaw—Colorful abstractions (1957-58); through Saturday, May 3. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, May 3. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

William Thon—Semiabstract oils and water colors of Italy, Spain, and Maine; through Saturday, May 10. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

John Whorf—Water colors, mainly New England seashore and fishing scenes; through Saturday, May 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Recent paintings, more or less totemic in subject, in his first exhibition in some years; through Saturday, May 3. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Modern Tapestries—Reproductions of paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Miró, Matisse, and Rouault, remarkable for their fidelity to the originals; through May 17. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Paintings from the Adelaide Milton de Groot Collection—Among the school-of-Paris artists represented are Delacroix, Modigliani, Gris, and Soutine. For the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through Saturday, May 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Robert D'Arista, Jack Levine, Nathan Oliveira, and Reuben Tam, in a display of oil, wash, ink, crayon, and pencil drawings; through Saturday, May 3. . . . **march**, 95 E. 10th St.: Three painters—Richard Ireland, June Corwine, and Joan Mathews; through May 15. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Eleven Europeans (including Jean Arp and Giorgio de Chirico) and one American (Jackson Pollock) in a showing of paintings dated 1910-50; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings by, among others, Harold Altman, Marsden Hartley, Karel Appel, and Picasso; through May 29. . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Sculptures in various mediums by contemporary American and English artists, including Joseph Konzal, Costantino Nivola, and Kenneth Armitage; through Saturday, May 3. . . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Prints by Robert Conover, Dorothy Hoyt, Matisse, Kandinsky, and others; through May 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Jacob Lawrence; starting Monday, May 5. . . . **emmerich**, 17 E. 64th St.: Mexican Art (1500-200 B.C.); starting Monday, May 5. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Alberto Giacometti; starting Tuesday, May 6. . . . **nordness**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Walter Meigs; starting Tuesday, May 6. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Group show; starting Monday, May 5. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Robert Kabak; starting Monday, May 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, May 5. . . . **jacques seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Keith Finch; starting Monday, May 5. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Bernard Perlin; starting Monday, May 5.

Note—An exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by about two hundred lower East Side artists will continue at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., through May 18. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and is open daily from 3 to 9. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, of prints by living Japanese artists, plus *haniwa* (funerary clay sculptures) of the third to fifth centuries, will be held in the parish house of St. James' Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 71st St., starting Monday, May 5. The show will be for the benefit of Japanese artists and students, and will be open daily from 1 to 6.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—After some unexpected delays in repairing damage caused by the recent fire there, the Museum is now scheduled to reopen Thursday, May 1, with the Seurat show again on view. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Guest House, 242 E. 52nd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings (ranging from Courbet and Corot to Motherwell and de Kooning), sculptures, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss, of Greenwich; through May 11. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—The first full-scale showing of Picasso's ceramics in New York; through Saturday, May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of the works of Zvi Gali, an Israeli artist. Included are oil and encaustic paintings (Biblical themes, Israeli scenes, and abstractions), ceramics, and tiles. Through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some sixty oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred items (furniture, textiles, tapestries, silver, ceramics, stained glass, and so forth) by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards during the past ten years; through June 1. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork. In addition, there are six pieces of pre-Columbian Mexican sculpture from the collection of Eugene Berman; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures (by, among others, George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; through June 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, May 1: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and

"The Medium."...¶ Friday evening, May 2: "Regina."...¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Lost in the Stars."...¶ Sunday matinée, May 4: "The Good Soldier Schweik."...¶ Sunday evening, May 4: "Susannah."...¶ "Lost in the Stars": Tuesday through Friday evenings, May 6-9, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, May 10-11. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

CHORUSES

Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks and David Labovitz directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Cherubini's Missa Solemnis in D Minor, with Olivia Bonelli and Joan Marie Moynagh, sopranos; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; Loren Driscoll and Grant Williams, tenors; Norman Farrow, baritone; and the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Paulist Choristers—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Terry Murray—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-58—The last in a series of concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Loren Driscoll, tenor; Robert Rue, baritone; Roy Lazarus, bass; Max Pollikoff, violin; the New Art Wind Quintet; and composers Marvin David Levy and Avery Claflin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, May 4, at 5:30.)

Paul Robeson—Bass, in a program of traditional and folk songs, plus drama and poetry recitations. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 2: Yankees vs. Kansas City....¶ Sunday, May 4, at 2 (doubleheader): Yankees vs. Chicago....¶ Tuesday through Thursday, May 6-8, at 2: Yankees vs. Cleveland....¶ Friday, May 9, at 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 2: Yankees vs. Washington.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 10.)...¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 10.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. Friday through Sunday, May 9-11.)

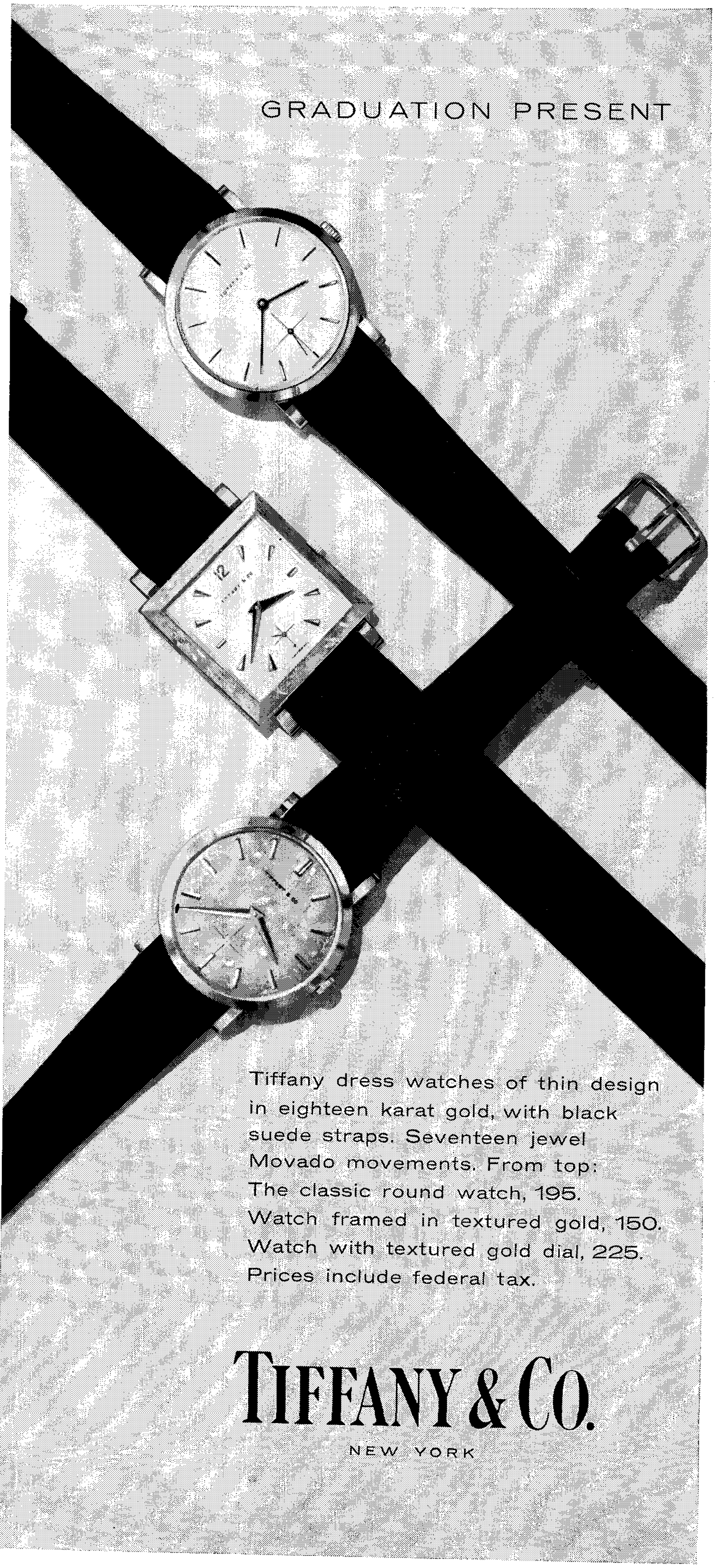
Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Sugartown, Pa. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 3.)...¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 10.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 10. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, May 3; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 7; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **LAUREL**, Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 3.... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, May 3, through Saturday, May 31. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11:15 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 3, at 1.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 9, at 9 and 1; Saturday, May 10, at 9; and Sunday, May 11, at 10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Musical Plays—By the **THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 3, at 11.) . . . **CRICKET THEATRE:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Clown Face." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 3:30.)

Children's Zoo—A brand new crop of lambs, ducks, piglets, kittens, rabbits, and such are on hand to be petted and admired by the little ones. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. Starting Tuesday, May 6, there will be a new show, "A Trip to Palomar." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, May 2), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 6, and Tuesday, May 13, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display on May 6 belong to Mr. and Mrs. William Walker Kennedy, 1136 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Levitt, 10 E. 82nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Foeko H. W. Van Der Laan, 10 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Steinmann, 9 E. 81st St.; Mr. John Cohane, 171 E. 73rd St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Avery Whitney, 450 E. 63rd St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through

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Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 1:45: Chinese and Siamese art, belonging to several collectors, among them Alice Boney. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 1:45: Georgian furniture; Bow, Derby, and other porcelains; Georgian embroidery pictures; and Oriental rugs. The property of Carfax, Ltd., and various other owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 1:45: Early printing, press books, first editions, illustrated books, Oriental art, and other literary material; from the estate of the Reverend J. V. Moldenhawer and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 25. . . . INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON ROAD RACE CENTER, Bridgehampton, L.I.: May 31-June 1. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 15.

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: May 11, May 12 (exhibition game), May 13-15, May 30, June 3-8, and June 10-15.

Boxing—Virgil Akins vs. Vince Martinez, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (St. Louis. June 6.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Princeton. May 17.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 14.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. May 17.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. June 7.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Jericho, L.I. May 20-21.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J., and Westchester Country Club, Rye. June 2.) . . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. June 3-6.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa, Oklahoma. June 12-14.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. June 12-15.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 24 and May 26-31.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. June 1.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. June 6-8.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 13-15.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 13-15.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 17.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 24.)

Motorboat Racing—New York-Albany outboard marathon, June 1.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: May 12-July 5. The Belmont, June 7. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 17. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 4. . . . NEW WOODBINE PARK, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 7. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 10-Aug. 6.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. June 13-14.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Arlington, N.J. June 14-22.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: June 5-Aug. 23.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 14.

Ballet—The Ballet-Théâtre Français in Françoise Sagan's "The Broken Date," at the Adelphi Theatre, May 20-June 15.

Other Dates—United States World Trade Fair, at the Coliseum, May 9-11 and May 16-17. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 17. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 29-June 29. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Friday, May 30. . . . ¶ Commencements: Barnard and Columbia, June 3; Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, June 4; Dartmouth and Smith, June 8; Vassar and Yale, June 9; Harvard, June 12; and Princeton, June 17. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, June 9-July 30. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16.

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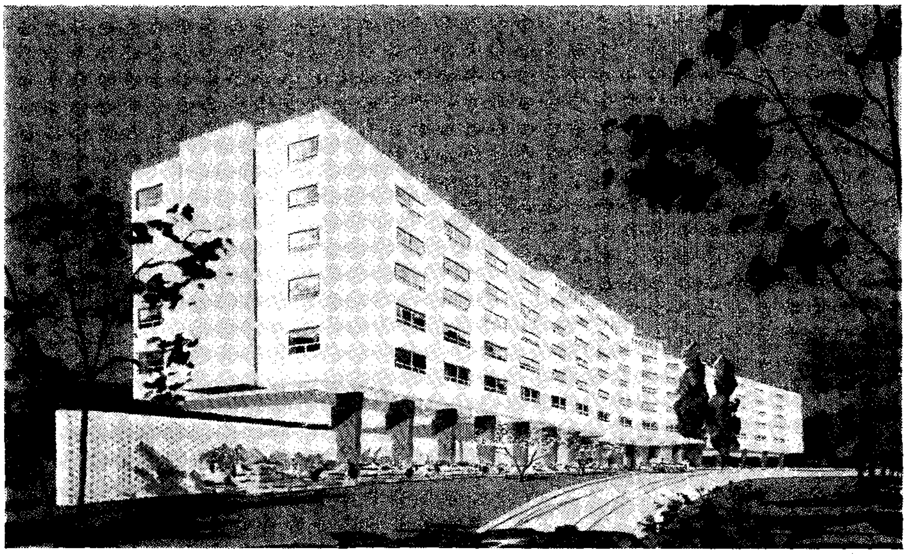

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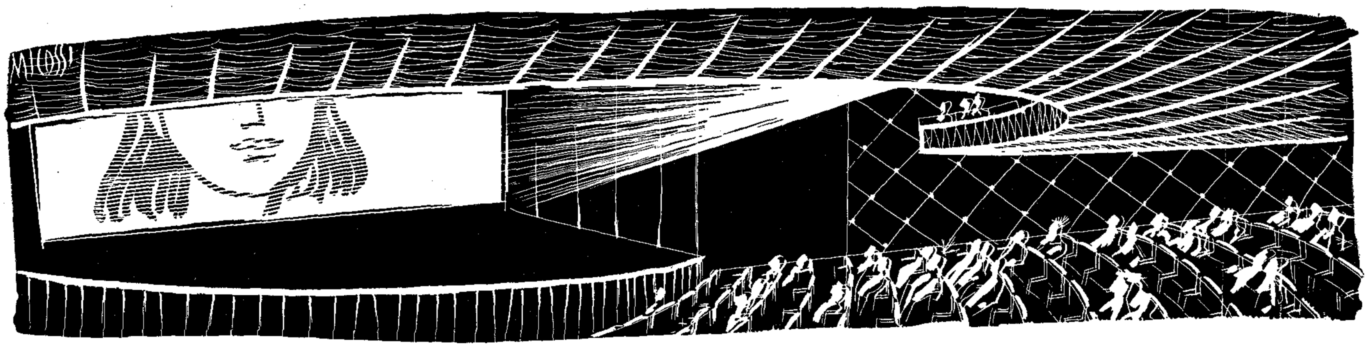
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris—Created by René Clair, this French film examines, with sympathy and humor, an assortment of interesting inhabitants of a seedy district in Paris. Prominent among those on view are a likable bum, a rather morose artist, a fugitive from justice who takes refuge in the artist's residence, and a young lady who excites the emotions of the gentlemen. Played, respectively, by Pierre Brasseur, Georges Brassens, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel, the principal characters are all quite diverting, with M. Brasseur proving conclusively that he is a comedian of a very superior order. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 6, tentative.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Rouge et Noir—Perhaps the life and times of Julien Sorel aren't projected in this French film quite as effectively as they were in the Stendhal novel it is based on, but it still has some of the wit and perfection of the original. Done in color, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi giving charming portrayals of the major roles, and an admirable supporting cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular account of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. Daily at 2 and 8. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. . . . ¶ Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; May 1 at 2 and 8.)

Witness for the Prosecution—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Anthony Adverse (1936)—Fredric March as the peripatetic Anthony. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 5-6.)

Attack! (1956)—Eddie Albert as a cowardly captain and Jack Palance as an upright lieutenant in the Second World War. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; May 5-6. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Opheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; May 6.)

Face to Face (1953)—A two-part film made up of Conrad's "The Secret Sharer," with James Mason, and Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," with Robert Preston and Minor Watson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 7.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 7.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 5-6.)

The Man Who Never Was (1956)—How the British, in 1943, floated a corpse onto a Spanish beach and deceived the Germans about the Allied plan to invade Sicily. An English film, with Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 7.)

Marcelino (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. With English dialogue. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 5-6.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 7.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children of Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 2.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through May 6: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.
From May 7: "The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
May 1: "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.
From May 2: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan, Glynis Johns.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through May 3: "Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)
From May 4: "Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Deadly Decision" (in German), O. E. Hasse, Adrian Hoven.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 6 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
From May 7 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 6 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
From May 7 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through May 5: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea Islands.
May 6: **ATTACK!,** revival; and "Men in War," revival, Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
From May 7: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Uncle Vanya," Franchot Tone, Dolores Dorn-Heft.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 6 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
From May 7 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 7: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
May 1: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**
May 2-6: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.
From May 7: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through May 6 (tentative): "Scandal in Sorrento," revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Flesh Is Weak" (in Italian; formerly called "My Widow and I"), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.
From May 7 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 3 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.
May 4-6 (tentative): "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.
From May 7 (tentative): "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 5: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea Islands.
May 6: **ATTACK!,** revival; and "Men in War," revival, Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
From May 7: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 4: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
May 5-6: **A HATFUL OF RAIN,** revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
From May 7: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 6 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.
From May 7 (tentative): "The Mystery of Picasso" and "A Day in Moscow," both documentary films.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 4: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea Islands.
May 5-6: **ATTACK!,** revival; and "Men in War," revival, Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
From May 7: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 6: "Scandal in Sorrento," revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Flesh Is Weak" (in Italian; formerly called "My Widow and I"), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.
From May 7: **FACE TO FACE,** revival; and "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through May 3: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.
May 4: "Hell and High Water," revival, Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi; and "Spy Chasers," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.
May 5-6: **ANTHONY ADVERSE,** revival; and **RHAPSODY IN BLUE,** revival.
From May 7: **SARATOGA TRUNK,** revival; and **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS,** revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARCELINO, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

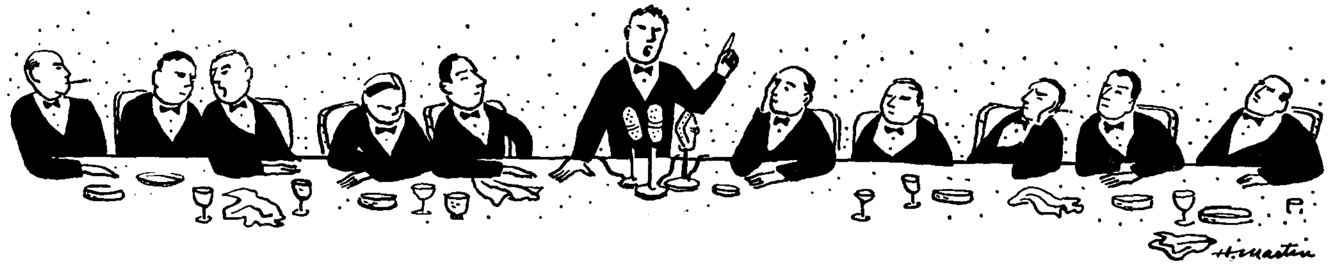
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 1: A program of eight short George K. Arthur films.
From May 2: **SHOE-SHINE** (in Italian), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary film on Mexico.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 6: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From May 7: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 6: "Thunder Road," Robert Mitchum; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea Islands.
From May 7: To be announced.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through May 3: "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
May 4-6: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs; and "The Cat Girl," Lynn Tracey.
From May 7: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter; and "The Left Handed Gun," Paul Newman, Lita Milan.



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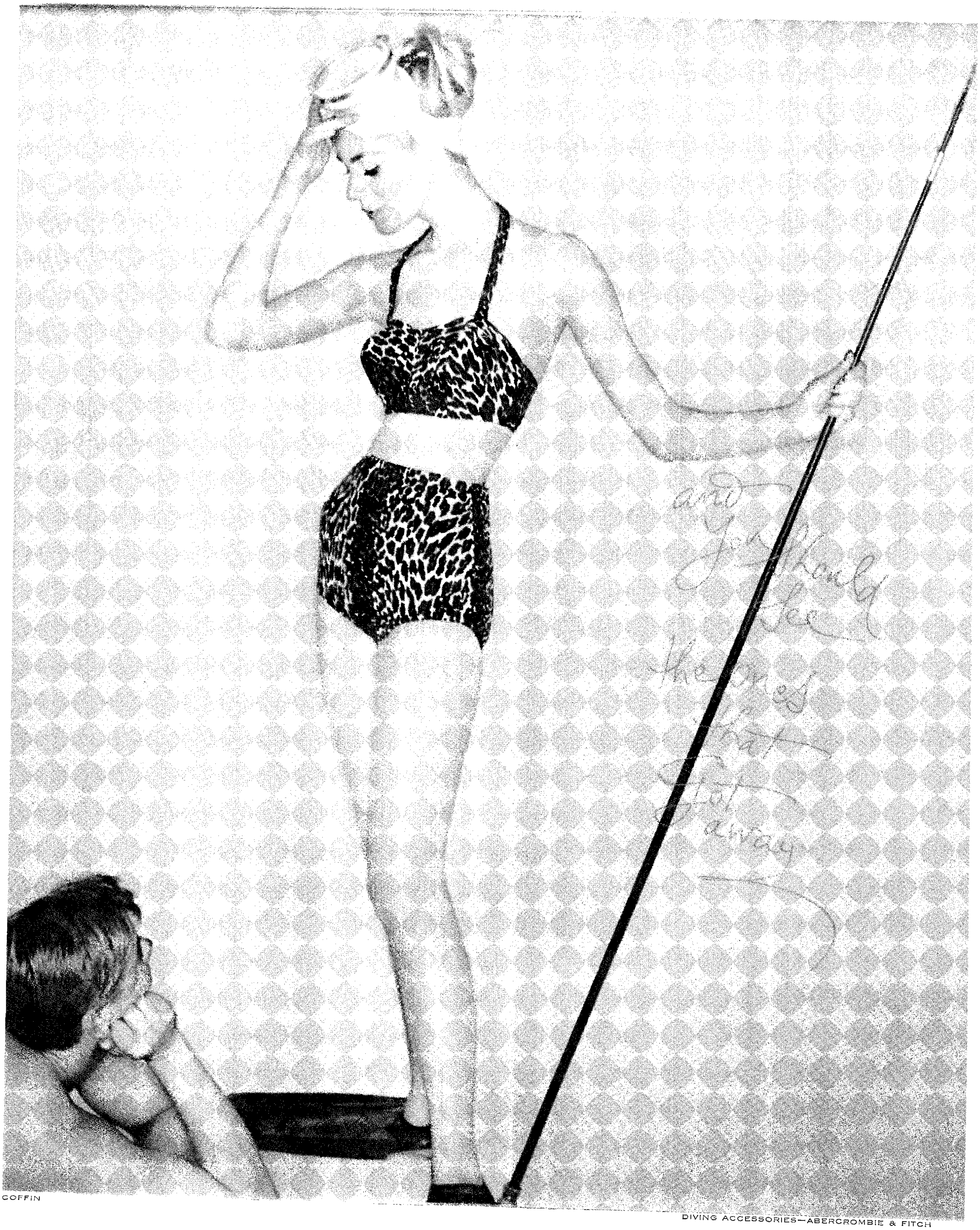

and you should see the one that got away

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Seven reasons wh
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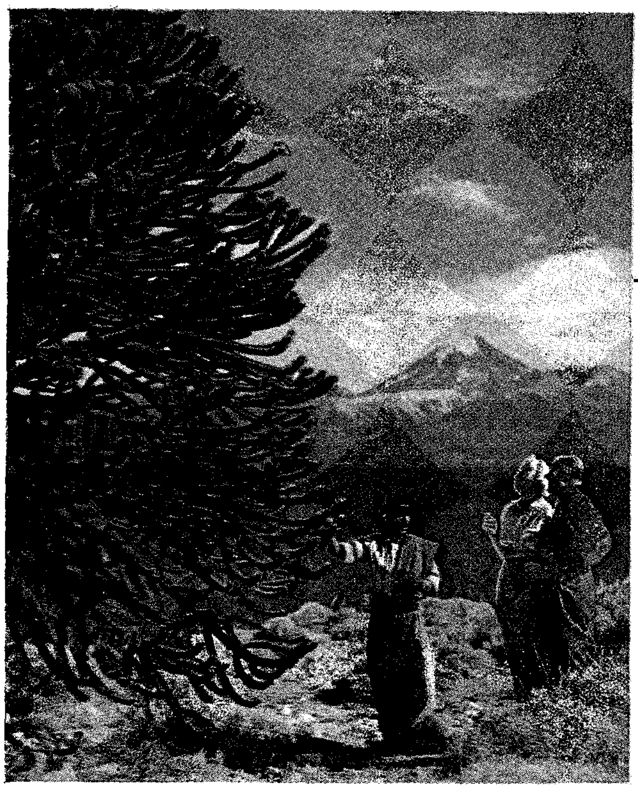

You've never seen such scenery. In the background is the volcano Lanin. Foreground is an Araucaria tree which grows only in southern Chile and Argentina.

Your favorite sports are great sport, too. Fast white water is loaded with fighting brown and rainbow trout, landlocked salmon. Magnificent skiing, golf, hunting. And swimming in two oceans.

You step back centuries in history. The amazing Incas left a whole city—Machu Picchu, hidden until 1911. You can explore palaces, courtyards, and silent streets where no conquistador ever set foot.

You can shop for bargains! Quito is *the* place to buy fine wool. Silver, copper, alligator, nutria are bargains in other cities.

You stop at modern hotels. The Arequipa, shown here, is one of the Peruvian national chain. They were built by the government to please the tourist trade. English is spoken.

Your dollars go further in every co
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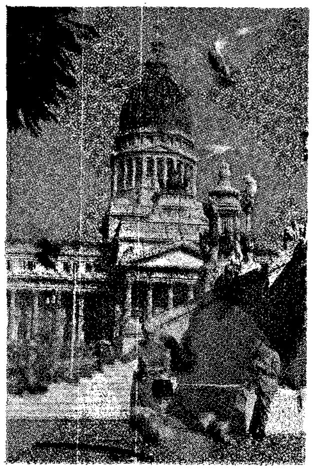

You find a variety of cities, each
its own charm. Buenos Aires is
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this hemisphere. Muy sympatico!

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Day-by-day itinerary of a typical tour tells you how much you can see and do in the continent of contrasts. All packed and ready? Then let's go!

Leave New York after lunch. Fly via Miami to Panama. You'll be there in the late evening. You'll find a room with bath waiting at deluxe Hotel El Panamá.

Next morning, a car will drive you through Panama City, to the ruins of Old Panama, along the seafront to Ancon, Balboa and Miraflores Locks in the Canal.

That night, you'll leave Panama and fly to Lima, Peru, arriving in time for breakfast. On your way to the Hotel Bolivar, you'll discover one of the loveliest cities in the world. Wide avenues with beautiful homes, narrow streets overhung with balconies . . . great plazas with imposing old Spanish architecture.

Lima is exciting, and you'll be there several days. A sightseeing drive will take you to see the Bull Ring, Tomb of Pizarro, Hall of the Inquisition, mansions, and Inca Museum. You'll have extra time to golf, swim, shop. You'll find fabulous bargains in silver. Lima has a year-round average temperature of 70°.

On the morning of the 7th day, you wave farewell to Lima and take off for Santiago, Chile. This flight will show you some of the greatest peaks of the Andes. Santiago nestles in a valley between walls of peaks. Streamlined houses sit in flower gardens. You'll drive from the airport to the splendid Carrera Hotel via beautiful Avenida O'Higgins. Its name is one of many traces you'll find of British and Irish ancestry in Chile.

In the next 3 days, you'll have a sightseeing drive to see buildings, parks, gardens, the shopping district, Opera House, and to the top of San Cristobal Hill at nightfall just as the city lights go on. Another day, you'll have first-class rail tickets to Valparaiso, seaport next to Viña del Mar, the "Monte Carlo of Chile."

Across the Andes on the 11th day. You'll leave Santiago after lunch and arrive in Buenos Aires, at dusk. This flight takes you within sight of Aconcagua, highest mountain in the New World. Crossing the Andes is the most dramatic 20 minutes you could have.

Buenos Aires, called "The Paris of South America," will woo you with its beauty, gaiety, sophistication . . . and with Argentine beef that is thick, juicy, tender and costs next to nothing. Filet Mignon 50¢; Sirloin, 47¢; Tenderloin, 45¢. You'll stay at the Hotel City for five days. You'll have a guided drive to the Opera House, Capitol, Casa Rosada, Rosedal, Racecourse.

The morning of the 16th day, leave Buenos Aires and take an hour's flight over "The River of Silver" to Montevideo, Uruguay. You'll stay at the luxurious Victoria Plaza. Sightseeing will take you along the river front to Carrasco and beaches, to the Capitol and the top of the hill which gave Montevideo its name.

On the 18th day, fly on to São Paulo, Brazil, and Hotel Othon Palace. In the next two days, you'll visit the famous Butantan Snake Farm, travel first-class rail to Santos, visit the Coffee Exchange, Orchid Farm, Vila dos Passaros and Guaruja.

On to Rio, on your 20th day. It's an hour's flight from São Paulo. You stay at the Hotel Miramar Palace. Your sightseeing will take you to beaches, government and residential sections, bay-front boulevards, and to the top of breath-taking Sugar Loaf.

On the 25th day, you'll fly overnight to San Juan, Puerto Rico. You stay at the Condado Beach Hotel with two days for sightseeing—as well as a drive to Morro Castle, Marine Gardens, old Spanish sections and School of Tropical Medicine. On the 28th day you fly to New York.

This is a typical tour. What does it cost? $927 from Miami . . . $989 from New York. Cost includes round trip by air, hotel accommodations, sightseeing.

Your flights are by pressurized DC-6Bs with Panagra (Pan American-Grace Airways) on the West Coast and Pan American on the East. For slightly more, you can fly deluxe *El InterAmericano* DC-7s. Radar on all flights, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra.

The stops and length of this trip are given as an example of what you can do down there with a dollar. There are many tours you can choose from. 11 days to 55 days. You can go with an escorted group. Or you can travel independently, leaving any day you like.

Visit your nearest Pan Am Office or see your Travel Agent for friendly help and advice. He can plan your trip with the effort out and the value in. For a handful of free folders and details on the whole story, name of your nearest Pan Am Office and Travel Agent, write Mr. Don Wilson, Panagra, Room 4436, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

PANAGRA
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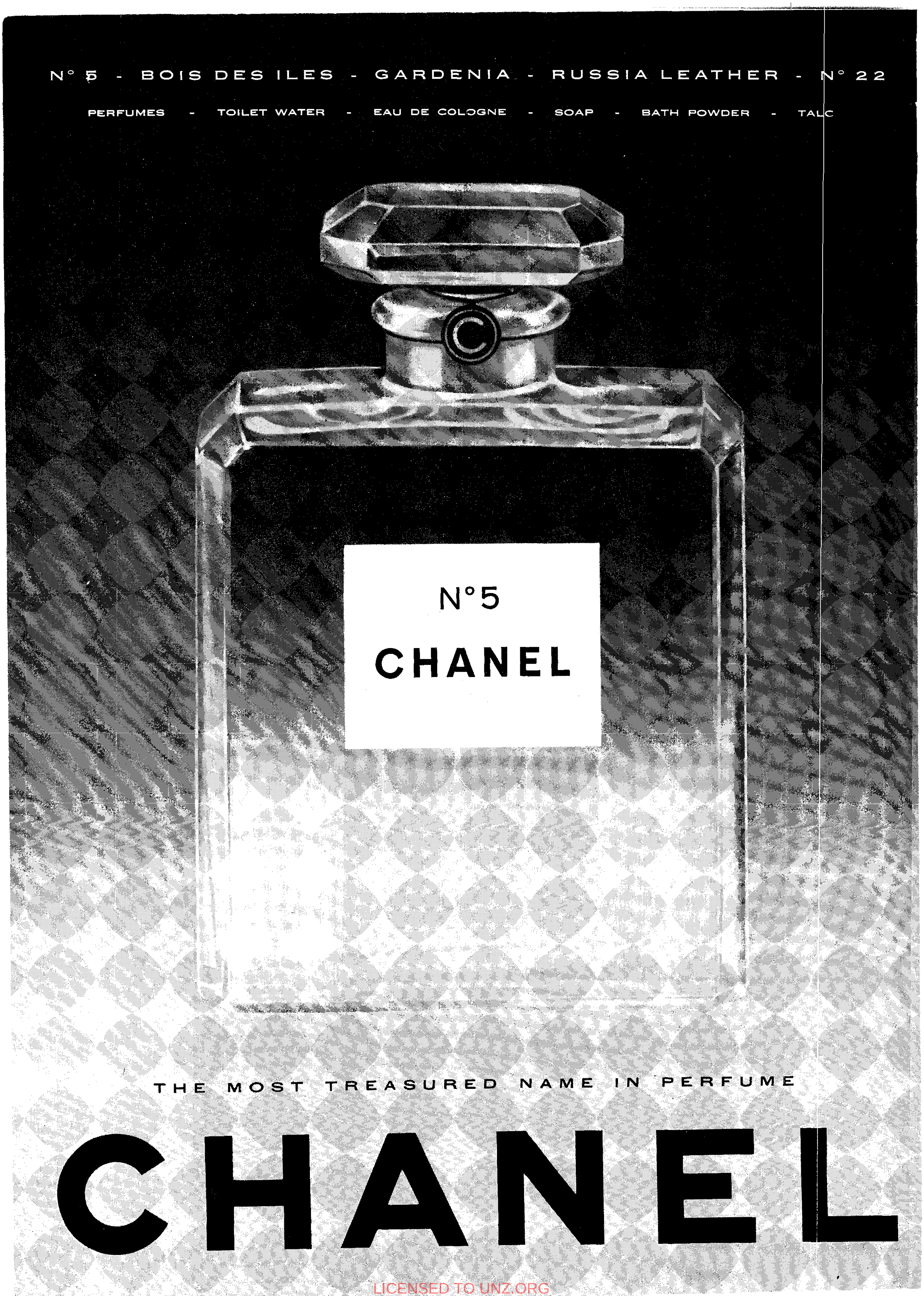


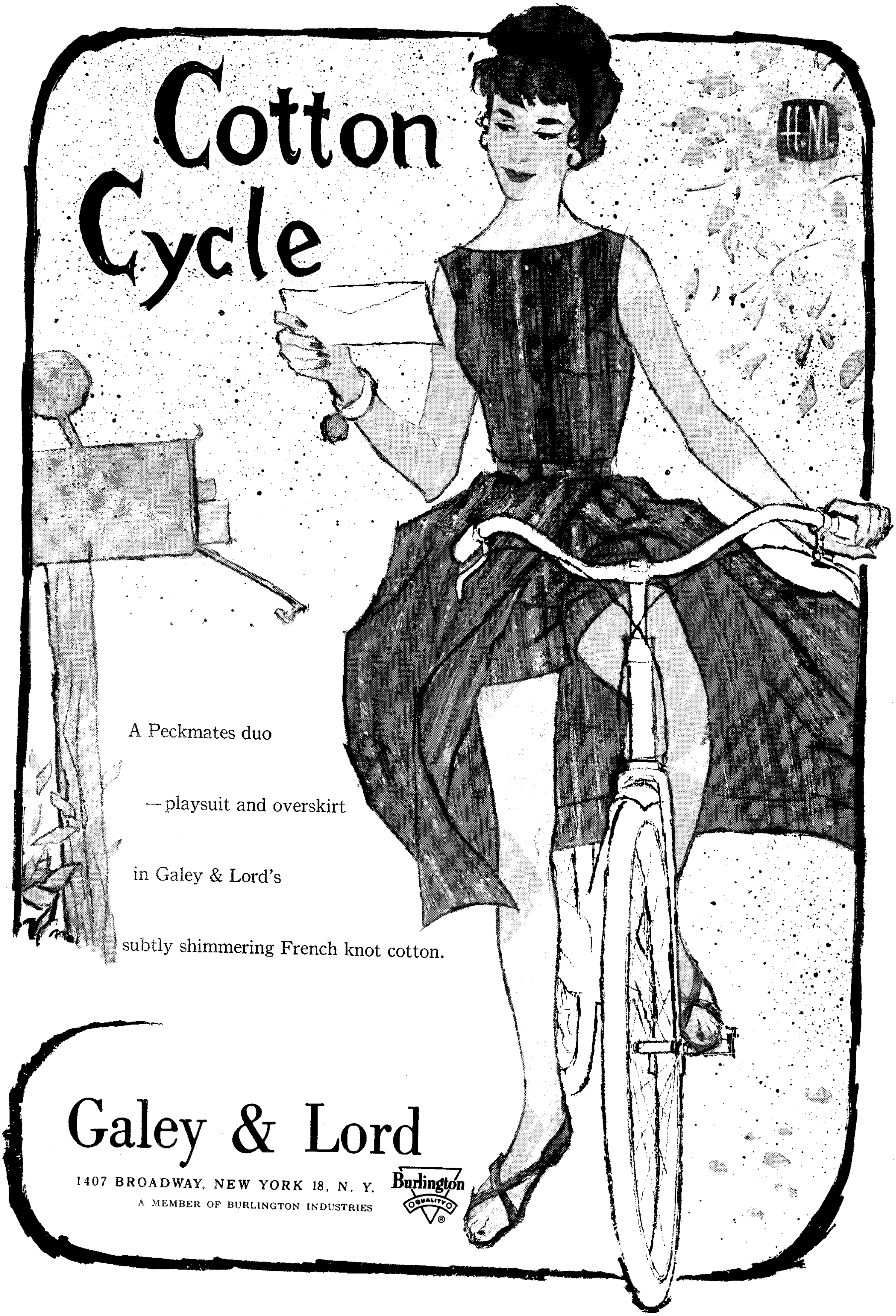
N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

N°5
CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



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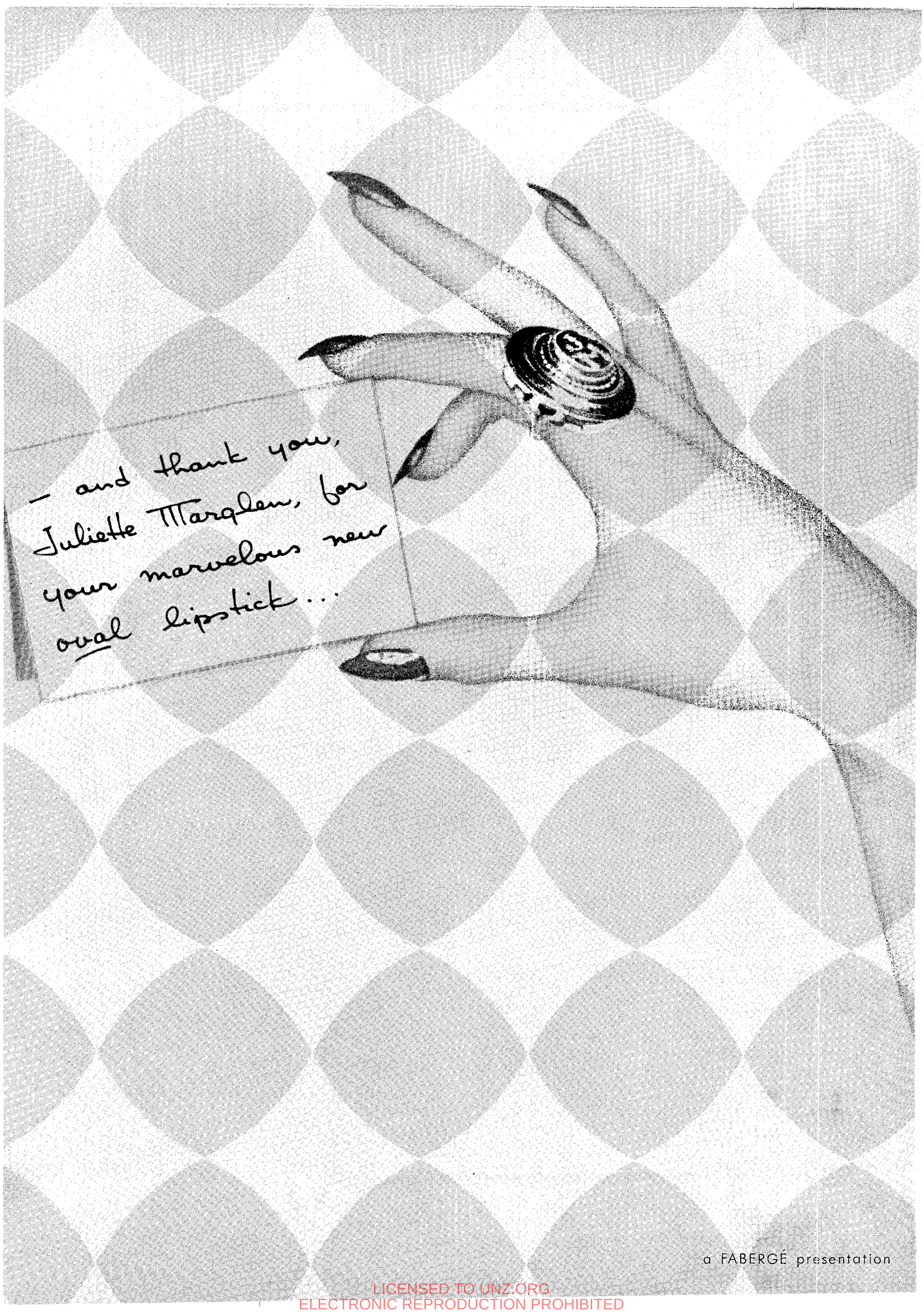
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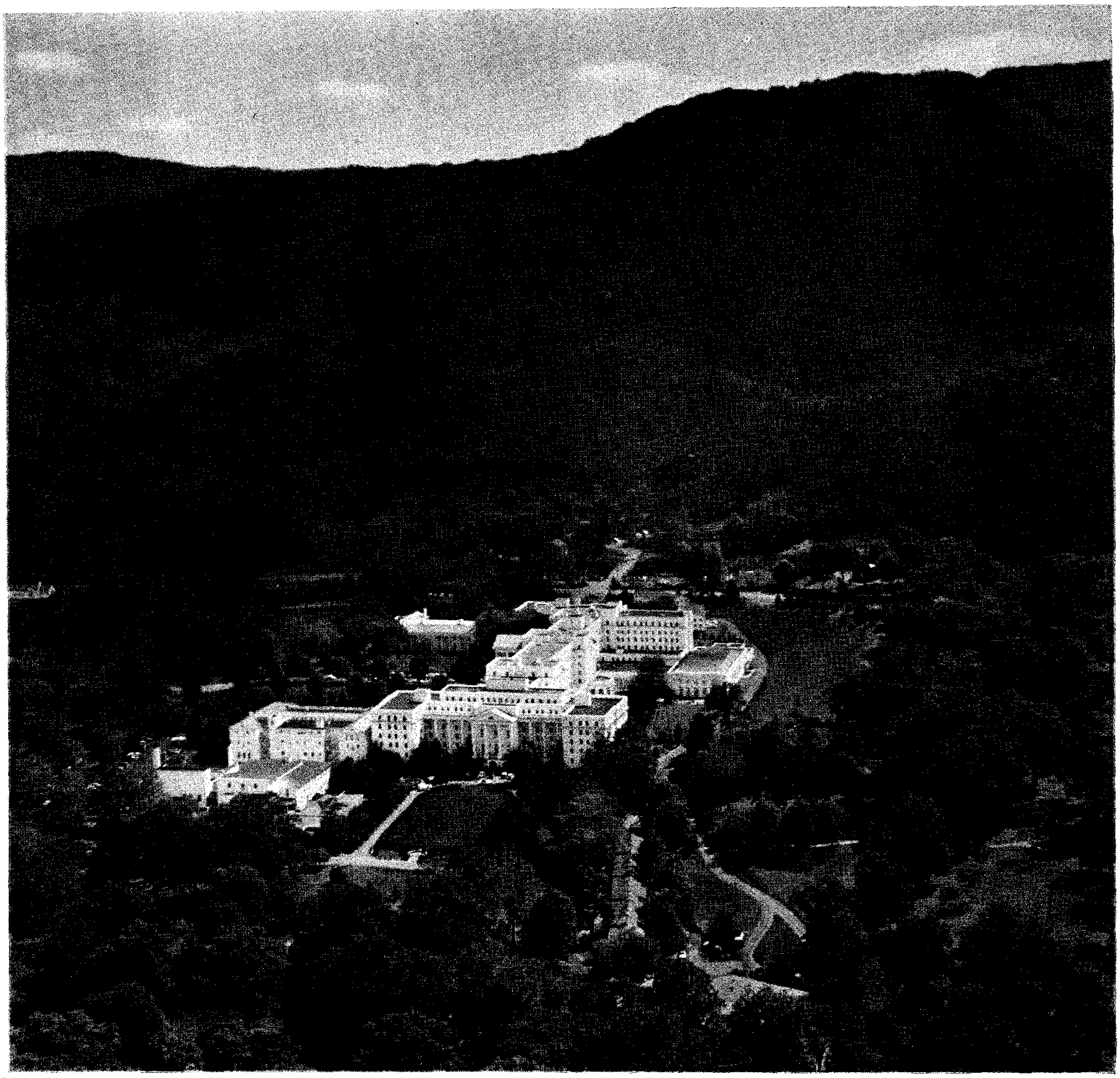

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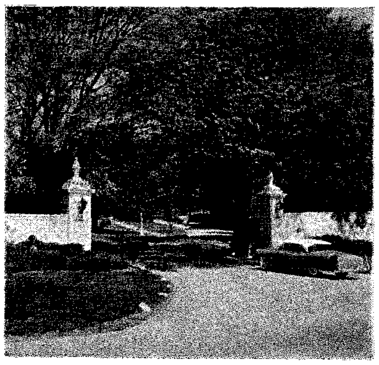

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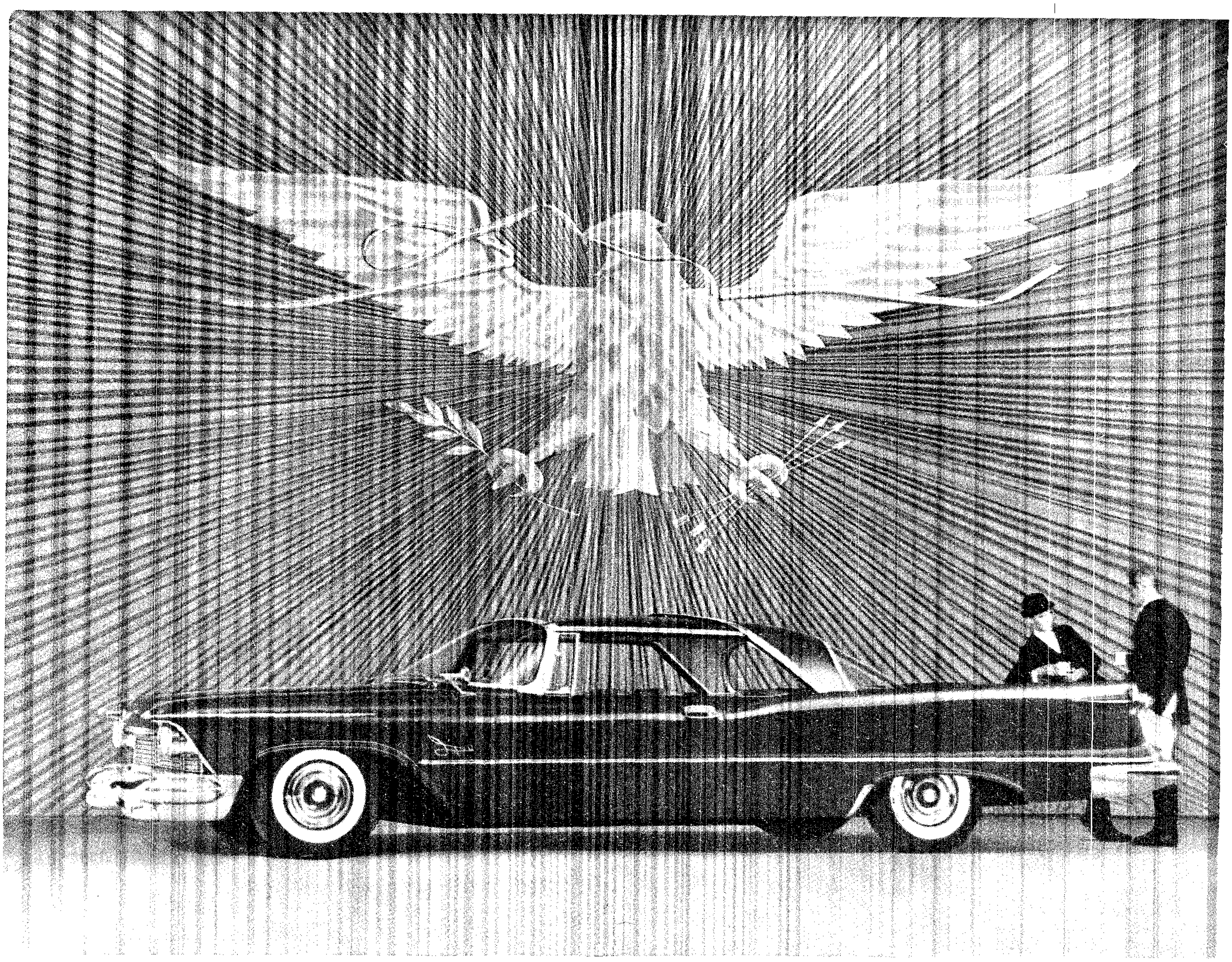

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Mirror* these days is working the life out of a new alphabetical headline tag--JD, which stands for Juvenile Delinquent, or sometimes Juvenile Delinquency. "DA Raps Top JD," for example, means that the District Attorney expresses disapproval of an increase in you know what. It gave us a start to see the *Times* for April 24th carrying on page 1 an F.B.I. handout on JD that made only page 5 of the *Mirror*. (You probably know what F.B.I. stands for.) "Youths Charged with Nearly Half Major Crimes in '57, the F.B.I. Reports," part of the headline said. The *Times* story supported the head with an explanation drawn from the F.B.I.'s annual survey of crime in the nation. If you took a "group of serious crimes classified separately—murder, manslaughter, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft," the F.B.I. reported, "those under 18 made up 47.2 per cent of persons arrested for such crimes."

"Separately" to us seemed to mean "singly," or "one by one." We were astonished that JDs had committed 47.2 per cent of all murders, 47.2 per cent of all aggravated assaults, and the rest. In the next paragraph, though, it developed that "separately" referred to "group of serious crimes," which was to be considered separately from another group of (more, less, equally) serious crimes, not listed. In the group of serious crimes separately considered as a group, the F.B.I. had taken the percentage of persons arrested for each type of crime who were under eighteen, and then averaged all the percentages. Sixty-seven per cent of the persons arrested for auto theft during 1957, for example, were under eighteen. Auto theft is and has always been a typically adolescent crime; adolescents take autos because they are too young to own any themselves or to have driving licenses, and in most cases the autos are found within a week. Thus the sixty-seven-per-cent figure is not very exciting news. Six per cent of the persons arrested for murder were under eighteen. If you average 67 and 6, it is plain that 36.5 per cent of the persons arrested for auto theft and murder considered separately as a group of serious crimes were under eighteen. This sounds more ominous; the 36.5 might give the fast reader an impression that one out of every three murders, like one out of every three auto thefts, was committed by a JD. Actually, if you cut burglary—which technically includes breaking into a locked summer house at the shore—larceny, and auto theft off the end of the separately considered group, the JDs come out inconspicuously. For instance, they have been arrested for 9 per cent of all aggravated assaults (which is far too much, of course), but that doesn't make as good a subhead as "nearly half." The facts are disquieting enough; nobody has to improve on them with statistics.

ONE of the least grateful jobs in the world is to be a United Nations military observer serving on M.A.C., the Mixed Armistice Commission that referees, without any authority to enforce its decisions, action along the frontier between Israel and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. On April 24th, we read in the newspapers, the Jordanian representatives of M.A.C. walked out of a conference in Amman, charging that Lieutenant-Colonel George Flint, of the Royal Canadian Army, "had come under Israeli influence." (Colonel Flint had refused to vote on a Jordanian complaint.) On November 26, 1957, the Israelis boycotted an M.A.C. hearing on a border kidnapping case, and then charged that Colonel Flint's findings were "in open contradiction to any objective examination of the facts," and that he was obviously a tool of Jordan. On July 24, 1956, Flint and another United Nations observer attached to M.A.C. ran over a land mine planted by one or the other of the nations under observation in the no man's land of Mount Scopus. Flint received a score of steel fragments in his body and spent half a year in the hospital. Baseball umpires get hit with pop bottles, at worst, and not as often as the funny papers say.

Daddy-O

KENNETH REXROTH, the fifty-two-year-old poet, translator (modern Greek, ancient Greek, Latin, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese), anthologist, painter (abstract), and critic (literary, music), who has also been a hobo, range cook, horse wrangler, cabdriver, and sheepherder, was born in South Bend, Indiana, but has lived for much of the past thirty years in San Francisco, where he has recently become a leader of that city's boiling poetry revival. He has also helped found a poetry-read-to-jazz movement there, and the other day he opened in New York at the Five Spot Café, a homey bar-and-grill at the south end of Cooper Square, for a souple of weeks of readings with the Pepper Adams Quintet. We had lunch with him on the day of his début, and found him a nervous, medium-size man with short gray hair, a short gray mustache, a towering forehead, and eyes that slope down like the sides of a sharply peaked roof when his face is in repose. He has a voice that is apt to move in mid-syllable from an inaudible whisper to a roar, and he often erupts into machine-gun laughter, invariably delivered in a low monotone. He was dressed in a gray-black suit, a transparent white silk shirt, and a blue-and-white polka-dot string tie. After he had ordered oysters, shad roe, vegetables ("Waiter, I don't care *which* vegetables, so long as they're *fresh*"), salad, and dark beer, he looked down at the table and said to us, "I've been supporting myself since I was thirteen. I've only had five years of school. In fact, I've *lived* in the kind of world that Jack Kerouac *imagines* he has lived in." His eyes shot up, and he sprayed a couple of dozen rounds of laughter about the room. "A good many people, including the musicians I work with, think of jazz poetry at first as something only a weedhead would do. Not long ago, I worked with a symphony bassist, and he told me afterward, 'You know, I was really scared, but it's been one of the greatest musical experiences of my life.' I didn't start this thing. Renegade monks were doing it in the Middle Ages. Charles Cros, a nineteenth-century poet, read his stuff (things like 'Le Hareng Saur': 'There was a great white wall, bare, bare, bare'—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) to *bal-musette* bands. There have been countless talking-blues singers in the South. Maxwell Bodenheim did it in the twenties and Langston Hughes in the thirties, and even I did it in the twenties, at the Green Mask, in Chicago, with Frank Melrose, a K.C. pianist. I've been reading poetry to jazz for two years now, starting in The Cellar, in San Francisco, with a quintet. Since then, I've done all of the West Coast, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis. The most important instrument in my accompaniment is the bass. The bass goes right up your leg and sends out the voice. Modern jazz has outgrown everything. The audience can't get into the music without verbal contact. The poetry gives you that, and the jazz gets the poetry out of those seminars taught by aging poets for budding poets in corn-belt colleges. I plan a good deal of the musical accompaniment, which isn't all jazz by any means. I use bits of Satie, Webern, Boccherini. Each musician has a copy of what I'm reciting, with cues and musical notations on it. I read Ruthven Todd, Larry Durrell, Ferlinghetti, and some of my own stuff, including a lot of translations. A friend warned me about New York. 'You've got to be careful, man,' he said. 'They've been having meetings to keep Rexroth out.' Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

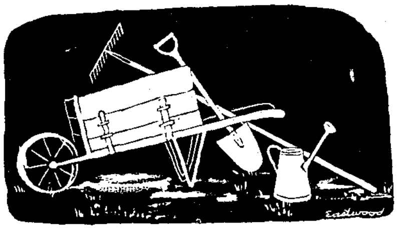
Mr. Rexroth asked us to stop in at the Five Spot before his first show that night, and we were met there, at about nine-thirty, by Ivan Black, a stocky, black-mustached representative of the Five Spot, who ushered us to a table near the bandstand, a raised platform roughly the size of a large window seat. "I've got to go and wake Rexroth up," he told us. "He's sleeping at a friend's, over on Second Avenue. I'll be right back." The Five Spot is long and narrow, with a bar, sheltered by a fringed canopy, running down most of one wall; three huge, gold-colored macelike objects suspended from a maroon ceiling; and the rest of the wall space spattered with posters and programs of various sorts. "He wasn't asleep at all," Mr. Black's voice said after a while, in a relieved way, and Mr. Rexroth, wearing impenetrable dark glasses, sat down beside us. "These shades protect you in a club," he said. "I've decided they relax you. I read my stuff. You can't do it out of your head. You get swinging, and you don't know what you're talking about."

Mr. Rexroth then said it was time to begin. Mr. Black excused himself and, while squeezing himself onto the platform to introduce Mr. Rexroth, accidentally brushed a thick sheaf of manuscripts off a wobbly music stand.

"Damn it, Ivan! What are you doing?" Mr. Rexroth bellowed as Mr. Black backed and filled on the manuscripts.

The manuscripts were replaced, a drum roll crashed out, and Mr. Black introduced Mr. Rexroth as a horse wrangler and the Daddy-O of the jazz-poetry movement.

Mr. Rexroth got up on the platform, plunged his left hand into his left coat pocket, took as wide a stance as space permitted, stuck his stomach out slightly, and read, in a strong singsong voice, a Ruthven Todd poem; Carl Sandburg's "Mag," accompanied by an Ellington blues; a poem by Pablo Neruda, a Chilean; a poem of his own; and, just before we left, a twelfth-century Chinese poem, accompanied only by the bass, which played long passages between such lines as "But why do the birds all hate me?," "Why do the flowers betray me?," "Why do the peach and cherry blossoms prostrate me?" The applause billowed out into Cooper Square after us.



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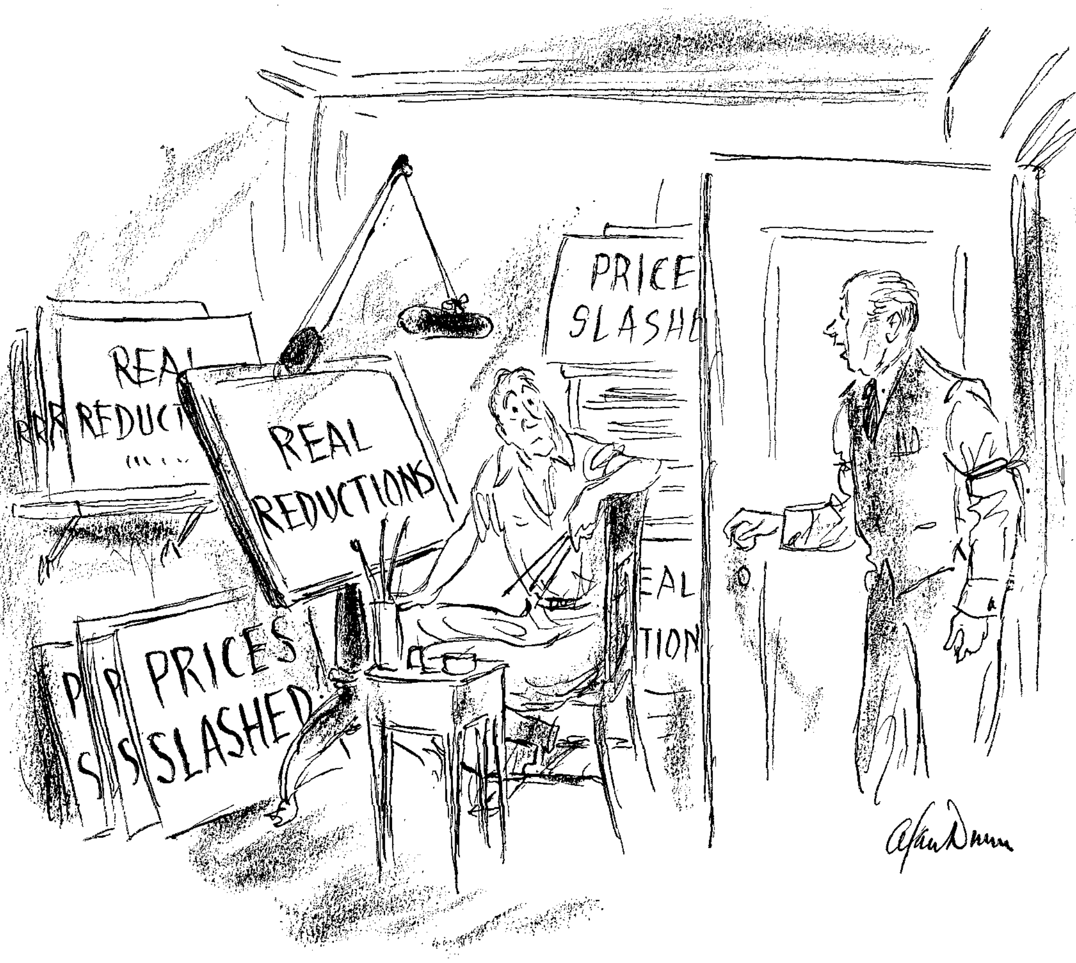
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The art gallery called the Galerie de la Gare, in Grand Central Station, has changed its name to the Commuters' Studio.

Seventy-five

THE owners of the turreted ten-story fortress of brick and stone at 34 Gramercy Park believe it to be the oldest coöperative apartment house in town, and so proud are they of this distinction that when No. 34 recently turned seventy-five, they gave a party to celebrate the occasion. Hearing of this unusual affair, we wangled an invitation to attend, and on the appointed day we made our way down to the park. No. 34 wears its years not lightly but with dignity; as we approached it in the spring dusk, it seemed to hint that it would take no nonsense from the likes of us, and we mounted its broad front steps with awe. In the high-ceilinged, marble-floored lobby, we asked for Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Garfield, in whose apartment the birthday party was being given; the elevator man nodded, bade us enter his ancient hydraulic Otis, and gave a cable in one corner of the cage a gentle tug, and up we glided to the third floor.

Mr. Garfield, a pleasant, gray-haired man in a tartan dinner jacket, welcomed us on his doorstep and led us into an ample living room, where some fifty people were standing about drinking champagne and making a cheerful birthday din. Mr. Garfield proffered a glass to us, then introduced us to Mr. Hector Chevigny, novelist, radio dramatist, and student of the history of No. 34. Mr. Chevigny, who lost his sight a few years ago, led us briskly to a side table, on which lay a thick leather-bound volume containing the original minutes and Acts of Incorporation—evidently a sacred book to all those present. We glanced at the first sentence on the first page, which went, "We, William H. Arnoux, Chas. Taylor, John D. Phyfe, Haley Fiske, Charles A. Gerlach, Augustus Hatfield and Wm. Frank Hall do hereby organize ourselves into a corporation . . . and hereby certify ourselves accordingly." "This coöperative has survived four depressions, and my lawyer tells me it's because the bylaws were so soundly drawn," Mr. Chevigny said. "There were thirty-five apartments to



“Hold it, Mac! Secretary Weeks says we have reached bottom.”

start with, most of them having seven to nine rooms. Some of these have been divided, and we now have over fifty apartments.”

Among the present stockholders are Mrs. DuBose Heyward; Mildred Dunnock; Arthur Paul MacArthur, who is a grandson of Judge Arnoux, the premier incorporator, and owns the Judge’s old apartment; and Miss Claire Strakosch, a former concert and opera singer, one of whose great-uncles, the impresario Max Strakosch, was an early occupant of No. 34. No sooner had Mr. Chevigny mentioned Miss Strakosch than Mr. Garfield brought her to us on his arm—a handsome, upright figure in a white net cocktail hat, a black dress, and a many-stranded pearl necklace. Miss Strakosch fixed us with lively eyes. “I’ve no intention of telling you how long *I’ve* lived here!” she exclaimed. “I’ll only say this—they’ve been happy times. In the old days, we used to be surrounded with music. Miss Emma Thursby, the great concert star, had an apartment in the building for nearly fifty years, and her Friday musicales were famous. Caruso, Melba, Geraldine Farrar—they all came, they all sang. Besides Great-Uncle Max, I had Great-Uncle Maurice, who was Miss Thursby’s manager. He also managed Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti. I still have a handkerchief and scarf that belonged to Mme. Patti. The turrets upstairs used to serve as storerooms for Miss Thursby. I’m sorry to say I don’t have a turret, but I do have an eave.”

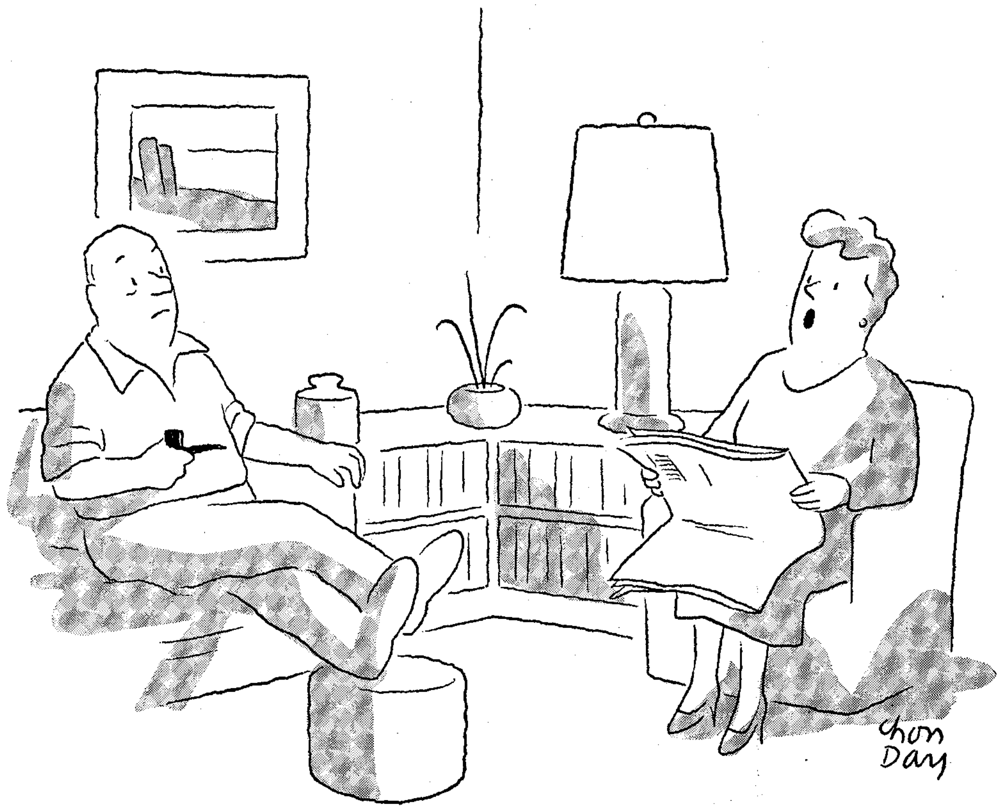
Somewhere in the apartment, a pipe organ began to sound the strains of “Happy Birthday.” As the music died away, Robert F. Kelley, president of the beloved corporation, stepped forward to speak a few words in its praise. He was followed by Mr. Chevigny, who said that the architect of No. 34 was George daCunha, that the building had cost three hundred thousand dollars, that the price of its preservation was eternal vigilance, and that everyone was to proceed to the Garfield dining room for the cutting of a cake. Down a long, long hall we journeyed, and at our journey’s end was a splendid cake, its icing intricately shaped to resemble brickwork. Miss Strakosch was prevailed on to cut the first piece. As she held a knife poised above the cake, everyone suddenly burst out singing: “Happy birthday, dear building, happy birthday to you!”

Stratagem

An elderly psychiatrist we run into occasionally at cocktail parties told us the other afternoon that he had received a Sulka gift certificate and decided to use it for ties, but when he looked over a batch, the colors struck him as too gay for a man in his line of work. He asked the clerk for some more conservative ones, and they didn’t suit him, either. Then, thinking the matter through, he said to the clerk, “Perhaps it will help you if I let you know my profession.” “Yes,” said the clerk. “What is your profession?” The psychiatrist said, “I’m an undertaker,” and soon afterward left the shop with exactly what he wanted.

Second Look

Consuls-General seldom come singly, nor is a reporter’s work ever done. Fresh from a talk with the British incumbent, Sir Hugh Stephenson, we brushed our hair, straightened our tie, and repaired to the office of his Japanese counterpart, Mr. Mitsuo Tanaka, who proved to be friendly, smiling, clean-shaven, and garterless. He is possessed of a perspective on New York that stems from a two-year vice-consular visit in the mid-thirties, a twenty-odd-year opportunity to recollect Manhattan in the tranquillity of Tokyo, Moscow, Shanghai, Peiping, Tientsin, and San Francisco, and a second look, which started last spring. Mr. Tanaka’s latter-day impression of our town is favorable. “New York seems much pleasanter than before,” he said. “The elevated railroad is gone, which is an improvement, and I think traffic is much better, what with the West Side Highway and the East River Drive. The streets are cleaner, old buildings have been torn down and nice new ones put up, and the whole city seems in better shape. *Brighter.* Moreover, we Japanese notice a marked improvement in the American feeling toward Japanese. People no longer call us Japs. In the nineteen-thirties, most Americans were pro-Chinese and anti-Japanese, but now



"Anyway, I still think Mrs. Khrushchev must be awfully proud."

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that we have lost the war, are economically powerless, and have not much money for public relations, our public relations are prosperous. I hope that such good feelings will continue."

The holder of these jolly views was born in 1907 in Hyogo Prefecture, near Kobe, in the south of Japan, where his father had a farm. He went to school in Tokyo and is a graduate of Tokyo University, class of 1933. "I had some wishes to visit foreign countries and meet foreign people, so I entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs," he said. "My first assignment was as attaché of our embassy in Washington. I took advantage of a rule that permits us to spend a year at American educational institutions by going to Dartmouth, where I studied English and skiing, and then to the University of Wisconsin, where I studied history during a summer session. In New Hampshire, I also learned to enjoy watching football. I went to the Dartmouth-Columbia game last fall. Dartmouth won, of course."

Next came Mr. Tanaka's vice-consulship in New York, after which he went to Moscow, as a Foreign Office assistant, to help establish trade relations with Russia; to Shanghai, as consul in charge of trade; to Peiping, as acting consul-general; to Tientsin, as deputy consul-general; and, in 1952, after a postwar stint in the Central Liaison Office in Tokyo, to San Francisco as consul-general. "After nine months, I was called back to direct our public-information-and-cultural-affairs office in Tokyo," he said. "Later, I became private secretary to the Prime Minister. I'm now living in a house in Riverdale, with my wife and our three daughters. I play golf at the Englewood Golf Club, on the other side of the river, and I have a Japanese cook, who prepares delicious meals. I opened the 'Japan Today' exhibition in Philadelphia last November, and, with my staff, I try to promote our export business, twenty per cent of which goes to the United States—mostly cotton, silk, cameras, sewing machines, and such canned foods as tuna fish and crabmeat. I have a Buick, and last summer I drove my family around New England and to Lake Placid and Niagara Falls. I played golf wherever I could. Golf is popular in Japan, although the ordinary people go in more for baseball, tennis, and swimming."

The Consul told us that his last name is very common in Japan, like Smith or Jones here, and that his country boasts a far greater variety of given names for boys than for girls. "Girls' names are very limited and often end in 'ko,' which means 'baby,' " he said. "My wife's name is Atsuko, and our daughters are Hiroko, Takako, and Nobuko." Hiroko, who is sixteen, goes to a boarding school in Philadelphia; Takako and Nobuko, who are thirteen and twelve, are at a public school in Riverdale. "There are over two hundred Japanese students in New York, and as many more in Boston," he continued. "Did you know that my consular district covers all of New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, and Puerto Rico? Our office is the largest Japanese consulate-general."

Old Protector

RUMMAGING through his attic the other day, a Boston friend of ours came across an ancient blue glass decanter once used as a fire extinguisher. Around its neck ran an almost illegible paper collar bearing the words "In case of fire, break bottle in such manner as to liberate the contents into the flames."

Junco Junket

IS variety the spice of life? We're looking into this. The other midnight, after a Lucullus Circle dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, we said good night to ex-Governor Walter J. Kohler, Jr. (of Wisconsin), Louis Vaudable (of Maxim's), William Zeckendorf (of Webb & Knapp), and Alfred A. Knopf (of Alfred A. Knopf), walked home, took forty or fifty winks, rose at six-thirty, put on our sneakers, and at seven joined Miss Farida A. Wiley, director of a Museum of Natural History course called Natural Science for the Layman, and some fifteen men and thirty ladies, mostly equipped with field glasses, for a Wiley-conducted, Museum-sponsored fifty-cent bird walk. We hadn't followed Miss Wiley around Central Park since the fall migration of 1953, and we found her as chipper and knowledgeable as ever.

"Purple grackles," she said as our class swung toward the lake. "They've been here two weeks. So have the robins. Scaup ducks over there on the lake."

"Lesser or greater?" said a man who had taken a muslin cap out of a briefcase and put it on.

"You might have lesser, you might have greater," Miss Wiley replied. "The dark ones are the females. Oh, there's a mallard in there, too. He's the big boy. We had a wood duck last week, but I don't see it now."

"Mr. Mallard always has curly tail feathers, turned up as cute as anything," said a lady in bedroom slippers.

"Is that a ring-billed gull?" asked a man in a corduroy suit.

"Herring," said Miss Wiley, looking through her glasses. "There's a pigeon going over. Listen to those starlings."

"What is this shrub?" a lady asked.

"One of the Japanese dogwoods," Miss Wiley answered. "Just blossoming. I think I hear a field sparrow singing. Let's all listen now."

All listened. All heard nothing.

"A junco!" a lady cried. "I saw the white bill and the white outer tail feathers."

"More people than birds today," the man in the cap murmured to us.

"Two mourning doves flying over," Miss Wiley said as we made for the Ramble. "Did you notice that they look a little like a pigeon, only the wings are more pointed? What you look for is a paddle-shaped tail. There's a fox sparrow, one of the most beautiful of all the sparrows. You don't see them in the Park very often. Oh, he's right in the sun! That real brilliant cinnamon brown, heavily streaked, is the fox sparrow. That is one you don't see every day, folks."

Someone spotted a woodpecker.

"Downy or hairy?" the man in the muslin cap asked.

"A little bit small for the hairy, a little bit large for the downy," Miss Wiley replied. "Why, it's a yellow-bellied sapsucker! Male. Red under the chin. It makes a line of incisions in a tree and drinks the sap or eats the insects that come to the holes."

"I saw a sapsucker in Canada feeding on fermented sap," the man in the muslin cap said. "It was drunk for two days." Several ladies gave him a look.

"Where's our cardinal?" Miss Wiley asked. "Who can whistle a cardinal note?"

A chorus of "Who-it"s greeted this, but no cardinal.

"The shore birds in Edgartown are very nice," a man in a brown herringbone suit said. "My wife and little girl stay up there all summer. I was playing golf at Apawamis last week, and—"

"There's a phoebe," a lady said. "And a towhee. Miss Wiley! A thrush!"

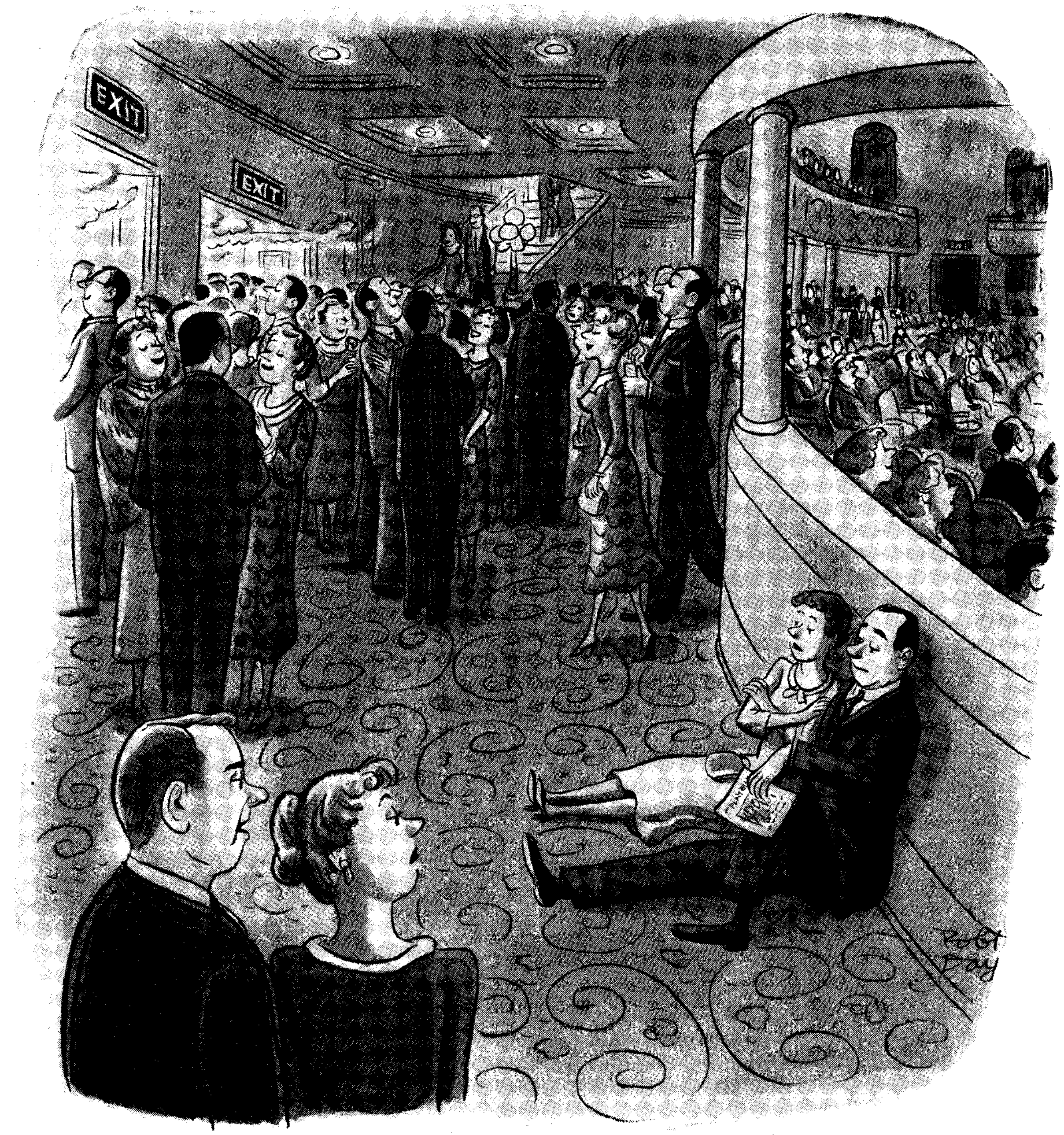
"Hermit," Miss Wiley said. "And look at that rusty blackbird. A lot smaller than the purple grackle. Yellowish eye. Listen to its bell-like note. Isn't that a lovely call? It's *kind* of bell-like. Well, let's go out to the point."

"Myrtle warbler!" Miss Wiley said as we gained a point overlooking the lake. She gestured toward a tiny bird on a branch. "Golden-crowned kinglet," she added. "And there's a ruby-crowned one. You can see them with the naked eye. Well, that was nice! Oh, look at the andromeda in bloom!"

We descended to lower terrain and bagged a cardinal, a chickadee, a blue jay, a downy woodpecker, and, at the top of a tall tree, a sparrow hawk. "We saw him last year," the lady in bedroom slippers said. "We saw him come down and pick up a white-throated sparrow for his dinner. He picked up a white-throat right in front of us. It was a nice dinner." The man in the muslin cap gave *her* a look.

Service

DURING the ninth inning of an exhibition game in Des Moines, we are advised by a Middle Western acquaintance of ours, the public-address announcer intoned, "Emmett Conlin, Emmett Conlin, go to the main gate, where your parents are waiting to take you home. You are lost."



"Standees, probably."

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN

AT the age of fourteen and a half, I became a cad. My pitch up sent me to be educated at Winchester, a college (or, as you Americans would have it, a boarding school) older than Eton and likewise designed for the production of gentlemen. But Winchester gentlemen are supposed to be of a superior species, subscribing to the school motto that "Manners Makyth Man" and destined, according to the fourteenth-century founder, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, to become "highly educated and devoted administrators in Church and State." The battles of these gentlemen in later life are not of the rough-and-tumble variety first practiced and won on the playing fields of Eton but, rather, battles of words, won or lost for the most part at the desks of Whitehall, in the rostrums of the Law Courts, or around the committee-room tables of the Socialist Party. Winchester produced me as one of its occasional waste products.

Winchester has a language of its own, called "notions"—a language notable, among other peculiarities, for its distaste for the definite article. Before actually becoming a cad, I was allowed a fortnight in which to learn this language, under the instruction of a Tégé, pronounced "Tee-jay" and derived from the French "protégé"—himself already a cad aged fourteen and three-quarters—who found me an inept pupil. From him, and from a book (it had a coat of arms on the cover and contained words printed in Gothic lettering) called "Winchester College Notions, by Three Beetleites" (one of these Beetleites later became a Socialist statesman), I learned that my family was my "Pitch Up" (Pater, Mater, Frater, Soror, Nunky, and Nevy), and that a "Cad" (*subst.*) was "any junior who has a regular sweat." To sweat, I was to learn soon through blood and through tears, was to serve my superiors, the prefects, of whom, as far as I remember, there were six. I had become, and was to remain for the next four years, a Wykehamist, ambiguously defined in the book as:

1. A member of the School.
2. The School paper of that name instituted in 1866.
3. A large spider.

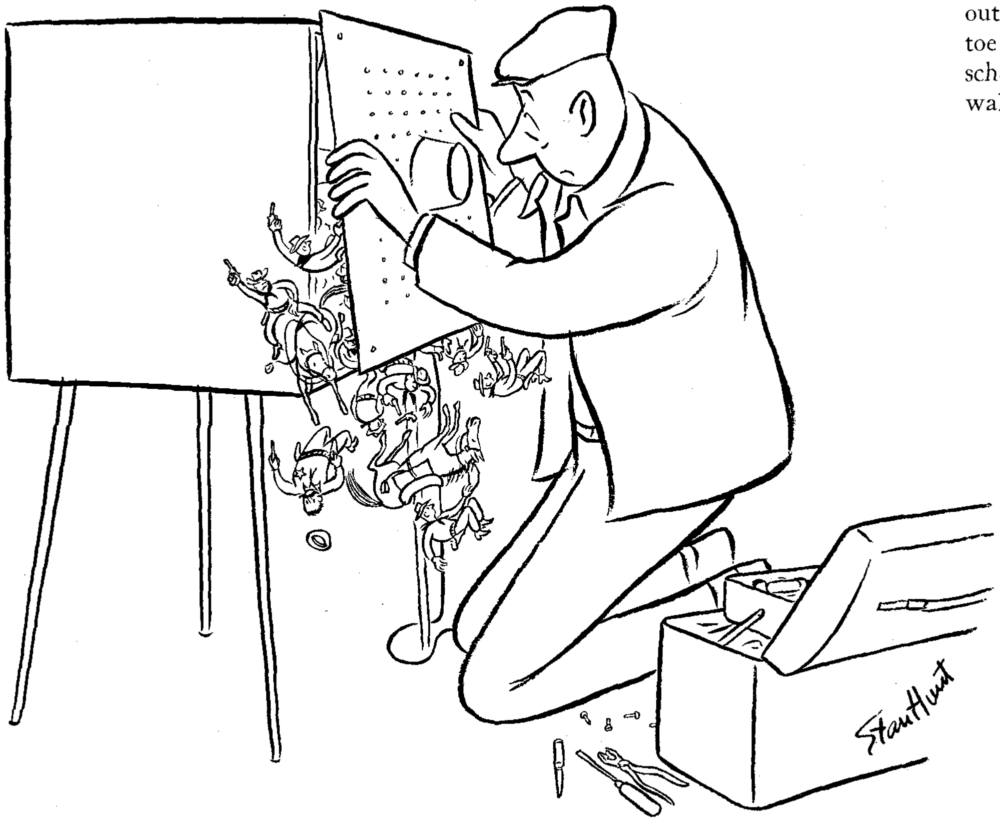
During that fortnight, I strove to learn a variety of other notions. Many of these were in Latin. "*Non Licet* (*adj.*)" meant "Illegal, unwykehamical;" "*Infrā* or *Infra Dig* (*adj.*)" meant "Scornful, proud. *Ex.* 'That man puts me off, he is so *infrā*.' " Many were geographical. I learned that Salve Diva Potens Corner was a corner in Meads by Brolly Tree, where some poetic-minded junior had carved this inscription on a wall, and that Brolly Tree was a tree shaped like an umbrella in Salve Diva Potens Corner. I learned that Adam and Eve was a stream flowing past Birley's Corner through Dalmatia, where a certain Birley was supposed to have been drowned while bathing, but in reality, the notions book explained, he had "lived to the age of 72, dying in Manchester in 1897." I learned where Moab was, and Sicily, and Logie, and Arcadia, and Paradises Lost and Regained. I learned that Misery Corner was the corner of Hills, near First Pot; that First Pot was a lock on River, marking the end of the school's boating rights; and that Hills was a single hill—dedicated to St. Catherine, of Catherine Wheel renown—where, on my first or second Sunday, I should, as a rite of initiation under the orders of my Tégé, have to:

1. Climb up Chalk Pit.
2. Toll round Labyrinth from beginning to end.
3. Kneel down and kiss Domum Cross, depositing a stone I had taken from Chalk Pit.
4. Toll round Trench.
5. Walk blindfold through Clump.

To toll, I was taught, was to run, while Domum Cross was named for the author of the school song, *Dulce Domum*—a song lauding the sweetness of home, that home which to me, at this moment, seemed infinitely far away.

It appeared from this book that other, even graver ordeals awaited me. I might be subjected to sheepwash: "to drag a man out of bed to tub-room, and throw him into a tub with his night-clothes on;" or I might be toe-fit-tied: pulled out of bed by a string attached to my toe; or I might become the victim of a scheme: a "highly scientific method" of waking a cad in the morning by means of a rushlight, which burned down until it ignited a string, releasing a weight of books or a cup of water onto his sleeping head.

But to my relief, I then observed from a series of asterisks that these notions were now obsolete, together with the practice of scrubbing ("a flogging of four cuts with the *Vimen Quadrifedum*," or birch rod) and of bibling, the latter being a flogging of six strokes inflicted by the Head Master with a rod of four apple twigs on a handsbreadth of the small of the back, while the offender's shirt was held up by a Bible Clerk "so as to allow free execution." Tunding, however ("a flogging at the hands of a prefect"), bore no such welcome asterisk, and to this my Tégé resentfully submitted when I, hav-



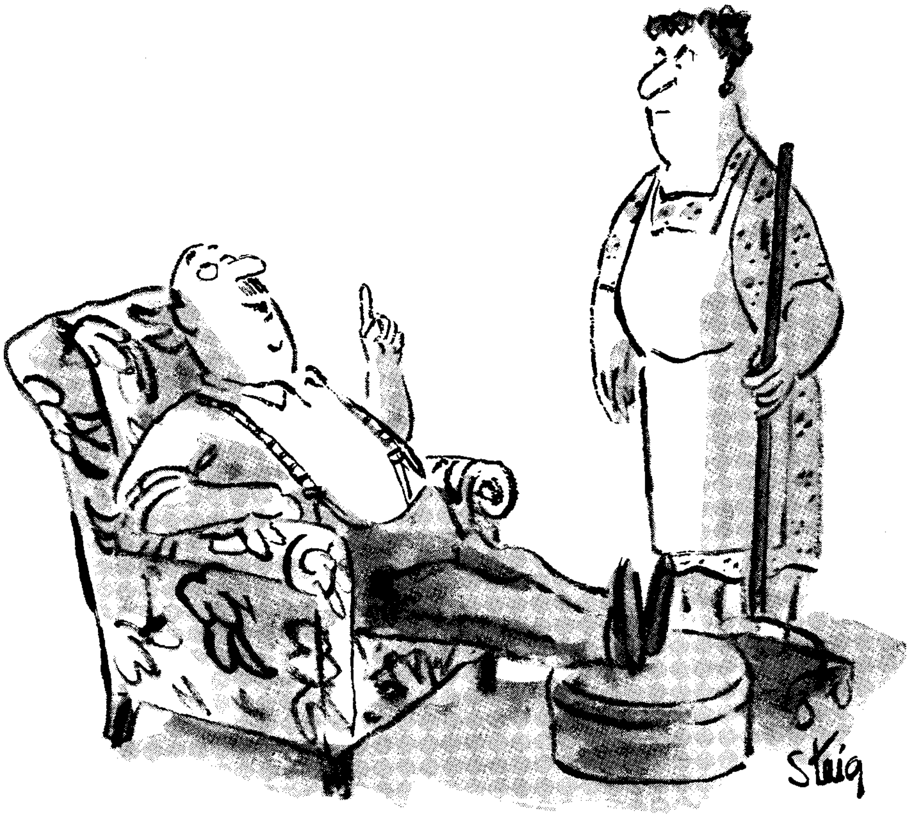
ing forgotten most of the above, failed in my notions examinā.

THUS I became a boot cad. This meant that for a year I devoted my leisure to cleaning some twenty-four pairs of boots and shoes each day, in a dark hole situated belowstairs. This footgear belonged to the prefects. It included football boots, caked with mud, which had to be made spotlessly brown with dubbin, and crockets (cricket) boots, streaked with the green stains of grass, which had to be made spotlessly white with blanco. After nearly a year of this menial existence, I began to look forward to the great day of liberation when I should emerge from my hole to become a trap cad, who would dust and polish and sweep out one of the boxlike cubicles called traps, where the prefects worked, or even a valet, who would brush and clean and press a prefect's clothes. But so privileged an existence seemed still far ahead.

Paradoxically, in becoming a cad I had also become a man. Whereas at Eton boys are content to be boys, Winchester students, having a higher vocation, become men at the age of fourteen. "Man (*subst.*)," reads the notions book. "A member of the School." I was a man, albeit a new man and a boot cad, and those who taught me were no mere masters or "beaks," as at lesser establishments, but dons, like professors at some full-blown university.

This manly status, it was true, did not yet entitle me to think. It was a "bad notion" for men who had been in the school less than two years "to use the verb 'think,' " unless they had won scholarships, and thus were segregated in a separate building called College, apart from us mere Commoners. There a man was allowed to think when he had twenty men junior to him. I was, moreover, still an inferior ("[*subst.*] Anyone who is not a prefect") and, for the next two years, a junior at that, and thus subject to corporal punishment by prefects.

I was subjected to this punishment quite soon. The first time came after a small gob of mud was discovered adhering to a boot I had cleaned. The prefect who owned the boot summoned me and commanded "Sport a bottom." I bent over, and he beat me—nobody bothered to use the word "tund"—on the behind with a ground ash. These canes, young and flexible, grew in a place called Hell—"a gloomy copse on the right bank of River below Third Pot"—and were gathered, as a sweat, by juniors.



"I belong out there—in outer space."

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Beatings were not always administered for a very good cause, but often simply because a prefect felt bored. As a rule, they were inflicted during toytime, a period in the evening when we sat doing prep in our toys ("a Man's own private 'place' in his House Hall, comprising shelves, a cupboard and a slab. *Deriv.:* Fr. *toise*, a fathom, the space allotted to each Man in College"). A bell would ring; a cad would run to answer it, and would return summoning a man—very often me—to receive a number of cuts with the cane. Normally, when a man left toys, it was obligatory to "put up a roll"—a piece of paper inscribed "*Veniam exeundi petit*," demanding token permission to do so. But if one was leaving to be beaten, this formality was dispensed with.

Sometimes, by way of a change, I was beaten in my pajamas in gallery (dormitory), not with a ground ash but with one of the swagger canes used in the Officers' Training Corps; and once I had the distinction of being beaten by no less a personage than Auly Prae, otherwise the Prefect of Hall, otherwise the Head of the School—a man who later became a Canon of the Church of England—for failing to catch a cricket ball while bartering (practicing fielding), and also for not singing enough in Chapel Choir. Actually, I sang there consistently and loudly, in a strong contralto voice, which my friends irreverently compared to a steam engine, and I can even remember once singing, in this voice, a lullaby called "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" at the annual school concert.

I was not at all cud, but rather jiggish. That is to say, I was more clever than either pretty or nice. I did quite well "up to books" (in class) but was no good at games and other forms of ekker, whether it was Our Game (a savage version of street football, with a lot of hotting, or scrimmaging); or athlā, which required a lot of tolling; or crockets, at which, after five years in the school, I had not yet risen above the junior-junior game, known as jun-jun. I was therefore brocked a good deal ("[*vb.*] To bully. *Deriv.:* Probably so-called from the North of England word 'Brock,' meaning a badger. Badger-baiting was a recognized school sport till 1870"), and was inclined to lobster, or lob ("[*vb.*] To cry, to weep. *Deriv.:* Hampshire dialect, to louster"). I enjoyed going continent (sick) and being nursed by the hag (the matron), thus gaining a respite from all this. But I used to dread coming abroad again (recovering).

The only outdoor activity that really appealed to me was bird's-nesting. I did not dare to join Bug Soc., as the Natural History Society was contemptuously called, for fear of more brocking, but used to oil off jun-jun whenever I could to search for nests in Water Meads. I wrote my pitch up long, tedious accounts of my finds, in letters that have unaccountably survived:

> I saw a starling's nest under a railway bridge which was un-get-at-able. I found a yellow hammer's, but unfortunately the egg had a young bird inside and bust in the blowing. I haven't found a hedge-sparrow yet. I have found several holes which I think are sand martins but have nothing to dig one out with. I saw a willow wren yesterday and have been trying to find the nest.

Later my interests seemed to change. "Darlingest Mum," I wrote. "I am getting really *mad* on butterflies and moths and caterpillars!!!"

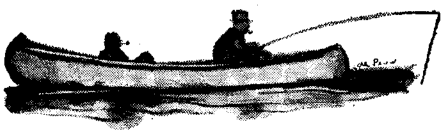
These old, embarrassing letters recall various aspects of my Wykehamical life:

> Mr. Davidson says I write very brilliant and powerful English but what I say is not worth saying!! He compared me to Mr. Gladstone in this respect.
>
> We had a divine concert last night, only it was rather spoilt by some horrible filthy smoke which kept pouring down the chimney and made us choke and cough. However after a time we got accustomed to it and there was a piece of Bach, which was *wonderful!*
>
> Terrific excitement about the Derby! The favourite is owned by the father of a boy who used to be in this house. An awful bounder and Liverpool cotton magnate. I hope he doesn't win.
>
> There goes the bell for lunch. Raw cat and cold slimy cocoa shape.

Sometimes, I remember, there was a pudding called Rock of Ages. Such meals were supplemented by large quantities of suction, or sweets, which we bought at the grub store, the School Shop.

Clothes were a problem. I wrote home hastily, "It is a bad notion to wear flannel suits—isn't it *silly*—so can you send my other suit *by return. My black one if possible only please let it down and mend seat. Do be quick as I have a hole in my brown suit and nothing to wear.*" My pitch up were not bulky, they had not much dibs (were not rich, had not much dough), and dressing me for school was costly. The great sartorial occasion of the year was the cricket match against Eton, for which, since they lived far away in Scotland, they could seldom afford to come down. (This was a pity, since my sister had quite a cud duck—a pretty face—and this would have been good for my prestige.) Nor could I afford to dress as I would have wished. One year, however, I did contrive—or so I wrote—to appear at the match as "a study in mauve and brown, in my light brown suit and brown shoes, soft collar with mauve stripes, mauve tie, socks, and handkerchief. I am sure I looked a most awful knut."

We used to wear straw boaters with our house colors around them—colors that, together with a galaxy of sports colors, had to be laboriously memorized. The only one I now remember was "plum, straw, plum, light blue, plum, straw, plum," but what house it represented I forget. It was a bad notion to sport a speckled straw hat, or to sport a satin hatband before you had been in the school three years. To tilt your hat backward was to sport a halo, and to wear the hatband inside out was to sport a firked man's notion. ("Firk. [*vb.*] To expel. *Deriv.:* O.E. fercian; M.E. fferke, e.g. *Morte d'Arthur*, 'fferke to the far lande and fetch me that wapene.' ") When we went home for the holidays, we thankfully discarded these hats and sported our cow shooters ("[*subst.*] A billycock hat, a bowler").



I DID not make many friends at Winchester. It was a bad notion for any man to speak to a man in another

• •

THE ROMAN FORUM

Look at the Forum,
Commanded now by Roman pines;
Walk down the ancient paths
Rubbed smooth by footprints in the past and now
Broken among the baths
And battered columns where the lizards go
In zig-zag movements like the lines
Of this decorum.

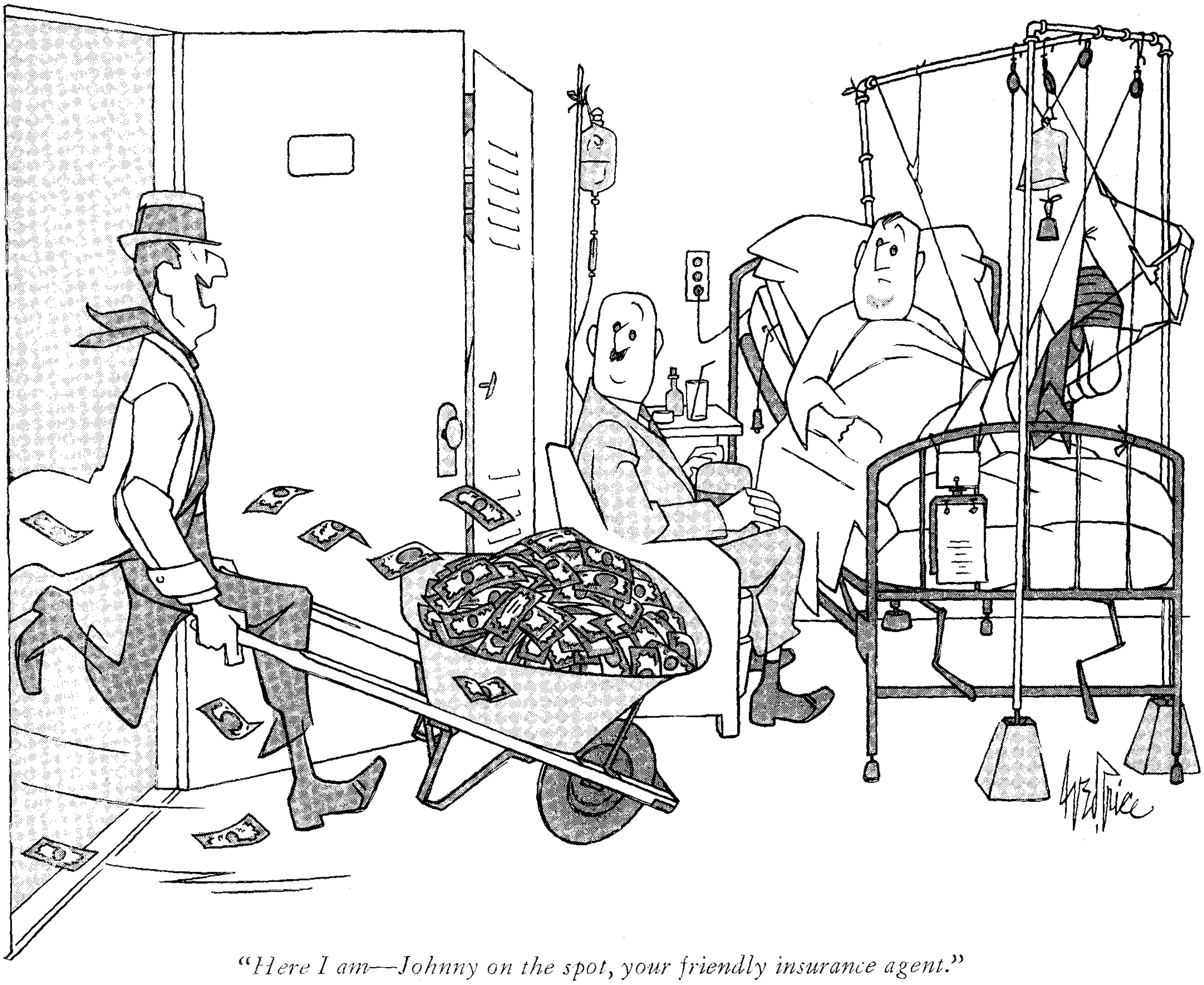
Not what the man
Who carved the column, reared the arch,
Or shaped the buildings meant
Is what we marvel at. Perfection here
Is quite within our reach.
These ruins now are more than monument.
See how the houses disappear
Into a plan

Connived at by
Shadows of trees or light approved
By sun and not designed
By architects. Three columns, eased away
From all support, are moved
By how the shadows shake them from behind.
The pine trees droop their dark and sway
Swifter than eye

Can catch them all.
Oh, and the heart is drawn to sense;
Eye and the mind are one.
The fragments here of former markets make
(Preserved by the intense
Glare of the Roman, unremitting sun)
Such cities that the heart would break,
And shadows fall

To see them pass.
Removed from Rome, you, half-asleep,
Observe the shadows stray.
Above, the pines are playing with the light.
Dream now so dark and deep
That when you wake those columns, lucid, free,
Will burst like flowers into white,
Springing from grass.

—Elizabeth Jennings



"*Here I am—Johnny on the spot, your friendly insurance agent.*"

• •

house, which limited my range; and it seemed to be rather a bad notion for men in mine to speak to me. I was not good at raising quills, or currying favor, and was often seen solo, or alone, which was a bad notion also. One of my difficulties arose from the fact that only second-year men might sport a line; that is to say, walk in the street three abreast. This was awkward for me when it came to going up to chapel on Sundays, in a half-ceremonious church parade, to the sound of the bells. Only occasionally was I able to save face, in my first year, by persuading another man to walk with me, or, in my second, by receiving reluctant permission to join the line of two other second-year men. More often I hid alone in my toys, listening to bells going rotten (one bell only, at long intervals) for the first five minutes, then to bells going double (all the bells together) for another five, and emerging only during the last five, when bells went single ("a rapid, monotonous toll") and most men were already in chapel. Then I would hurry along solo and, I hoped, unobserved, to reach my place there a minute before bells went down (stopped ringing).

I do, however, recall one friend—who has, moreover, remained one. He was both jiggish and bulky, and later became a renowned writer on art. But at this time he was not much more respected than I. Like me, he went continent a lot, and I remember that we were both in sickers together on November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed, thus missing a whole rem (whole holiday) and a number of victory celebrations.

Unlike me, he rose to be a prefect, largely because he had been in the school too long for this promotion to be avoided. He did his trap up tastefully, with Old Masters on the walls, but was not at ease in the role of authority. Nearly a whole half (term) went by, and there was general comment on the fact that he still had not beaten a single man in the house. Was he too shy to do so? This deficiency must have begun to weigh on his mind a little. I noticed that he had begun to grow sterner, more aloof, in his relations with me, his former brother in misfortune.

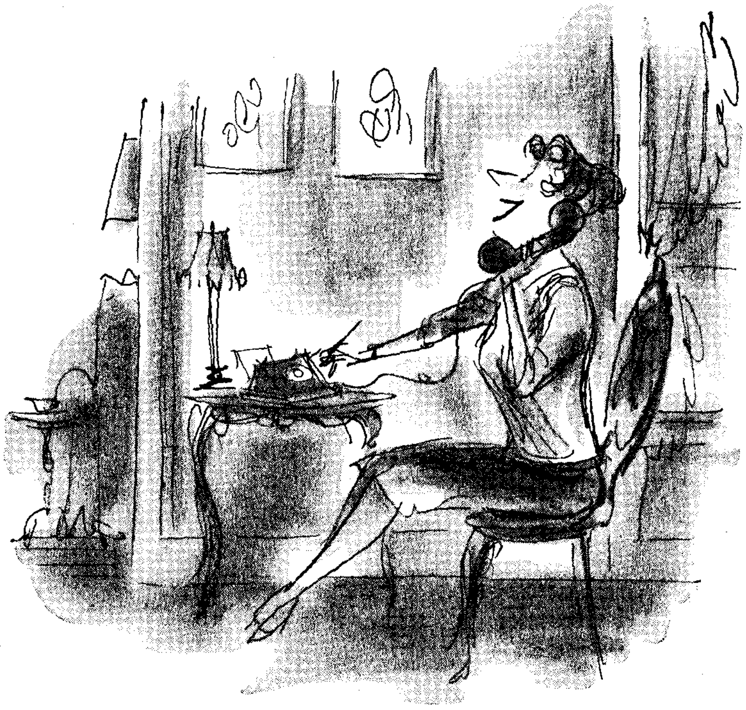
Then, one day, it happened that I omitted to hang up my overcoat on entering the house, as the rules demanded, but flung it hurriedly and untidily down on a bench. He noticed this, and that evening summoned me to library. There he beat me with a ground ash, not very well. His vigor and authority were thus vindicated. Oddly enough, I do not recall that I resented this gesture of perfidy; nor do I resent it now, in retrospect. In the society in which we were living, it seemed a normal way to behave—simply another aspect of those manners which makyth man.

—PATRICK KINROSS

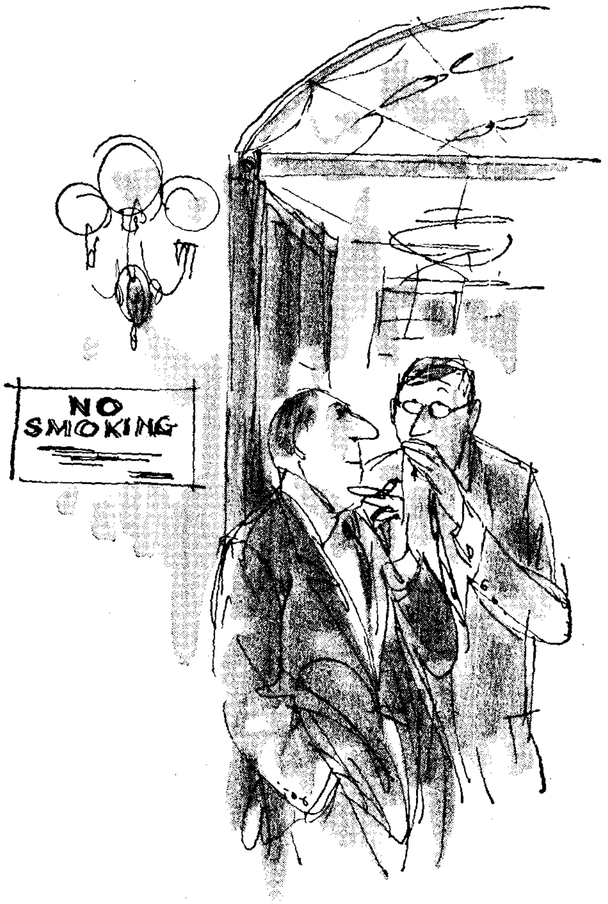
•

Firemen were called to 808 Park ave. early today when an oil stove at the 164 Schley blvd. residence of Mrs. H. Allen caused no damage.—*Bremerton (Wash.) Sun.*

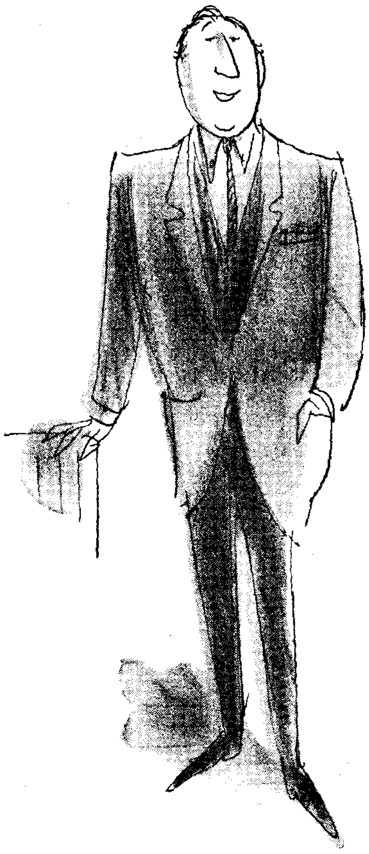
They're the ones to call.



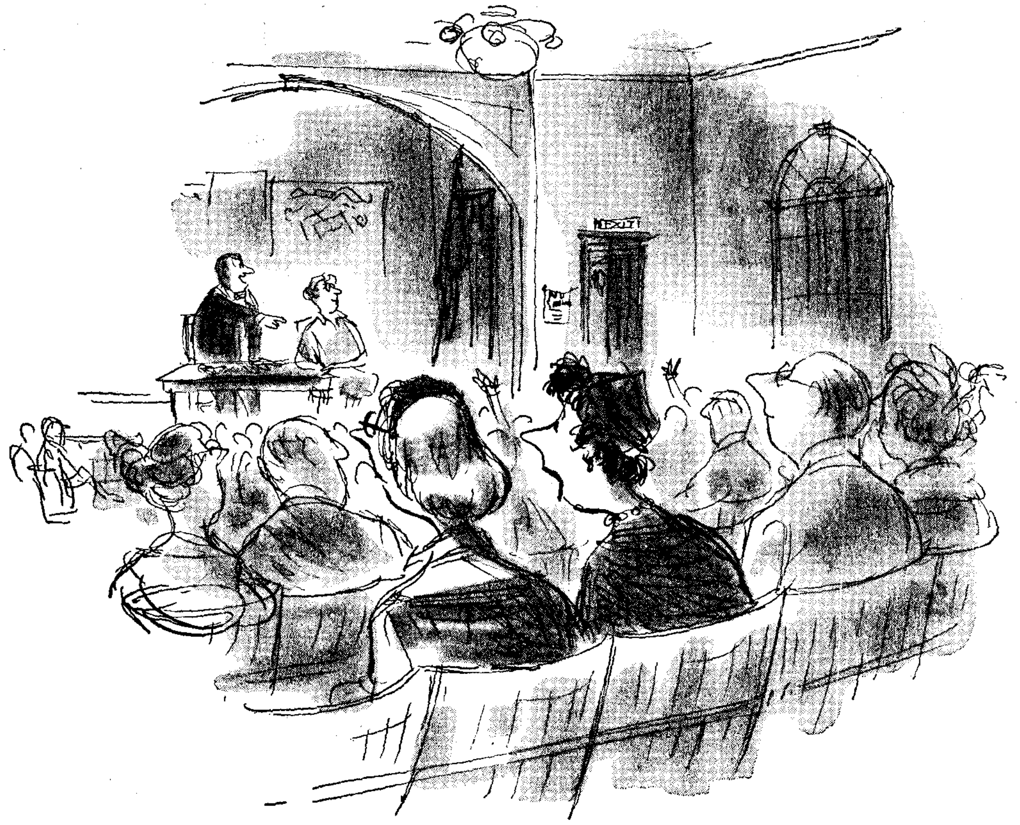
"But you must come. Buffet and cocktails, and then we can all go to Town Meeting as a bloc."



"I could install that plumbing for a hundred thousand, and retire."

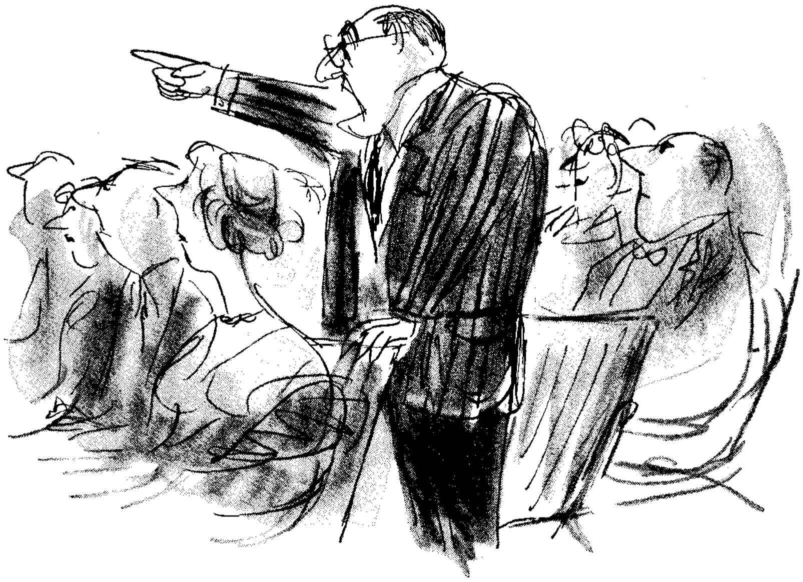


"My name is Richard W. Fletcher, and I bought the old Hoyt place, on Overlook Ridge. I just wanted to say that I think the Building Committee has done a bang-up job."

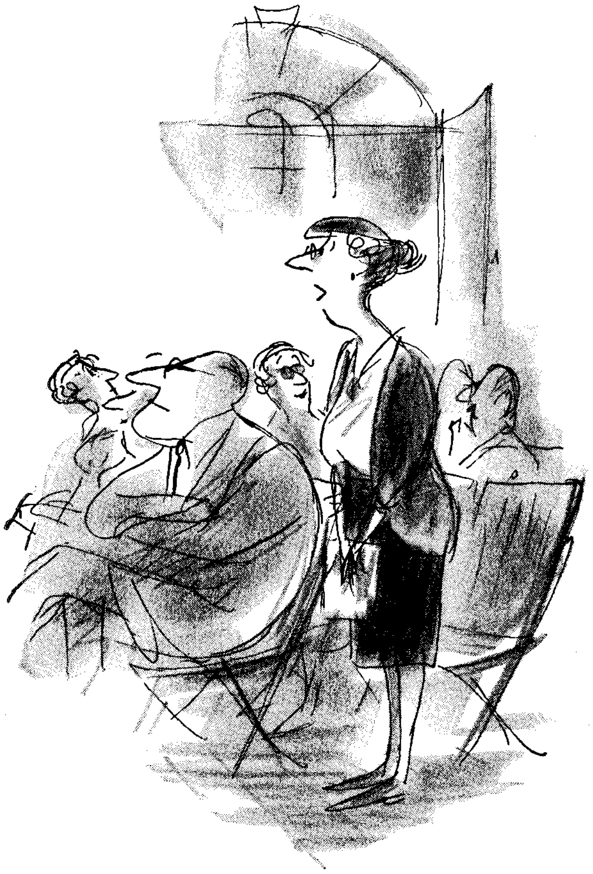


"Oh dear! They've gone over Ethel's head again."

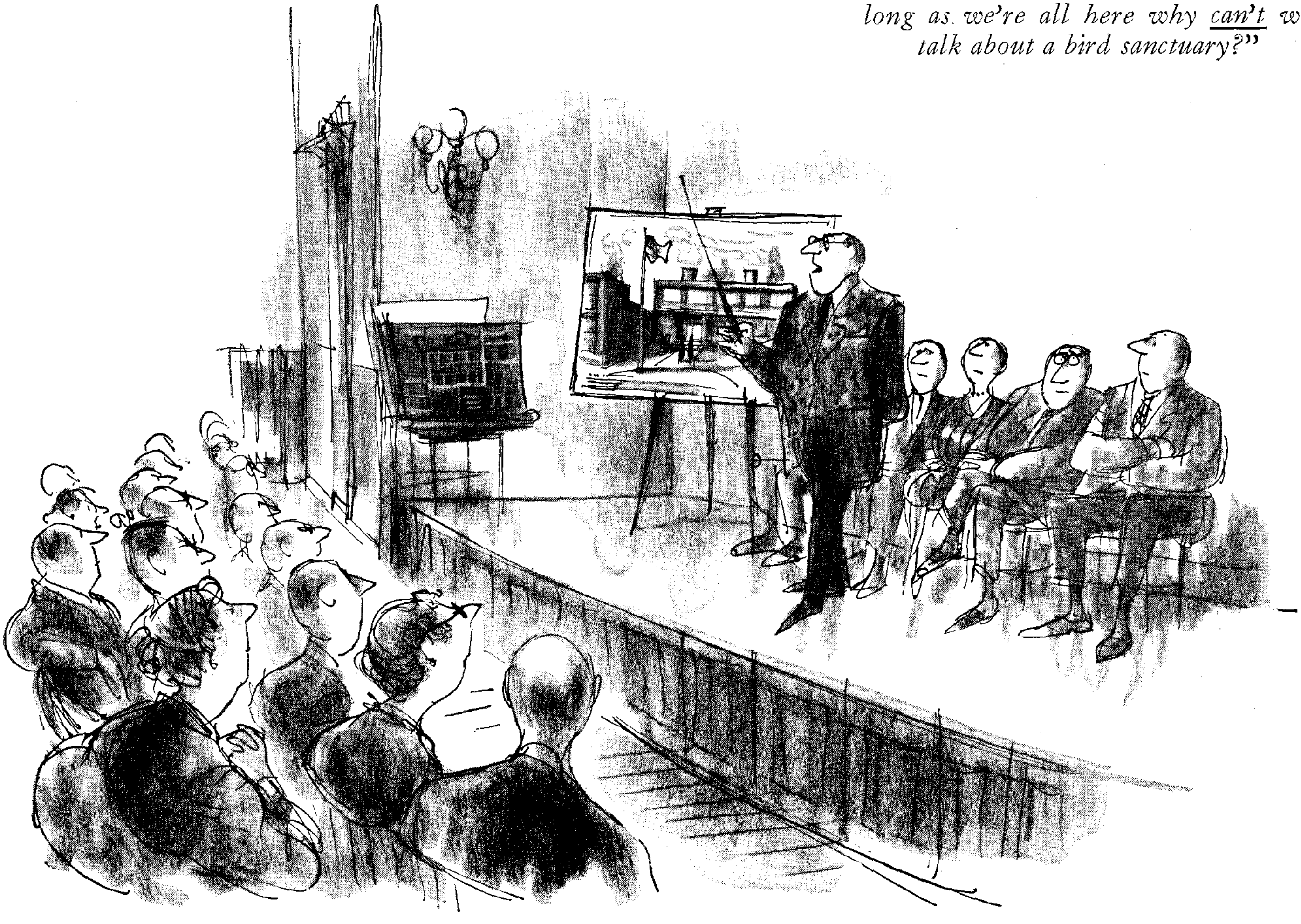
TOWN MEETING



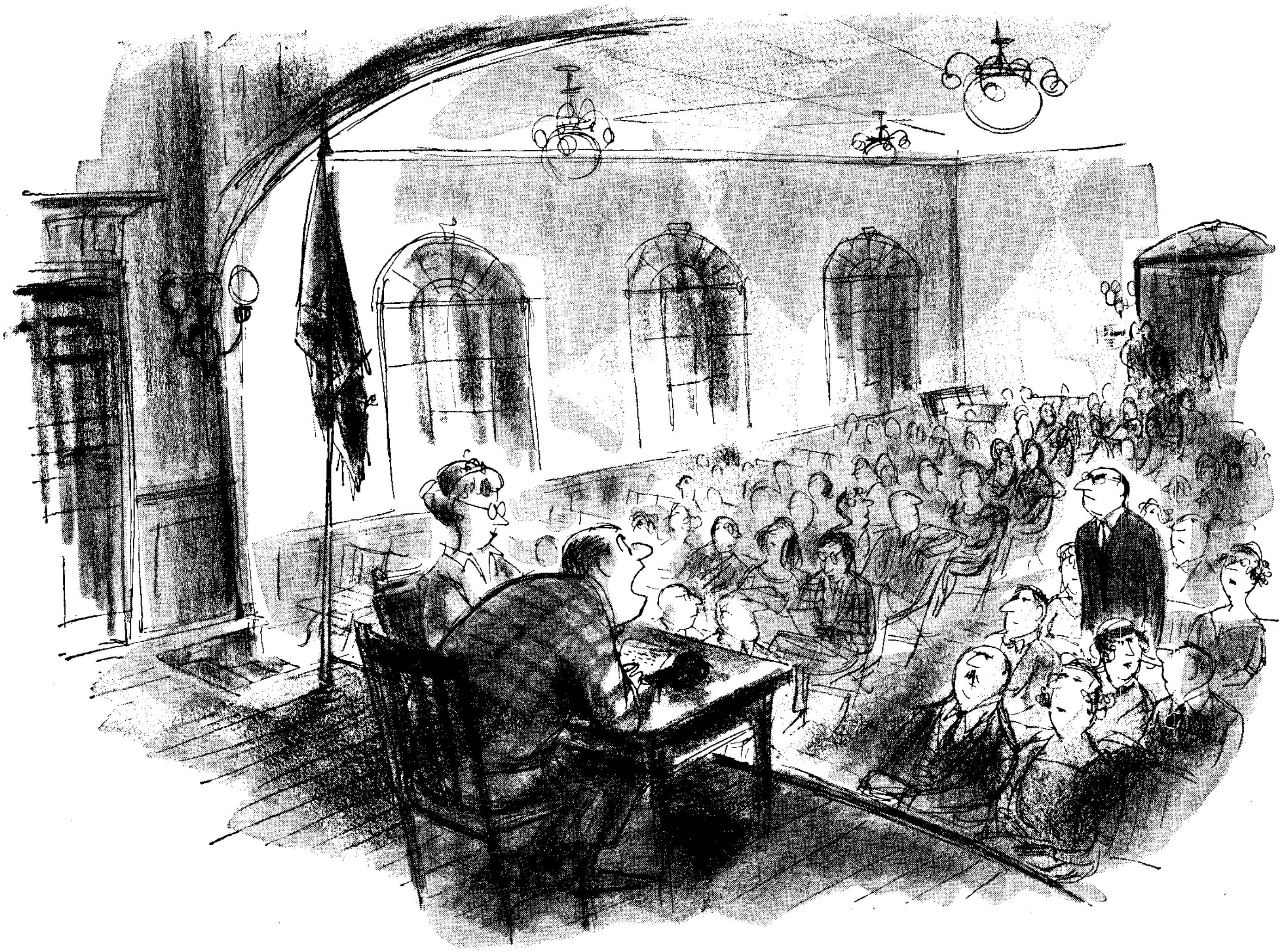
"Classrooms! Classrooms! Do the Russians worry about classrooms? Mr. Chairman, I, for one, want to know what our children are going to learn in all those fancy classrooms."



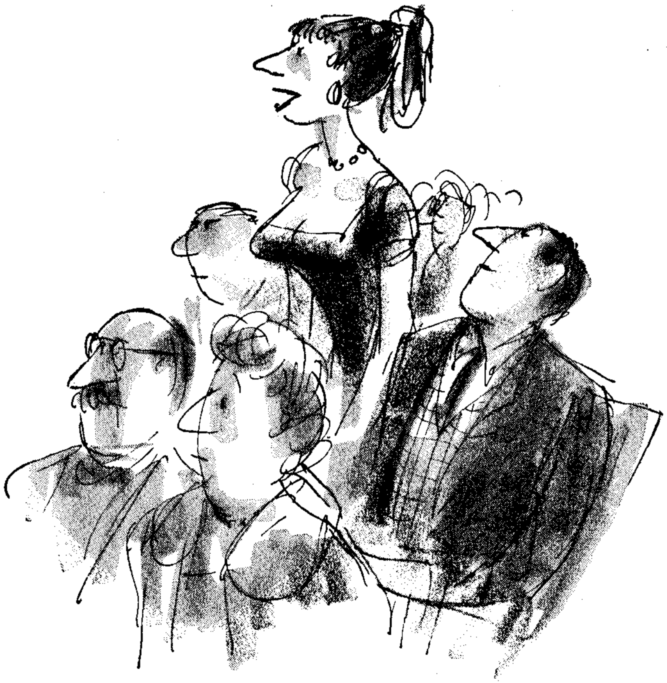
"I realize this was a special call, but as long as we're all here why can't we talk about a bird sanctuary?"



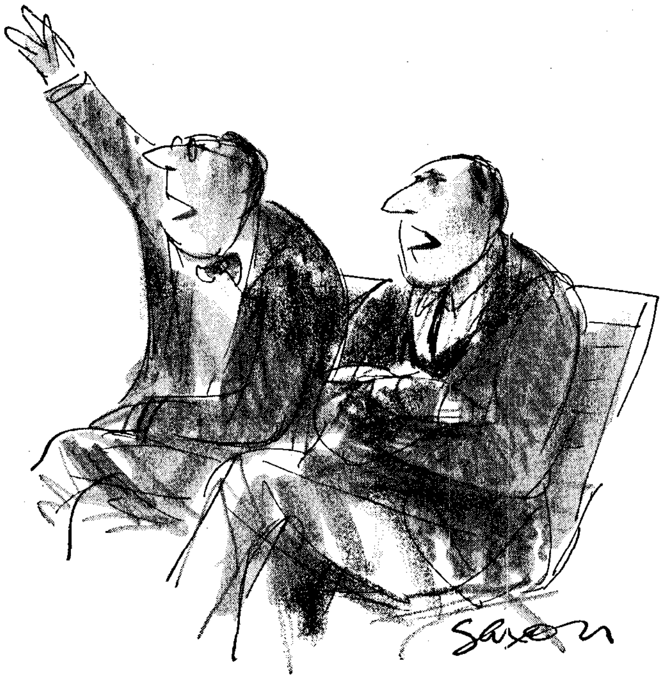
"After much soul-searching, your Building Committee feels it would be foolish to spend one million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars for this cubage when we could have a Junior Gymnasium for a mere, or comparatively mere, additional thirty-five thousand dollars."



"I'm well aware that I'm the moderator of this meeting, but there's nothing in the rules to say the moderator can't add his two cents' worth."



"I happen to be a mother, and I think cinder block is ugly."



"I move we adjourn."
"Second."

A NEW PLACE

"YOU put a box of frozen spinach and some cream—top milk or whatever you've got—in your Waring Blendor," Jean Blandy said with enjoyment over the telephone; slowly, in case Sally Harris was writing it down.

"I don't have a Waring Blendor. I have an Osterizer," Sally said, stressing her "r"s. Sally was from Cleveland, and when they realized how accurate she always was, they had at once made her secretary of the housing-development council.

"Well, whatever you use, then," Jean said. "And that's really all there is to it. All you do— Wait a minute," she cried. The sound of horses' hoofs had come to her. She set the instrument on the honey-colored birch occasional table and ran to the front window.

A procession came riding down the hill from Castalia—the old place that gave the development its name—the horses slipping as they tippeted gingerly downward in the red Virginia mud. The old lady, Mrs. Delaunay, rode in front, next to a little boy on a spotted pony. She was as shapeless as a meal sack dumped on the back of her tall roan horse, but a meal sack with visible equestrian authority. The children, perhaps ten of them, straggled along behind, two or three abreast, on bays and chestnuts and a gray. Jeannie was on the gray. Her mother's wholly engrossed gaze enveloped her: Jeannie was holding her heels well down, as she reported Mrs. Delaunay kept after them to do, she had forgotten to button her red leather jacket, she seemed to look cheerful, she was riding beside the Hansford child. The Hansfords were from Altoona, and Red was manager of the jet-parts plant.

The cavalcade passed slowly around the curve where the hill flattened out into Magnolia Drive, the development's principal thoroughfare, and Jean went back to the telephone.

"I'm sorry," she said to Sally. "It was young Jeannie taking her riding lesson. I always have to watch her go by."

"You're going in for those riding lessons?" Sally said. "I thought of it for Peter and Michael, but I don't know. . . . Are you satisfied with what you get?"

"I really am. Southerners do know everything about horses. I used to ride, myself, back home," she could not resist adding.

"Is that right? Are you taking it up again here?" Sally asked.

Jean paused, to swallow the flood of her hopes. "Maybe later. I'm still too busy getting settled, to tell you the honest truth," she replied evasively. "I haven't even got all my best things unpacked yet. I wanted to make the house ready for them first."

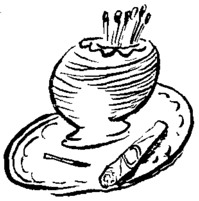
"Try and do it! Just try and do it! This awful red clay," Sally scolded. "Tracked all over the carpet when it's wet, and powder into everything when it's dry. I don't know which is worse. I'm not all unpacked, either. I've been here loads longer than you, and I haven't got all my crystal out of the barrels and onto the shelves yet."

The word for glass made Jean think of her mother, who would have sniffed. From her mother her thoughts were brought back to her child. "Riding's just the thing Jeannie needs," she continued. "It keeps her out-of-doors after school—and the best exercise you can take."

"If they only had a tennis court," Sally said mournfully. "I've gained five pounds."

"They will," Jean said. "You heard Ted Hoffer at the council meeting. In the meantime, I'd really recommend Mrs. Delaunay. It's taken a load off my mind about Jeannie."

"I think you worry too much about Jeannie's health," Sally ventured to say—a stab at deepening the friendship. "She looks perfectly well to me. Big for six, in fact."



"Oh, physically," Jean conceded. "But she's very tense. Very emotional."

"There isn't even a psychiatrist here!" Sally clicked her tongue.

"I feel I can handle it," Jean said. "I had her for months at the child-guidance clinic, back home. We both went. Time will do a lot, the therapist said. The main disturbing factor to her development has been removed."

"Is that so?" Sally said delicately.

"Yes. Jeannie's grandmother lived with us while Jeannie was very little, during just the time that she was needing to be surrounded with a sense of security. You see, my mother wasn't right in her head, the last years. I blame myself, but at the time it seemed the only thing to do. Isn't it hard to know?"

"I don't know," Sally said. "It seems as if children ought to get along all right with the grandparents around, even in the home."

"Of course," Jean said eagerly. "But this was different. Jeannie was really disturbed. Bed-wetting, nightmares, tantrums . . . If you haven't seen involutional melancholia, you can't imagine how Mother was. Those awful depressions, and forgetting everything—walking around not knowing where she was; and so illogical. The therapist said it was just the worst thing for Jeannie at that stage. We should have put Mother in an institution right away. We did for the last year, of course. But by that time Jeannie had this terrible trauma." Jean heard her own voice, sounding excited.

"Oh, I don't know," Sally said again.

"Well, I *do*," Jean said. "I'm planning everything in my power to counteract the memory. Riding lessons, for one thing." She had the feeling she was talking too much, and stopped abruptly.

"Well, I'm going to think about them again," Sally said. "I'd about given up the idea. Aren't they terribly expensive?"

"Not for horses," Jean said. "Twenty-five dollars a month for three days a week—I call that cheap. The school arranges them; you just pay Holly Grove."

"Oh, then you don't know Mrs. Delancey?"

"Delaunay. No," Jean said carefully, "I haven't met her yet."

When the conversation was over, Jean set the instrument in its cradle on the table. The table was almost new; they had bought it in Rochester just before Ben Blandy was offered the job of assistant to the chief engineer at the jet-parts plant and they moved South to this house. The house itself was completely new.

The houses on Magnolia Drive were built after a master plan, which was varied to make them slightly different from one another. Some were brick-faced, some clapboarding, some stuccoed cinder block. Each had an L-shaped living room, the short arm serving as what the real-estate sales plans called a dining area. But some had an extra door from the living area into the kitchen, which filled the angle of the L, while others had only the one door from kitchen into dining area. They were split-level houses, with a semi-finished basement under the bedrooms—easily convertible into rumpus room with bar, the plans promised. It was said to be this split-level feature that had sold every house on Magnolia Drive, whereas some of the one-story houses on Azalea and Holly Avenues still stood empty. Three bedrooms occupied a wing stretching from the other side of the front hall; one of the master plan's economical features was that the two bathrooms were placed side by side, so that one plumbing installation could serve for both.

Jean was pleased with her house. After a girlhood spent in a house built in 1900—huge, closetless—where they had had to use wardrobes, and that required dusting every day, modern living remained a perpetual relief. She had, now, almost the feeling of acting in a play as she moved, like a pretty woman in a vacuum-cleaner advertisement, from the lacquer-red-and-beige living room to the sunshine-yellow-and-white kitchen. Even the refrigerator was sunshine yellow. Such details made one conscious of the pleasures of having things attractive and like one's friends'. "You take a clove of garlic," Jean said to herself happily, in cookbook phrases, as she took a few preliminary steps toward getting supper, "and just rub the inside of the casserole with it—the merest breath. Sear your stew beef lightly on both sides in an iron skillet. Transfer the meat to the casserole and in your skillet brown some minced onion in bacon fat and add red wine." When she had shut the door of the wall oven on the casserole she stood still, looking around the clean kitchen. Only the skillet stood, unwashed, in the scrubbing side of the double sink.

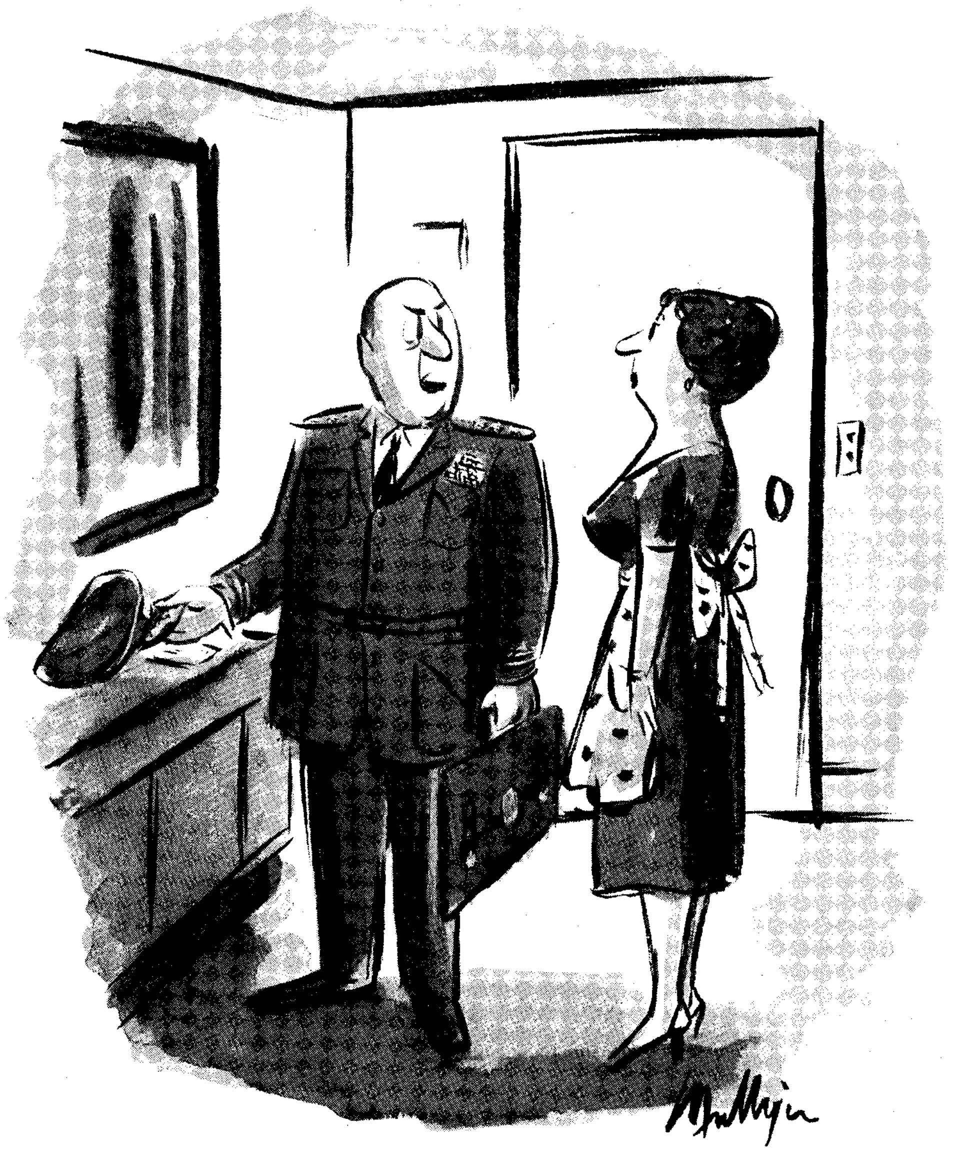
Outside, a mourning dove sobbed in the late afternoon. Jean opened the back door and stood at the top of a flight of four steps, looking over the stretch of red mud that would one day be, she hoped, a garden. The bulldozers that had prepared the Castalia fields for the new development had laid all waste; all was levelled, all naked terra cotta, semi-liquid, treeless. Along Magnolia Drive and Azalea Avenue and Holly Avenue young trees had been planted, at intervals. Nobody knew what kind they were; they were some Southern tree. Just inside the entrance to the development stood a metal sign, like a historical marker, that read, "Trees bordering the streets of Castalia by courtesy of the Merchants' National Bank." But the side yards and the back yards of the development's houses were bare as inlets of a dark-red lake.

Jean walked down the steps and stood looking at the pinkish border around the bottom of the white clapboarding, where spring rains had splashed the pigment of the clay up on the house. The dove was throbbing somewhere, out of sight. At her feet the tulips that she had planted on the Blandys' arrival in December had pushed up long, thick, curved green blades, protecting tight buds within. Spring had come like a housebreaker, shouldering its way in, forcing the door open to a blast of heat. Already, in late April, it was as hot as June at home. Already it seemed as if summer, with its passionate lightning changes, had come. It was strange to Jean to feel the seasons rushing so—rushing her where? She squatted down on her heels and poked at the dried clay around one or two of the bulbs. Then she heard the sound of hoofs on the dirt road to the right, and out of the Southern distance came the procession of horses back to Castalia. Jean crouched there, watching.

Suddenly, in fancy, she was mounted on a big bay horse, riding across green fields of rye such as they had seen near here on their Sunday drives in the De Soto station wagon. She could even smell the horse's sweat and see, before her, flies clustered along his mane. From a trot she broke into a canter; the horse's legs moved like great pistons under her. She could feel the edge of the reins rubbing against her gloved fingers and hear the squeak of the saddle as her weight lifted and sank.

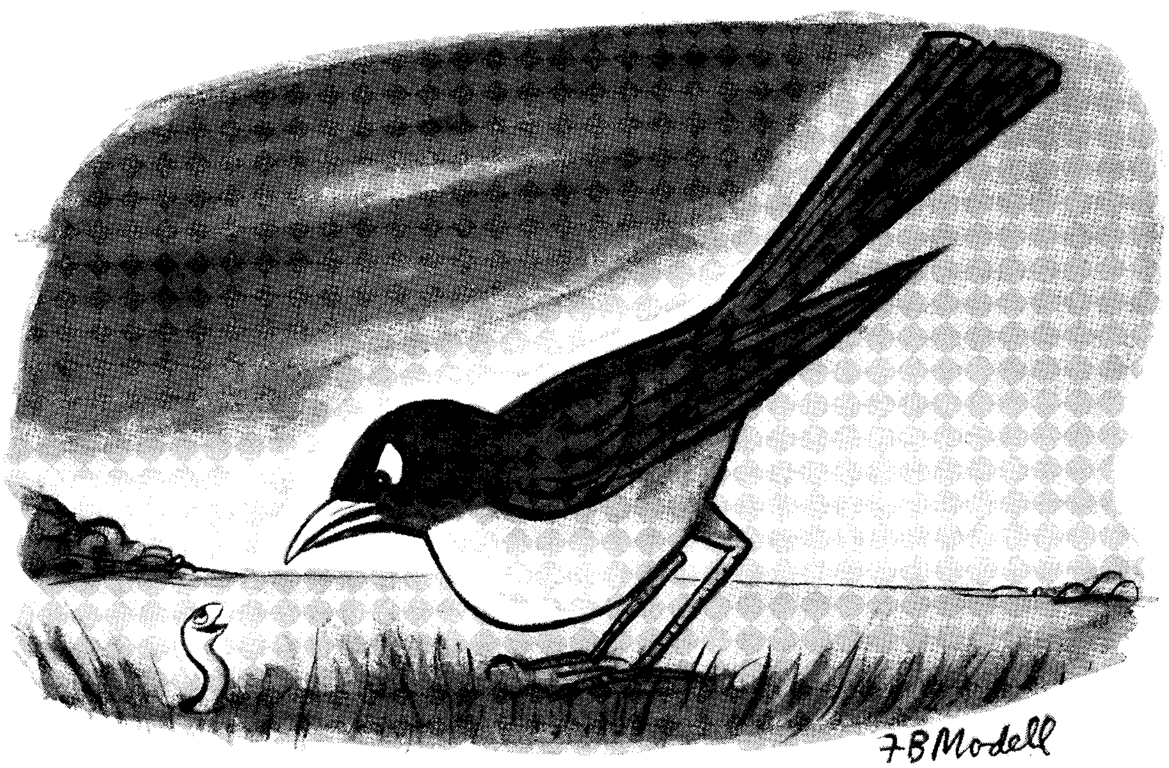
Her eyes came back into focus, and she watched the children disappearing one by one behind the bulk of the next house. The horses were walking. Always bring your horse in dry, she thought. Last of all, that old tub of a woman, hunched over in her saddle, rode past and out of sight up the hill to her old house.

Jean stood up and slapped her hands together sharply, one, two, three, to knock the dried clay off. Why, I did that just the way Mother used to, she thought. She hurried up the steps and into the bright clean kitchen to get away from the feeling of being somebody else.



"You know damn well what kind of day I had is classified information."

As she went ahead with preparations for supper, she fell into her new habit of reflecting upon the urgent wish to ride. She did it nearly every day at this hour, over pots and colander and chopping board. It was, she felt, as if with supper she were cooking something else, a prospect of pleasure. She split stalks of celery lengthwise and chopped them crosswise, fine, for salad. Miss Susan Smithwick, back in Rochester, had said she would write; she said it when Jean was saying good-bye to her in the snowy downtown street, in December. It had occurred to Jean that she might go to see Miss Smithwick to say good-bye, but there was no time, and besides she had always avoided that sort of punctilio.



"Good morning."

"Where are you going to live, child?" Miss Smithwick asked. "Not that you have any right to hear from me ever again, heartless girl. But I suppose I'll be sending you Christmas cards in spite of myself."

Jean laughed. It was Miss Smithwick's way.

"Castalia," she said, and gave the name of the town.

"Mercy's sake!" Miss Smithwick said. "Where my friend from the Mauretania comes from. We travelled all over Normandy together, just as congenial as two old tabbies. I remember telling your mother about Alicia Delaunay. We've corresponded since. It would be the simplest thing in the world to write and ask her to call on my old friend's child."

"Don't bother," Jean said.

"No bother. The least I can do—not for you, wretch, for your poor mother. She would have felt so dreadfully to think of you in a new place and nobody calling. Alicia Delaunay would be of great value to you there, I feel confident. She is a lady to her fingertips."

At such an expression, Jean could only laugh. The Rochester cold hurt her teeth.

But the climate was different here. In the South the weather veered from chilly to humid, from windy to dry and still, growing steadily hotter. It seemed there was nothing to do unless one rode.

Almost dead center of the spread-out ranks of the hundred or more new houses set in rows in the red mud rose the hill of Castalia, out of which the development had been torn. The hill was green. On its low summit rode the house, showing through a grove of oak and nut trees. When the wind was just so, a smell of stable came drifting down. Otherwise there was no communication from Castalia the house to Castalia the development. A notice appeared in the local paper from time to time: "Castalia Farm. Horses Boarded. Instruction in Equitation. Group or Individual. Call 78-F-14." The private kindergarten that the development parents had established availed itself of the lessons, and of course anybody was at liberty to ring that telephone number and go riding.

When, however, Mrs. Delaunay came to call, Jean continued in the ritual of her reverie, they would talk horse, and Mrs. Delaunay would offer her the pick of the stables, finding her keen; seeing her accustomed to horses. Jean moved over to the sink to peel a red onion.

"Hello, pet. What's up?"

As ever, the electric light seemed to flare stronger when Ben walked into the kitchen. He put his arms around Jean from behind and kissed her ear; she twisted around and kissed him back.

"Beef in red wine," she said. "There's going to be popovers. And I've been thinking how nice it will be when Mrs. Delaunay finally calls on me and I begin to go riding."

"I don't get it," Ben said. He put one foot up on the top of the kitchen stepladder and unscrewed the cover from a jar of salted peanuts. He poured a handful into his mouth. "Since when have you gone in for paying calls?" he said through the peanuts.

"You don't understand," Jean said nervously and positively. Tears sprang to her eyes from the onion. "It's the generation. That kind of old lady cares terribly about calling. If I just went—if I just went and took a horse out, she'd think I was forcing an acquaintance."

"So what? You want to go riding. Go."

"I would, if Miss Smithwick hadn't written to her. I could if she hadn't ever heard of me. But this way I have to wait, because she knows we're here, and she has to be the one to call first."

"I think it's nonsense."

"I do, too," she said.

"You don't act as if you did."

"It's just that I know what those arrogant old girls are like. I know the things they say."

"What do you care what they say?"

"I don't!" she cried.

"I'd just skip it," he said.

"Maybe I will," she said abruptly. "Maybe I will skip it."

"About time," he said, and, tipping

THE SHUDDER

The foot of death has printed on my chest
Its signature, and I am rattled free
Of time and its dimensions and the rest
Of the hard outlines of identity.
Now minutes mix with centuries as if
Time were an undeciphered hieroglyph,
For someone has walked on my grave.

O someone, walk in other places, please,
Whoever, when, or where your self may be,
That I may deal with near anxieties,
In fear of now and not eternity:
That future where you wander without guilt
Over the grass my private body built,
For someone has walked on my grave.

"Grandfather Fool, thin voice I sometimes hear
Like scratches on a crystal radio,
Nothing I do will make death disappear
Or let your shudder or your knowledge go.
See the world whole, and see it clearly then—
A globe of dirt crusted with bones of men.
If we walk, we walk on graves."

—Donald Hall

* * *

his head back, poured another handful of peanuts into his mouth.

"You didn't see Jeannie in front when you came in, did you?" Jean said. "I've been listening for her."

"Oh, she'll be along," Ben said impatiently. At that moment, they heard the television in the lower-level room go on. When Jean had finished slicing the onion into the salad, she covered the bowl with aluminum foil, put it in the refrigerator, and went down the stairs to see her child.

Jeannie was sitting with her feet inside a small, deep cardboard carton in which an electric coffee-maker had come, viewing the television screen not three feet in front of her. She still wore her scarlet jacket and the little black velvet cap in which she rode. As Jean came into the room, she was shaking her head vehemently. Jean went and kissed her cool firm cheek.

"Did you have a nice ride?" she asked, and added, "You'll ruin your eyes, looking at television so close."

Jeannie teetered the carton from side to side with her feet.

"O. K.," she said.

"Did you go very far?"

"I don't know," Jeannie said. "We went in the woods. There were vines hanging down off the trees. Eric Hammond hung on to one so long he almost fell off." She tittered reminiscently—obviously a continuation of some earlier, group titter.

"What did Mrs. Delaunay tell you?" Jean asked, leaning against the newel post of the stairs.

"Nothing."

"Didn't she tell you about keeping your hands down, or anything?"

"I don't know." Jeannie shook her head again, very rapidly. Was it a normal thing to do? Impossible to tell.

"Jeannie," Jean said. "Listen to Mother. Mrs. Delaunay is nice to you, isn't she?"

"I guess so." Jeannie teetered the carton.

"Does she ever speak crossly to you? Does she ever speak loud?"

"I don't know," Jeannie said in a preoccupied voice. She took her feet out of the carton, picked it up, and put it over her head so that it rested on her shoulders. She stood up and began to stagger about the room, deliriously.

"You'll break the television," Jean said. Jeannie lifted the carton and peeked out, then lowered it again and chuckled sepulchrally within. She took a few more drunken steps, lifted the carton off her head, and sighed. She sat down again, put her feet back in the carton, and propped her chin on her fists.

Jean could not help laughing. "Better get ready for supper," she said. As she went upstairs again, she wondered if it could be possible that Jeannie was all right now.

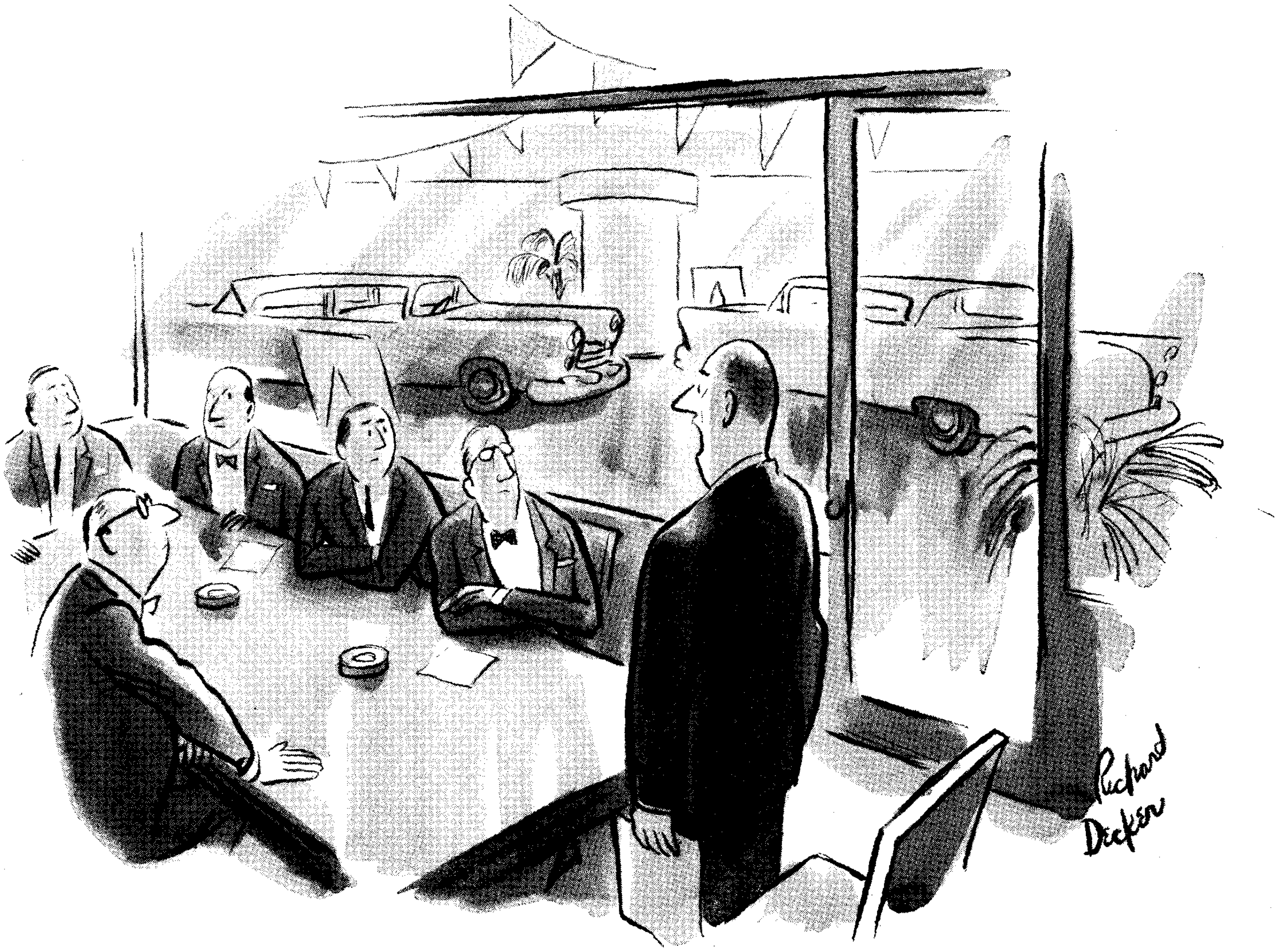
Next morning, in the instant that she woke, Jean knew with the force of a revelation what was the matter—why she had had to wait so long for Mrs. Delaunay to call, what must be done. Miss Smithwick had simply forgotten her promise to write. You could not trust the old. She saw Miss Smithwick's long face, covered with white fuzz, before her mother's face—bewildered, angry, stubbornly trying to remember something—rose to take its place. Miss Smithwick had doubtless never said a word, in her correspondence with Mrs. Delaunay, about her old friend's daughter, now living at Castalia, whom she hoped so much Mrs. Delaunay would drop in on some afternoon, etc., etc. Jean sprang out of bed. As soon as she had Ben and Jeannie fed and off, she sat down at the birchwood desk in the living room, at which she was accustomed to pay the monthly bills. She found some light-gray stationery at the bottom of a box.

"Dear Miss Smithwick," she wrote. "I wonder how you are all getting on back in Rochester. It is already very warm here. My tulips are way out of the ground, believe it or not. I was wondering if I could take you up on your promise to write to your friend Mrs. Delaunay about me. She has some wonderful horses and I would like very much to get to know her. . . ."

She licked the flap of the envelope. If Miss Smithwick wrote at once, a letter sent airmail could be back here inside a week. However, she could not be counted on to write at once. She was old; she forgot.

THE weather continued to grow warmer, and there was a feeling of immense power held in reserve behind the mounting pulsations of heat. In one day, half the tulips burst into bloom. They all bloomed feverishly, as though making the most of their time, and then one morning they were finished; their heads drooped limply from their stalks. Almost every afternoon now there was a thunderstorm.

If I had a horse, Jean thought as she went back up the steps into the kitchen



"Let's face up to it, men. The time has come when we've got to start knocking our competitors."

• •

from inspecting the ruin of the flowers after lunch. If she had a horse, she could ride far across the spring-green fields until she came to a creek slowly flowing under overhanging trees. A pattern of sunlight would dapple its surface. She would get off the horse and sit down among the roots of a big tree, while the horse stood with the reins hanging over its face. The water of the creek would make no sound, but the horse, neck downstretched, would now and then take a step forward with one forehoof, pulling weeds with his big square teeth.

Jean turned on the faucets in both sides of the double sink, hard, and began to scrub out the porcelain in an effort to stop thinking about horses. The telephone rang in the living room, and it was Sally.

"A crowd of us are going on this tour of old houses that St. John's Church is putting on," she said. "Thursday. Want to go? I told Elaine I'd ask you before she completed her car load, because I want you with me, honey. Listen to me. Al says I've become a regular Southerner."

"I don't know," Jean said. "I hadn't decided." She glanced at the mimeographed sheet that Jeannie had brought home from school and that still lay on the table: "Tour of Historic Houses. Auspices of St. John's Auxiliary. Frascati, Music Hall, Castalia, Beauport . . ."

"I'm dying to see Castalia, aren't you?" Sally said. "It's such a mystery, up there, you couldn't surprise me if they showed us dungeons. . . . You will go, then, Jean honey?"

"No," Jean said. "I don't think I want to."

"Why, Jean!" Sally said. "Honestly, the way you're acting! May Barlow spoke of it, too. I don't believe the heat agrees with you. No energy, it seems. Have you tried vitamins?"

"Yes," Jean said.

"Are you sleeping all right?"

"No."

"Well, I think you ought to see a doctor if you don't have any energy. When Al had no energy, that time last year in Cleveland, he saw a really good man, and let me tell you what he said. . . ."

WHEN the first of the development families moved into the first of the houses, all the mailboxes had been clustered in a bunch—ark-shaped metal boxes stuck on short poles—down by the main entrance to Castalia. One of the earliest things the council had acted on was a petition to the post office for house-to-house delivery. Boxes on poles were still used, but now they stood at the street end of each gravel path or row of stepping stones traversing the steadily drying, hardening red clay yards that were sprinkled with a sparse beard of young grass.

Jean went down the Blandys' flagged path to get the mail, for the flag was up and the postman, in regulation gray-blue trousers, white shirtsleeves, and a straw hat, could be seen already some way down Magnolia Drive in the hot two-o'clock sunshine, shoving a handful of mail into yet another arched mailbox. Jean reached inside and drew out the letters. The one on top was square, white, faintly striped, with a Rochester postmark. It was addressed in the kind of firm, slanting, angular hand Jean's mother, too, had written in. Jean tore the letter open under the unshaded sun.

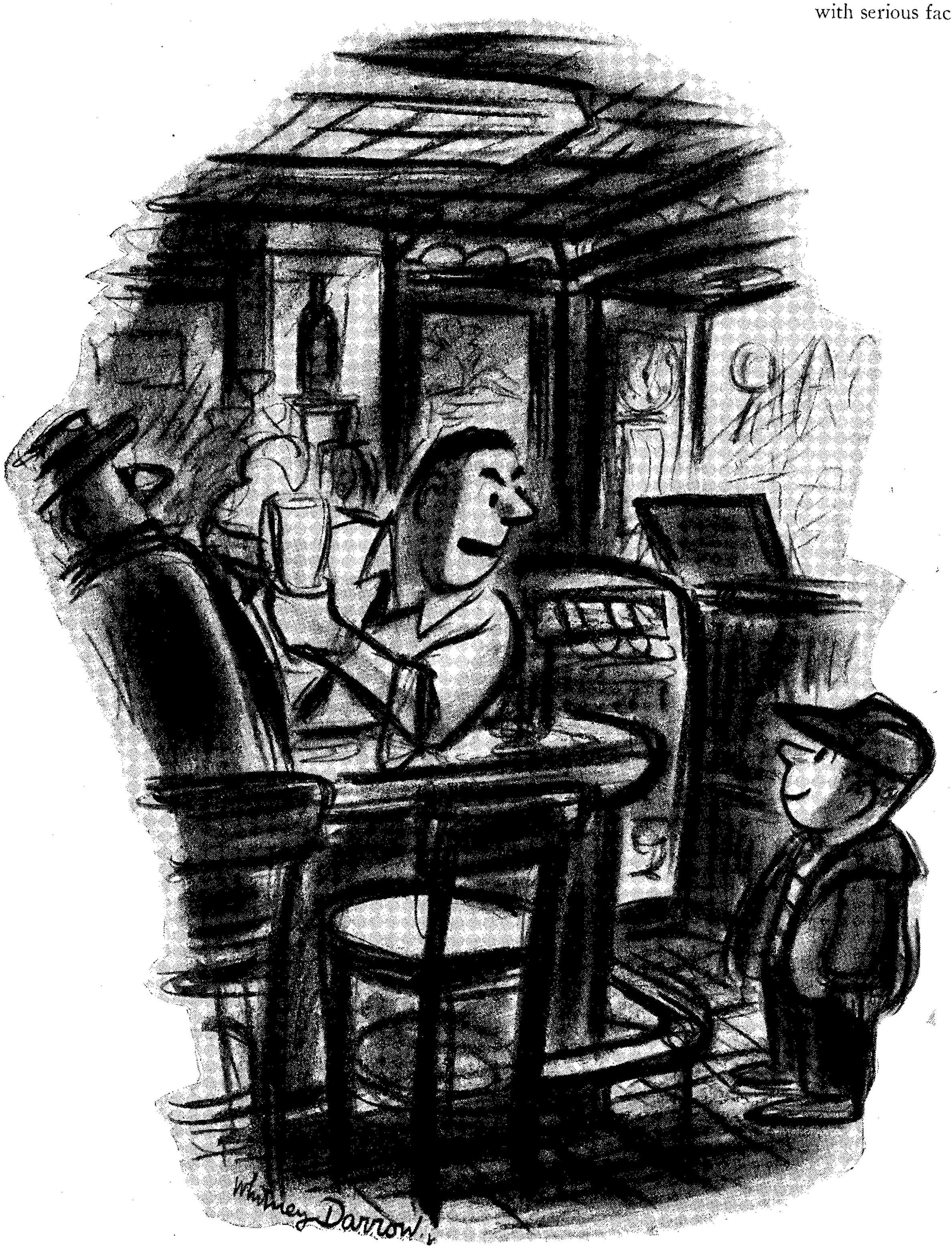
"Dear Jean," it read. "What a pleasant surprise to receive your letter! It made me very happy to be remembered. You have given me such a pleasant picture of yourself in that charming Southern spot, surrounded by your lovely bulbs, which perhaps have already blossomed!

"Of course I wrote to Alicia Delaunay as soon as you went away, dear. I would never forget a promise of that nature, you may be sure! I told her all about your dear mother. When she calls, as I have no doubt she will do, give her my love. I am sure you will have many happy rides together, as I told Alicia you, too, were a devoted equestrienne. . . ."

As she went on looking down at the dazzle on the white page, Jean heard the horses coming.

She lifted her head to see them stepping down the hill along the dry, red, dusty road. Behind Mrs. Delaunay's hunched-over bulk rode little sprouts of boys perched on old hacks; little girls with serious faces; and, near the end of the cavalcade, Jeannie on a tall bay horse.

A wave of purest, liquid anxiety went out from Jean to bathe her daughter; something awful seemed about to happen to Jeannie. Jean turned and hurried back up the path into the house, before the old woman at the head of the procession should turn a terrible gaze upon her.



"No, your father hasn't come in yet, and, no, you can't have a small beer while you're waiting."

AN unknown bird, in the middle of the night, was giving a series of trilling calls, coos, twitterings, squawks, tweets, and chirpings, like a musician relentlessly practicing a variety of exercises.

"What's the matter with *you*?" Ben's sleepy voice said suddenly into the dark bedroom.

Jean, silhouetted against the open window, moved slightly. "Nothing," she said, and added, "I just feel her blocking me."

"You feel what?—You're not talking about that old woman again, for God's sake?"

"I feel cut off," she said.

"You're having a nightmare. Cut off from what?"

"Cut off from everything," she said. "We've been here for five months, and she knew we were here the whole time. She meant not to come. She's never coming."

"Go back to sleep,"

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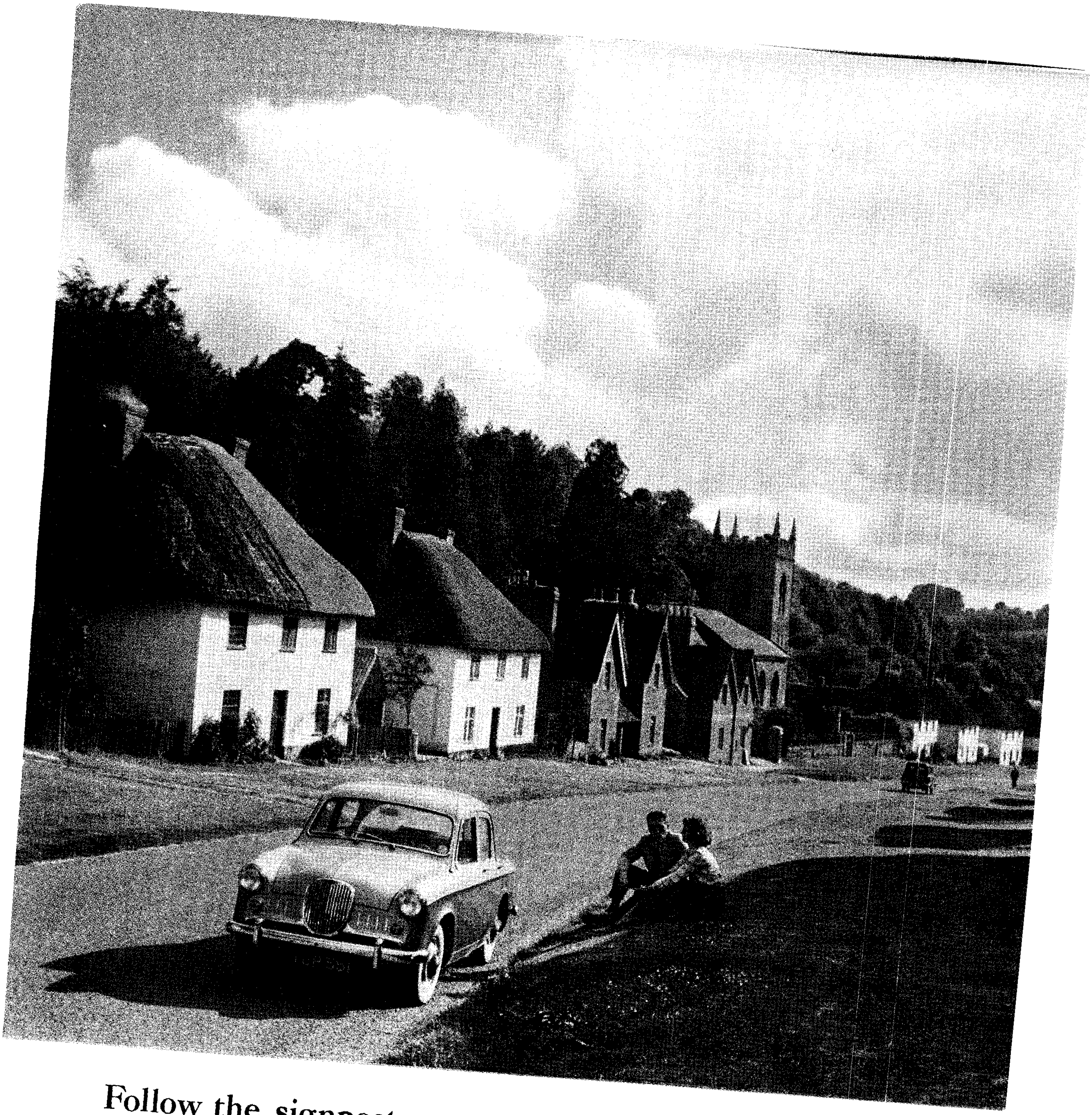

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he said, groaning. The bird had started all over again.

"It's like a language. You either understand it or you don't," Jean said. "Mother used to say, 'A lady is never unintentionally rude.' "

"Who cares?" Ben had raised himself in bed; his voice came from higher up. "Who gives a good God damn?"

"Now I can't ever ride," she said.

"What do you mean, you can't ride?" he said furiously. "Why don't you go and ride? Do you have to get an invitation, to *live*?"

"How could I have done anything but put Mother in McCoy? What else could I do?" Jean continued steadily. "Why was it so heartless?"

"You're as crazy as mice," Ben said flatly. "It wasn't heartless."

"Everything seems so different down here," she said.

"Here is the same as any other place," Ben exclaimed. "If that God-damned bird would stop bellowing." He thumped his pillow and with a rustling of bedclothes lay down again. A deep, outraged sigh came from him.

Jean walked out into the dark hallway. At Jeannie's open door she paused and laid her hand on the molding. The sound of regular breathing came from inside the room, and the air was faintly stirring. She went down the hall to the living room and switched on a light.

After she had sat down on the pale beige, foam-rubber-cushioned sofa, she fingered its nubbly upholstery curiously. Then she looked across at the blistered satin of the long lacquer-red curtains. Something had been promised by the new house, the modern furnishings, the kitchen; but delusively. She thought of the Waring Blendor under its transparent plastic cover, but the color seemed to have gone out of it. You could not weep on a Waring Blendor.

Outside in the darkness the bird began again on its long repertory. Suddenly it came to Jean that this was the song of the Southern mockingbird. From long ago, in her childhood, she remembered someone playing on the upright piano out in the old, glass-domed conservatory of the house in Rochester and singing, "Listen to the mockingbird . . . Listen to the mockingbird . . . The mockingbird is singing where she lies."

IN the morning she picked up the telephone and called Sally.

"Have you still got room for me in Elaine's car this afternoon?" she

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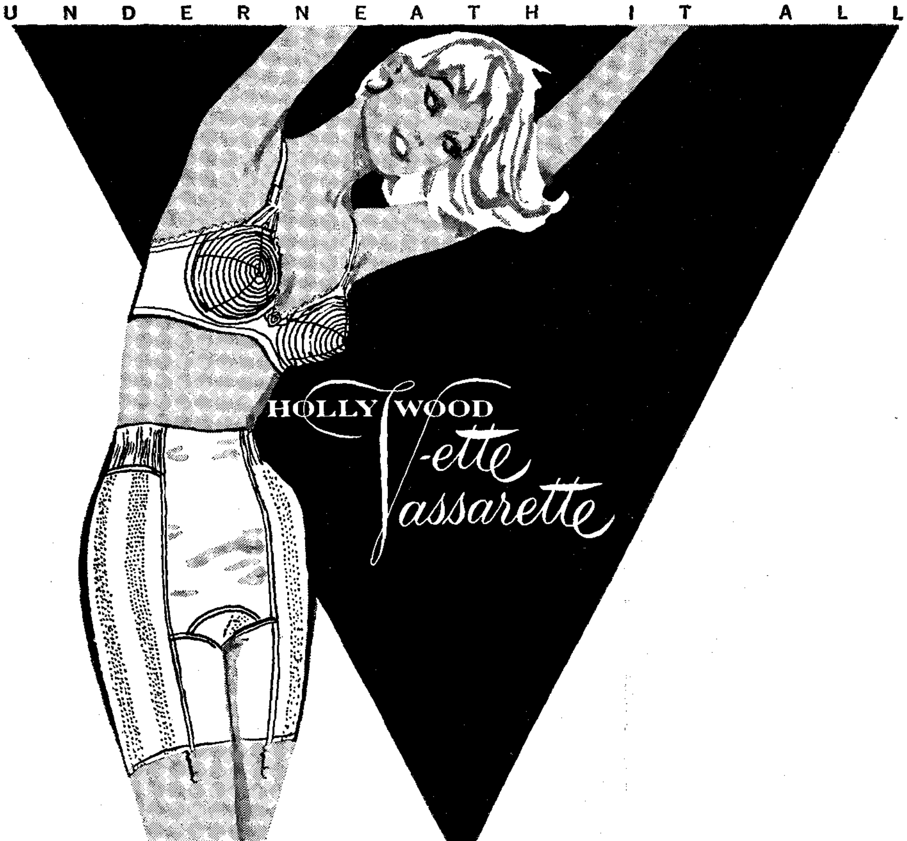

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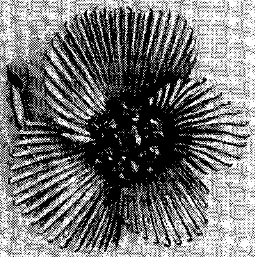

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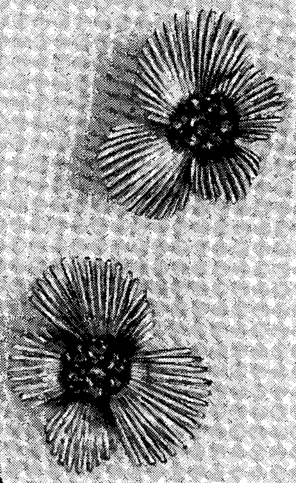

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asked. "If I could squeeze in, I'd like to go. I suppose it *is* an opportunity to see those houses."

"Well, I'm relieved you're feeling better," Sally said.

It turned out to be another hot and lowering afternoon, for sightseeing. Castalia, when they got to it, fourth on the tour of historic houses, appeared in lordly disarray. Nobody had put away a garden hose that coiled snakelike across the white stone steps leading up, through columns, to a portico floored in soiled marble squares. They were met at the front screen door by a hostess, one of the ladies from St. John's Church. "Ha yew?" she greeted them.

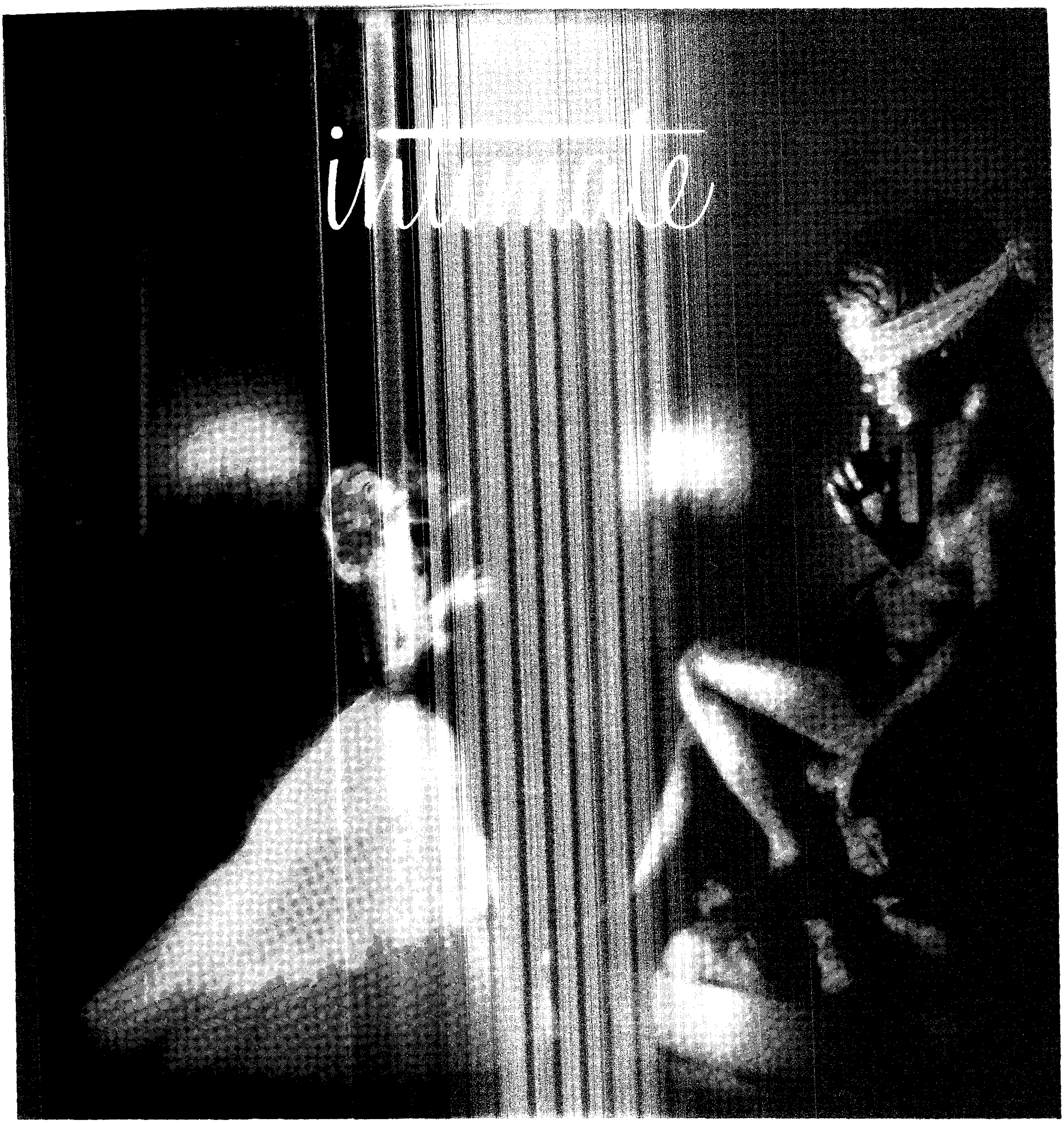
After their tour tickets had been punched, she proceeded. "Here on our right we'll begin with the library. Notice the frieze under the mantelpiece, usin a rice plant as a motif. Much of the Delaunay fortune was derived from rice plantations in South Carolina. Notice the rug. Gift of Charles Chauncey Delaunay, distant kin; sent back from England when he was ambassador there. The china behind glass in the secretary is Royal Worcester. There is a complete set."

"I've got some of that," Elaine Porter said audibly. "Sally, you've seen my porcelain, haven't you?"

In a shabby chair beside the fireplace a huge tortoise-shell cat was curled, absorbed in sleep. A book lay open, face down, on the wicker footstool that stood before the chair. As Jean passed by, slowly, mingling indistinguishably with the group, she bent over to read the title. It was in Greek.

They passed through a broken-pedimented doorway into the dining room. Nobody had bothered to clear away a mass of flower stems strewn over the dining-room table, where one vase still stood, filled with water. "The drawin rooms are on the other side," said the lady. "We come to them next." Nobody had wiped the twin, lyre-based, San Domingo mahogany card tables in the long central hall. A ray from the afternoon sun struck, through the fanlight over the door at the back, directly athwart the mist of silver dust.

Slowly they traversed the mansion: the upstairs sitting room, the bedrooms, General Delaunay's dressing room with the Canton china basin into which he had bled to death from his Battle of the Wilderness wound. Down the broad staircase: "Notice the finial on the post at the bottom," the hostess said. "Patterned on a rice plant." In the hall again, they stood like meek, herded creatures. "I've got a jardiniere just



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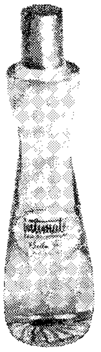

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like that one, put away!" exclaimed Elaine Porter, undaunted.

"And now, if y'all would like to see the gyardens?" the hostess proposed. "Just follow the gravel path around back. The original gyarden, which you will be able to recognize by its brick walks, was laid out in the eighteenth century. Notice the irregular herrinbone of the bricks. They were laid by the slave in charge of makin brick on the place, out of Castalia clay."

Under a black sky with racing clouds, they paused between sporadically weeded borders, blocked by the milling tendency of their own numbers. "If it suddenly starts to pour, let's agree to make a dash for the back porch," Sally said.

"Let's agree to make a dash for my car," May Barlow counter-proposed.

But nothing could be decided among so many, brought to a halt in such a narrow pass. "I *haven't* seen the old lady yet," a young Mrs. Hofstatter said. "Have you seen the old lady? I thought we were going to see the old lady," she continued, not sure whether anybody had heard.

"She's not here," Elaine said in her positive way. "They're none of them at their own homes. They all go and act as hostesses for each other—she'd be at somebody else's home."

"I thought I saw her at Waverley," Sally said.

Jean had already slipped out of the ranks of the development wives and moved away in the direction where she was sure the stables were—down a slope past the vegetable gardens and across a short stretch of dusty road that was bordered with whitewashed outbuildings. Nobody noticed her go. There was a flash of lightning and a low menacing growl of thunder. The mass of young women swirled, pulsed, sorted itself out, and began to trail down the path to the white gazebo at the end of a vista that had once been a bowling green.

Jean came at the stables from a little above them. Directly before her where she stood in the red clay track was a three-sided quadrangle of box stalls, with horses' heads thrusting out of the half doors on the side that she faced. In the middle of the dirt square a Negro in a brown apron was attending to a dark-dappled gray horse with a Roman nose. Under the unearthly light from the sky, he lifted and inspected one hoof after another.

Jean stood staring at the horse. It appeared to her larger than life—beautiful, powerful, and as frightening as

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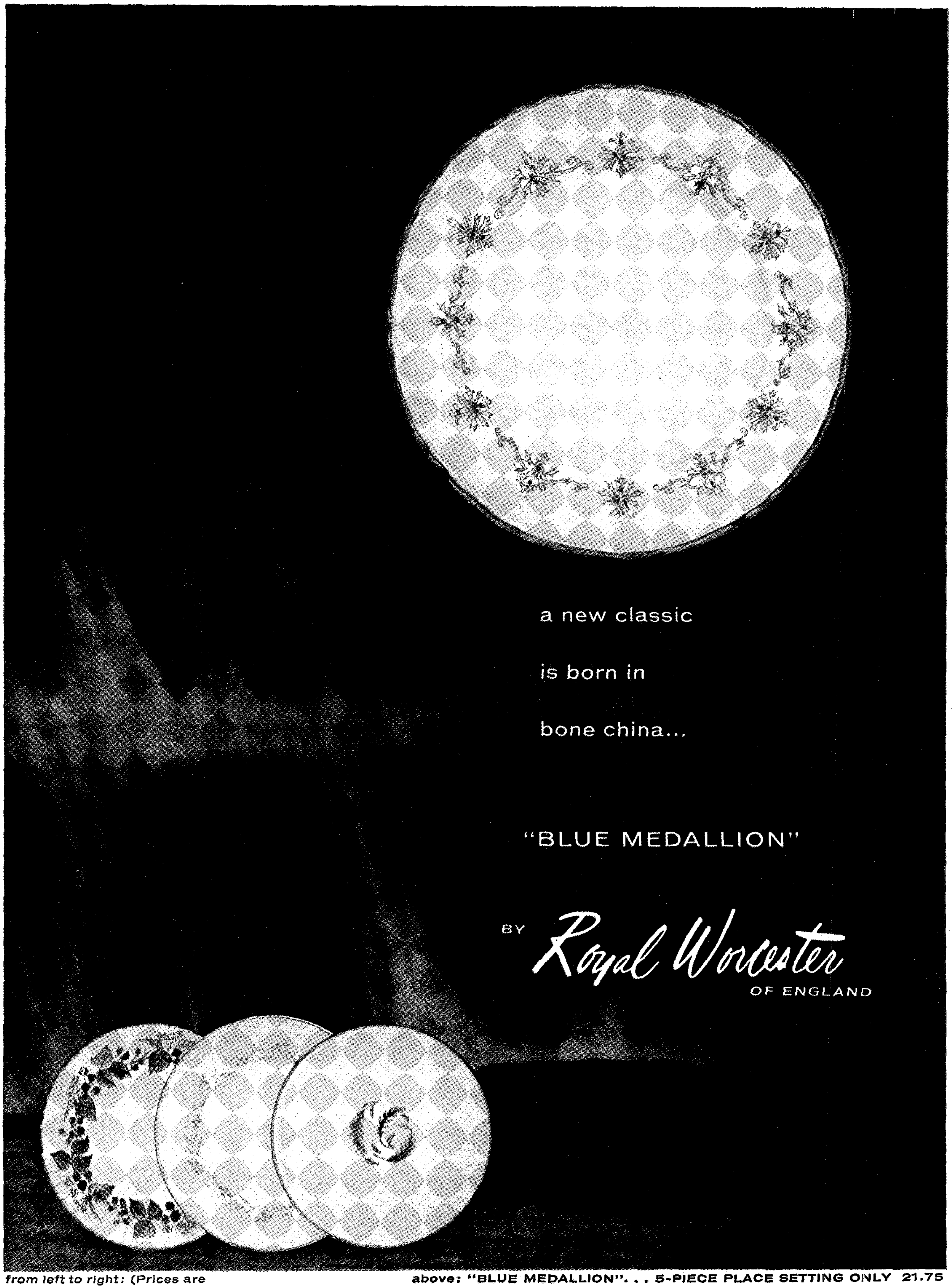
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the tall horses that stalk through dreams. As if the intervening air were electrically charged, she felt barred from moving any nearer.

She had turned to retreat when the first drop fell. Then all the rain began to pelt at once. "Come right yere into the springhouse!" a female voice called to her from her left. "Run!"

Jean ran out of the storm, under a streak of lightning that split the purple sky in half. She stumbled on the steps of the springhouse and steadied herself with one hand on the still-hot splintery boards. Someone within held the screen door open for her. "Let's just shut the big door," the same voice that had called to her continued; in an instant the interior was as black as a pocket. "I'm scared out of my wits at thunderstorms."

"Gracious, Lucy, so am I," a second voice replied from the back of the warm stuffy room.

"Pooh," the first voice said. "You know you're brave as a lion."

Outside, the storm rose to a crescendo, booming and cracking and crashing in wildest hysteria. Nearby the springhouse, a limb fell off a tree.

"Young lady," Lucy's voice said during a brief period of hush, in the raised tones suitable for addressing a stranger. "Did you see whether the people in the gyarden were gettin to shelter?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice," Jean said.

"Pore souls," the other voice said. Then it sank to the lower key of private conversation. "I'm mortified at how the house must look to those smart young wives, paid their two dollars and all."

"You had a sick mare," Lucy pointed out.

Their next words were lost in thunder. When the racket let up, the other voice was saying, ". . . plain old flustered when I try to keep up with duty. Letters, visitin, bills, and the Reverend Mr. Lemmon, all pilin up."

Lucy giggled. "You used to cry when you got flustered. Remember my tenth birthday party, at Frascati, Alicia? What a horrid, snivellin little wretch I thought you were."

"I was cryin because I couldn't understand Drop the Handkerchief," Alicia said. "I was so outdone I had to go out and swing in the swing." She laughed comfortably.

The storm was letting up. Each burst of thunder was becoming fainter and more tremulous, like the screams of a baby who gradually accepts pacify-

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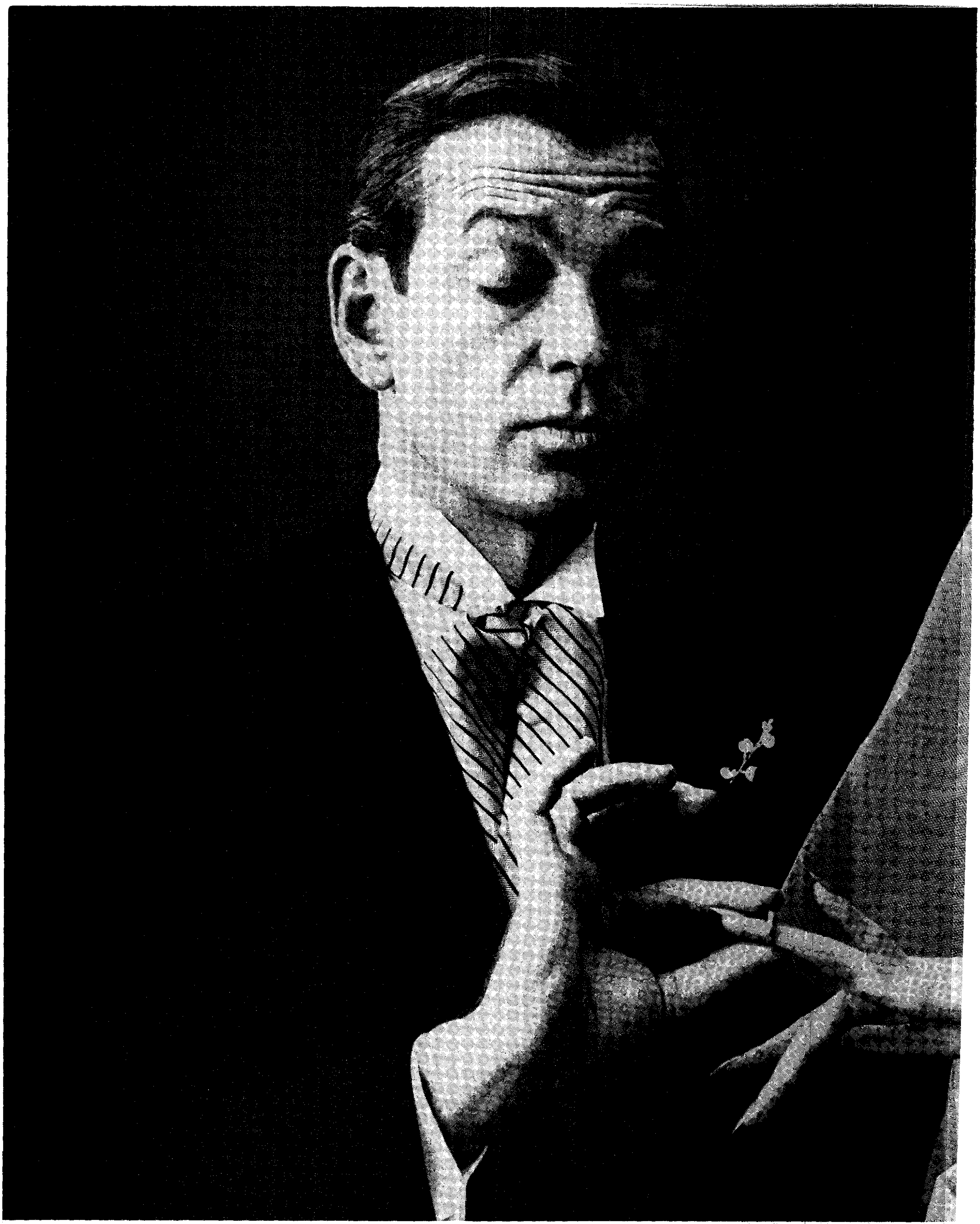
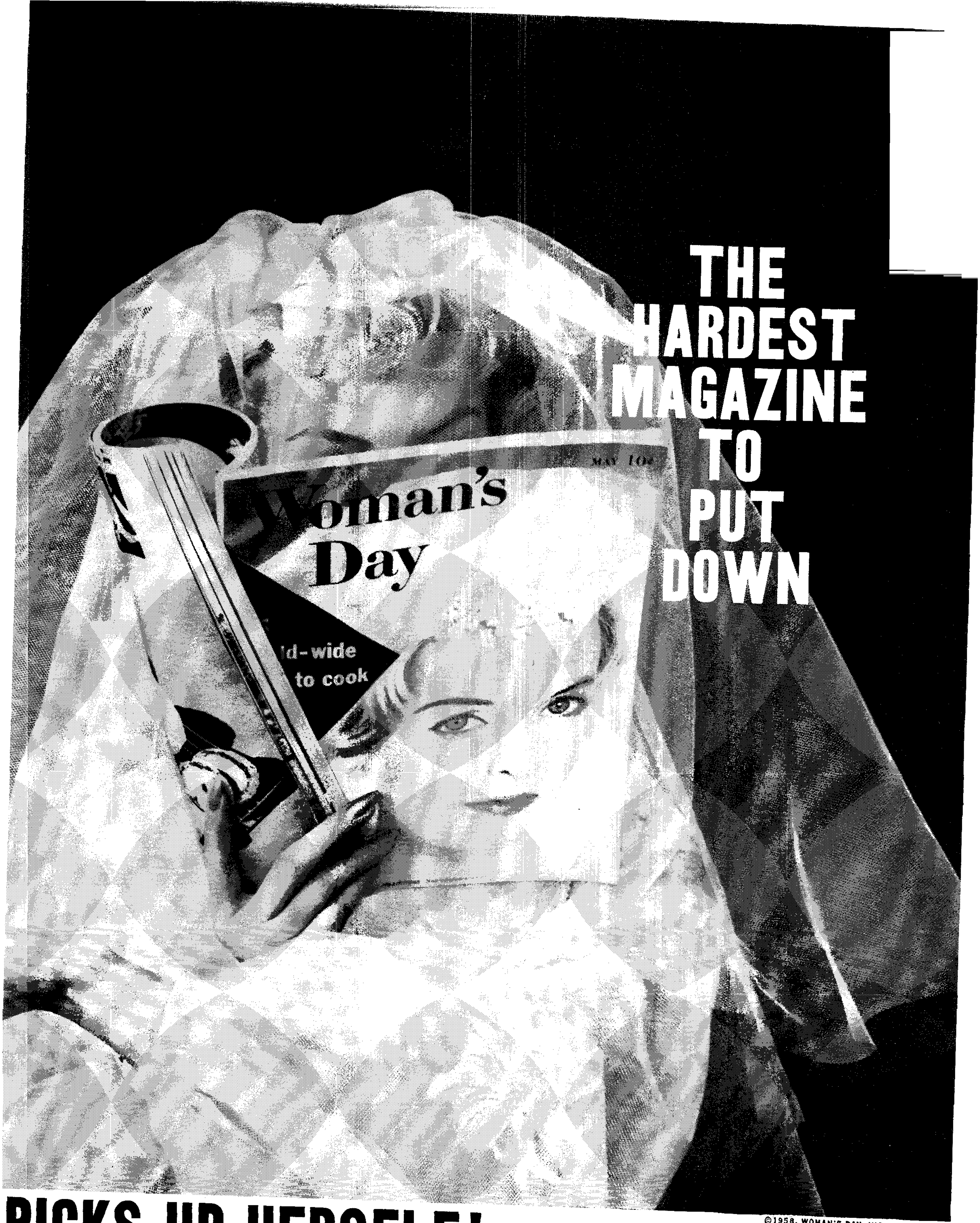


IS THE ONE SHE

—and every month, millions of ready-to-buy homemakers are eagerly picking up the new **Woman's Day,** the magazine that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PICKS UP HERSELF!

fits their new way of living. (In the May issue, you'll find ideas for young homemakers.) **Woman's Day**, the A&P magazine

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ing. Jean opened the heavy door and looked out.

Through a screen door shimmering with captured water she saw that the sun had appeared, as on the first day of creation. A few silver raindrops still flashed across the radiance.

It had finished raining, like this, on one of her mother's good days, just before she had to be sent away to McCoy. Jean remembered the afternoon as if it were something she had all along been trying to remember. She had taken her mother to buy plants at a nursery outside Rochester; the rain stopped as they were getting out of the car. They walked about, and bent, together, over the boxes of freshly washed pansies outside the greenhouse—purple-velvet and indigo-blue and yellow and russet—and then together they had looked up and their eyes met; they were as pleased by the flower faces as little girls. They smiled at each other, with love and a lifetime's knowledge of what gave the other delight.

Here in the South, out at the edge of the grove, a wood thrush suddenly called its liquid note, breaking the spell of the thunderstorm. All the horses, now that the noise had stopped, were once more poking their meek, old heads out of the half doors. One of them whinnied.

Jean turned away from the new green outside, toward the now visible interior of the springhouse. "Mrs. Delaunay," she began, "I'm Jean Blandy." —NANCY HALE

•

CHECK & DOUBLE-CHECK

The TIP-OFF: "Dody Goodman, now one of the most publicized of TV's femme performers, will go off on a 'Theatre Guild' tour in the George S. Kaufman play, 'Dulcy,' which originally starred Lynn Fontaine."... The CHECK-UP. "Goodness gracious, how did you find *that* out?" Dody asked when we popped the question. "It's true alright. It starts in June and we'll tour for eight weeks. My role is the one Miss Fontaine played in her very first Broadway play. When you think of it you can't think of me inheriting such a role. But when you don't think of it you realize that it's more a part for me than it must have been for her—because the character itself is sort of a Dody Goodman more than a Lynn Fontaine." *—Hy Gardner in the Herald Tribune.*

That wouldn't be hard.

•

Sterility, long advertised as a major H-bomb alarm, is not so serious a worry—since radiation strong enough to sterilize is strong enough to kill.—*This Week.*

And here we were, worrying ourself sick over nothing!

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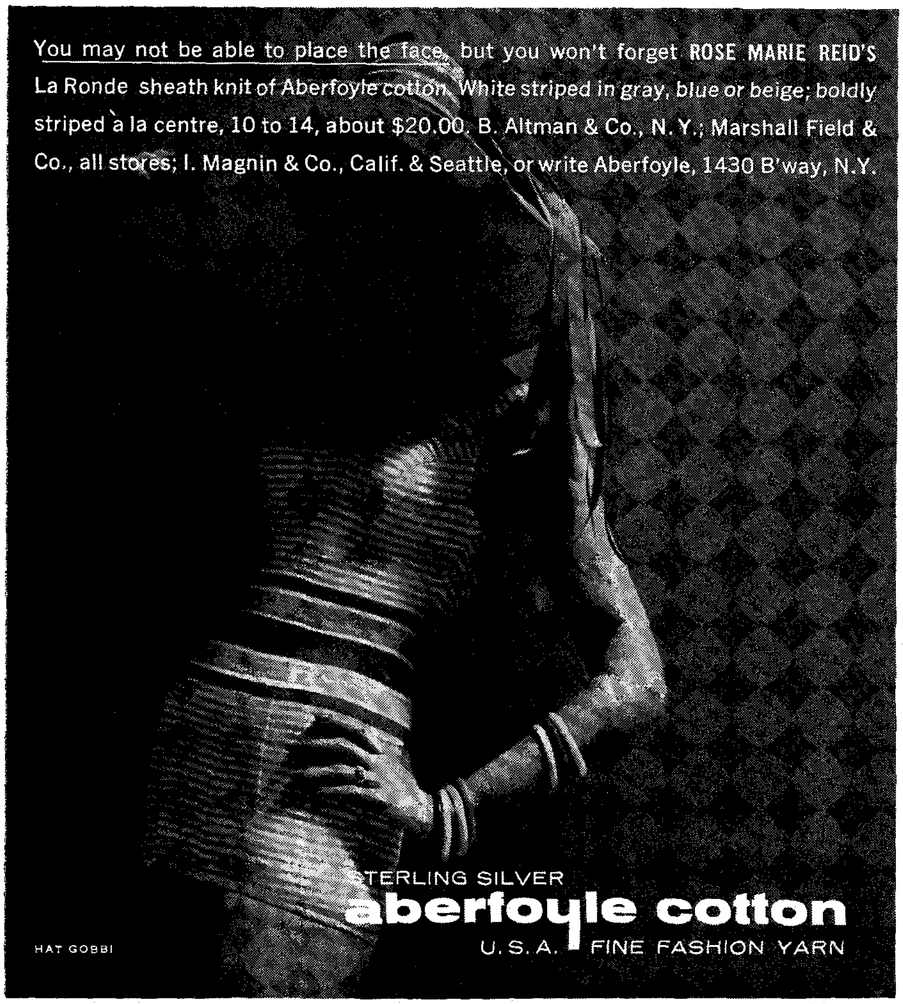
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On a sunny Hawaiian beach — France Nuyen, who portrays "Liat," in Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific," produced by Buddy Adler, directed by Joshua Logan and filmed in Hawaii in Todd-AO Technicolor.

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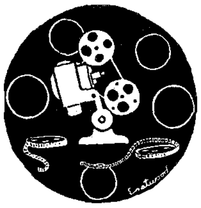
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Growing Pain



IN adapting Herman Wouk's novel "Marjorie Morningstar" to the screen, Everett Freeman has altered a few episodes and excised a few others, but his small tampering has done no violence to the spirit of the original work, which aimed at proving that a growing girl should always listen to Mother's advice and adhere to a sound middle-class moral code. Mr. Freeman, like Mr. Wouk before him, takes a long time to establish the point, and before the climax of the thing is reached, Miss Morningstar has become as objectionable as the emotional ladies who pullulate in soap operas. As the heroine of the affair, Natalie Wood, who is quite a dish, is charged with portraying a Jewish girl in mild revolt against the old-fashioned ideas of her parents. She dreams of a career in the theatre, refuses her hand to a highly eligible suitor whose father owns a department store, and eventually, during a summer in the Adirondacks, falls in love with a wastrel employed as a camp director. He calls himself Noel Airman, but his name is actually Ehrmann, just as Miss Morningstar's name is actually Morgenstern. In the role of the camp director, who is also an unsuccessful songwriter, hoofer, and playwright, Gene Kelly creates a plausible character, but Miss Wood, although her moods are supposed to be many, seems to have no more spiritual content than a Bobbsey twin, and once these two have made contact in the hills, the picture gets as monotonous as a stuck phonograph needle. Will Mr. Kelly be a cad, or won't he? Will Miss Wood be a good girl, or won't she? By way of providing a reassuring answer to these questions, Ed Wynn is introduced as good old Uncle Samson, who takes a job in the kitchen of the camp where Mr. Kelly is the big wheel, just to keep an eye on his niece. Mr. Wynn is occasionally amusing, and Claire Trevor and Everett Sloane, who play Miss Wood's parents, are believable types.

The pace of the film isn't accelerated any by the fact that Mr. Kelly and Miss Wood are not allowed to make up their minds for good about each other when their summer interlude is over. While she is pursued by various swains, he

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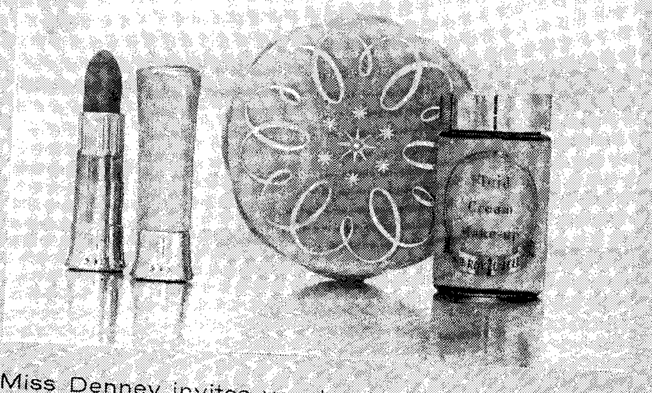
by FRANCES DENNEY



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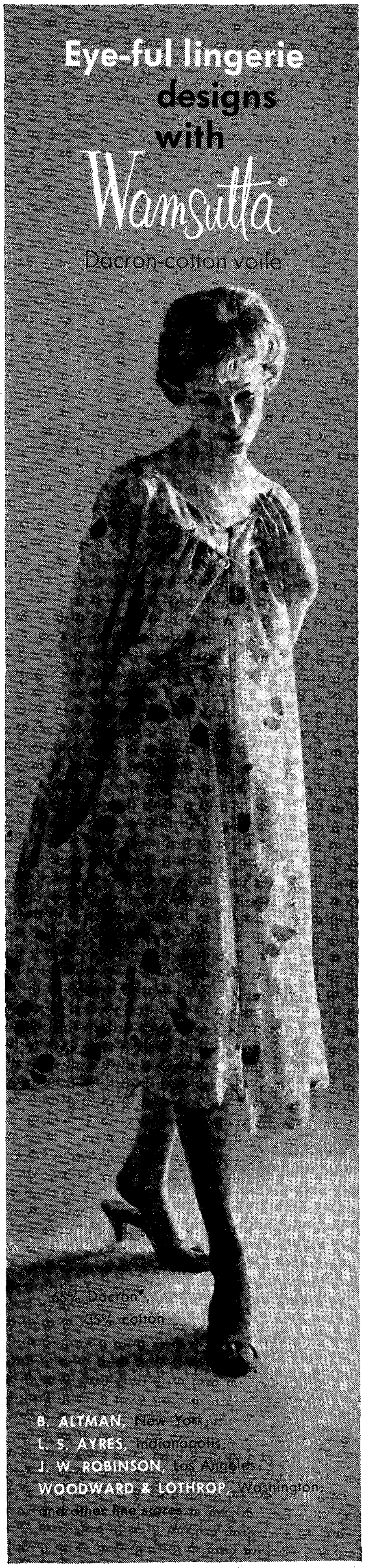

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keeps popping in and out of her life. This goes on for three years. Then, finally, back at camp, she sees Mr. Kelly as the small-time Lothario that he is, and decides to give him up once and for all. The proprietor of the camp (George Tobias) thereupon remarks, "Say, you've really grown up, haven't you?" "I think I have," she replies. It's about time.

"STAGE STRUCK" is a new version of "Morning Glory," in which Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou figured several years ago. While the story, which deals with the struggles of a small-town girl to become a celebrated actress, has been told a good many times, the performers in the current movie, under the direction of Sidney Lumet, do a commendable job. As the ambitious young lady, Susan Strasberg is beguiling; as a theatrical producer, Henry Fonda has a lot of authority; as a playwright, Christopher Plummer is very personable; and as a temperamental star, Joan Greenwood is properly high-keyed. During the time Miss Strasberg is making her way upward, and trying to decide whether she loves the producer or the theatre, Mr. Lumet, who shot the whole picture in New York City, keeps his camera rolling effectively all around the town, from Greenwich Village to Central Park. Still, the substance of the piece is so very old hat that all the estimable endeavors of the director and the cast appear to verge on the footless.

"NIGHT AMBUSH," a British film, tries to be both funny and suspenseful while describing the activities of a couple of English agents (Dirk Bogarde and David Oxley) on the island of Crete during the Second World War. In the course of its work, this team kidnaps a Nazi general (Marius Goring) and then has the job of sneaking him through enemy lines to a ship that will remove him from the island. The dialogue throughout "Night Ambush" is excessively arch, and on their trek over the mountainous Cretan terrain the agents, their Cretan assistants, and even the Nazi general never take anything very seriously. This makes it difficult to take the characters very seriously, so the picture comes to nothing.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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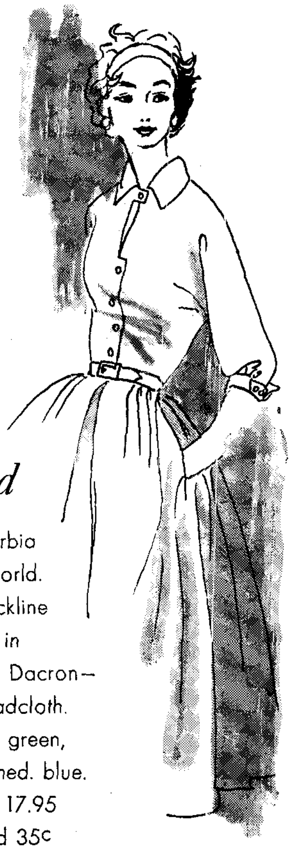

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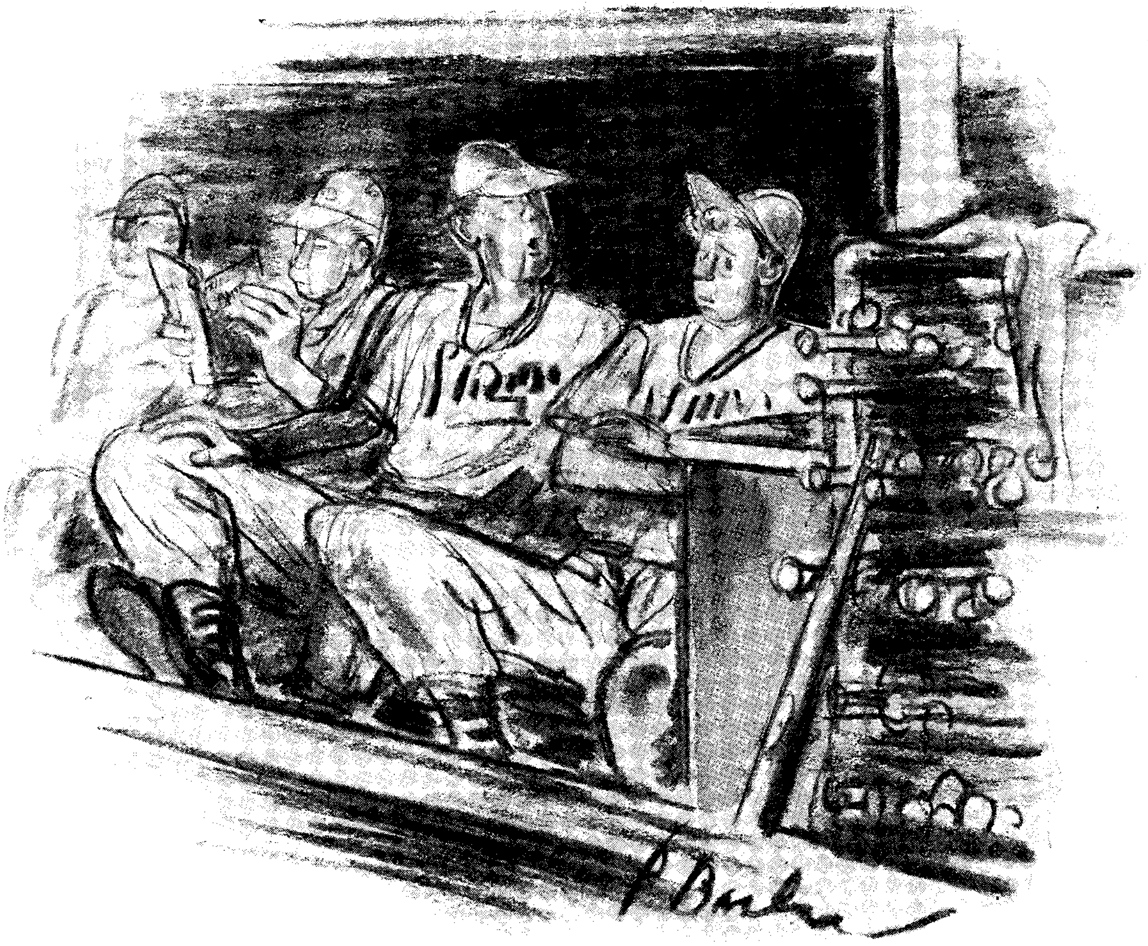
CUBAN INTERLUDE

ALL over Cuba, one finds public buildings decorated with murals of a heroic, if lugubrious, nature, depicting the resistance of student revolutionaries to the tyrants of their day. Often, the students are shown facing a firing squad composed of the ferocious volunteers raised by the Spanish colonial authorities or of the no less grim-faced soldiery of one of the early indigenous dictators. None of the macabre episodes portrayed are less than thirty years old, however, and one supposes that at least another thirty years must elapse before the young men who are now carrying on this old student tradition with revolvers and bombs will achieve pictorial commemoration of the same kind. The history of Cuban youth in revolt started a century ago, when students organized a struggle against the senile and brutalized Spanish colonial regime. It was continued sporadically after the liberation from Spain, when the new order so often revealed itself as nothing more than the old order with its recently acquired democratic mask fallen slightly askew. Although in many parts of Latin America the practice of parliamentary democracy is rare, quixotic, and incomplete, Latin-Americans—and Cubans in particular—have never ceased to carry on a nostalgic courtship of the democratic ideal, seen, as it were, as an inaccessible beauty behind an ornamental grille. In periods when something that will just pass muster as democracy is achieved—when elections take place and are not too cynically manipulated, when the press is vocal and the generals are mute—little is heard of student revolutionary action. But when a dictator puts himself in power and stays there too long, the students begin to plot, and soon to throw bombs, and in the end the Army and the police are forced into reprisals of the kind that will one day form the subject matter of yet more depressing murals in provincial town halls. After the period of chaos that attended the overthrow of the detested President Machado in 1933, there followed a fairly quiet quarter of a century, by Cuban standards. Then, late in 1956, the old periodic eruption started again, provoked by what was beginning to look like another immovable dictatorship. Within the ensuing twelve months, there were political assassinations, sabotage, mass demonstrations, and local uprisings, and by the beginning of this year the University of Havana and the other state-supported universities had closed down. Now the jails are full of students, and many idealistic and hotheaded young men—often barely out of their teens—have lost their lives. Nobody seems to have any idea how the thing will end.

When I arrived in Havana not long ago, a fugitive from the chills of London, and more or less a student of Latin-American upheavals, the city was enjoying a brief respite from nightly alarms. The processional crowds of the evening were abroad again, moving in ranks down the Prado under trees full of squawking birds, and then thinning out along the Malecón, past the opulent gray baroque houses, and dodging the whiplash of spray over the low sea wall. Havana was beautiful and noisy, perfumed with cigar smoke and hair oil. People lived clamorously in the streets, under the flame trees in the parks, and in a thousand bars. One remembered T. S. Eliot's "I had not thought death had undone so many." There were gentle-mannered, philosophical pimps at all the street corners—men who, if allowed, would talk of their ancestry first and then describe their wares. This was normality as I remembered it from other visits, but for the past year, I learned, there had been incidents on three nights out of six. There had been bomb throwing and sniping in the streets, and quite frequently the power cables had been cut, blacking out the town and thereby exposing those taken by surprise in the darkened streets to the incidental hazards of gunplay between snipers and police. Even the present lull was an uneasy one, and it was considered foolhardy to visit the cinema or the theatre—inviting places for the planting of bombs—or even to wander far from one's hotel at night. I found fresh bullet holes in the counter of my favorite bar, on the Calle Industria. A few weeks previously, a regular of the establish-



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ment had been shot down by a tommy-gunner firing from across the street. One of the barmen had lost a finger in the ragged volley, and, smiling importantly, he held up the stump for inspection. This occurrence had not been bad for business. In Havana, people like to pop in for a drink at a place where there has been a recent shooting, just as in London they might visit an East End pub once patronized by royalty.

I took a hotel room overlooking the Presidential palace and the garden-filled square in which it stands. The streets around the square had been closed to traffic, and it had become a kind of no man's land, patrolled by police in all sorts of uniforms. There were khaki-colored bulletproof cars at the corners, ready for action, and every so often one would be started up, driven restlessly, with its siren moaning, a few yards up the road, and then brought back. The atmosphere in the neighborhood of the palace was clearly trigger-happy. Visitors to Havana were advised not to loiter as they walked past the front of the palace, or to point cameras in the direction of the machine-gunners crouching behind parapets of sandbags on the palace roof. These exceptional police precautions dated from an afternoon last spring when twenty-one students—who actually brought *along their own photographer*—had staged an abortive attempt on the regime by driving up to the palace gates in a truck and then dashing through them in the hope of shooting their way up to the President's office, on the second floor. A handful of the attackers almost reached their objective. But the President happened at that moment to be lunching with his wife in his residential quarters, in another part of the building, and there on the landing outside the locked office door the last members of the assault party died. What little chance of success this desperate venture might have had was thrown away, right at the beginning, by a gross lack of co-ordination. Cuban revolutionary movements are weakened by much internal division. Two separate student organizations had united temporarily to plan the attack, but the larger group, which possessed a bazooka that might have made all the difference, failed to put in an appearance. The hopeless little battle was over in five minutes, but then the government tanks came on the scene, and it was hours before the troops ceased firing their heavy machine guns into the surrounding buildings, in the belief that they harbored snipers. Many motorists, trapped in the line of fire, spent most of the afternoon lying under their cars,

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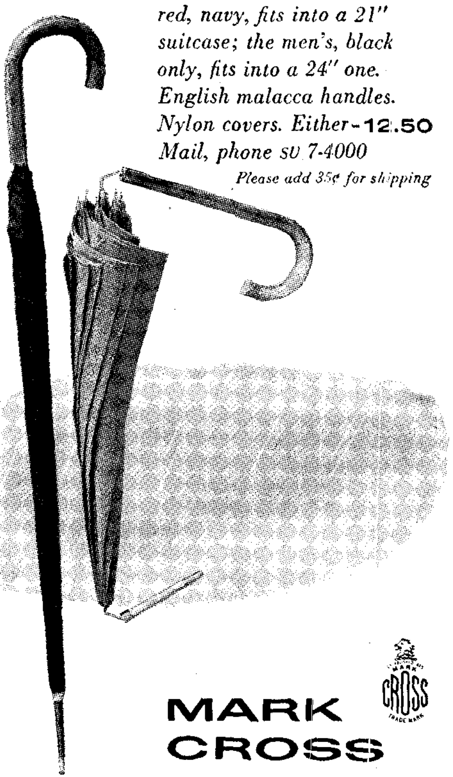

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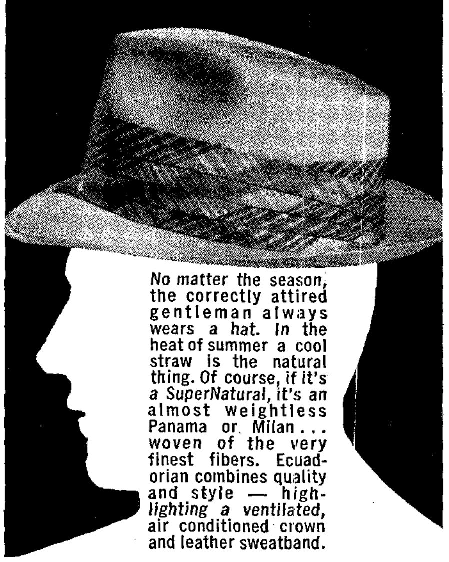

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and a fair amount of incidental damage—some of a freakish kind—was produced by this protracted bombardment. The abstract sculptures standing in front of the National Museum, which faces the Presidential palace, were badly shot up, and a friend of mine returned to his hotel room facing on the square to find that a couple of the suits hanging in his wardrobe were full of bullet holes. The government paid him a hundred dollars in compensation for these.

At first, I was inclined to take the view that, apart from a crop of incredible new night clubs (one of them had lawns of spurious grass, and an artificial sky), nothing much had changed in Havana since I first visited the city, almost twenty years ago. In those days, people regarded the topic of democracy with a sort of cynical resignation. In reality, they used to tell you, things weren't a great deal different from the old colonial era, when the ruling Spanish bureaucracy treated the country as a privately owned farm, to exploit in whatever way it thought fit. The main difference was that nowadays it was Cubans who took it out of Cubans—and that was perhaps some slight consolation. Whoever was in power was expected to help himself to the public funds. As long as the administration contented itself with diverting, say, twenty per cent of the national revenue into its pockets, its conduct was considered reasonable, if not just, and nobody grumbled much. Nor was it thought particularly scandalous when an outgoing President made it quite evident by his real-estate investments in Miami that he had become a multimillionaire during his term of office. When a government changed, it was a change of personalities, not of principles. The old pernicious, grafting Hispanic system went on. Elections were a sort of white man's version of an African magic ritual that nobody believed in very much any more but that was still carried on, out of ancestral habit. I remembered that at the time of this first visit to Havana an unemployed man's vote cost a peso—one dollar—and I also remember, quite vividly, a remarkable incident that occurred in the Parque Central one day, when the town loafers who congregated there decided to get together and employ a recognized trade-union practice to force the price up to a peso and twenty-five centavos. A politician who had come down to the park with the intention of buying up their votes was stung by this inequitable conduct into threatening them with a tommy gun, and somehow or other it man-

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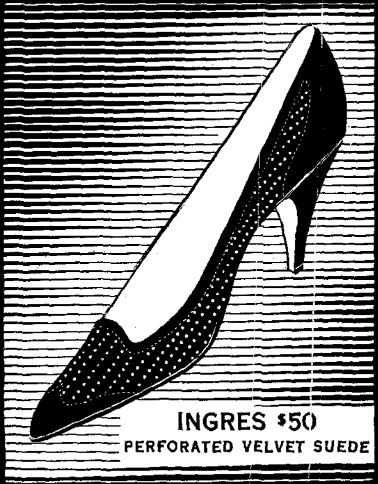

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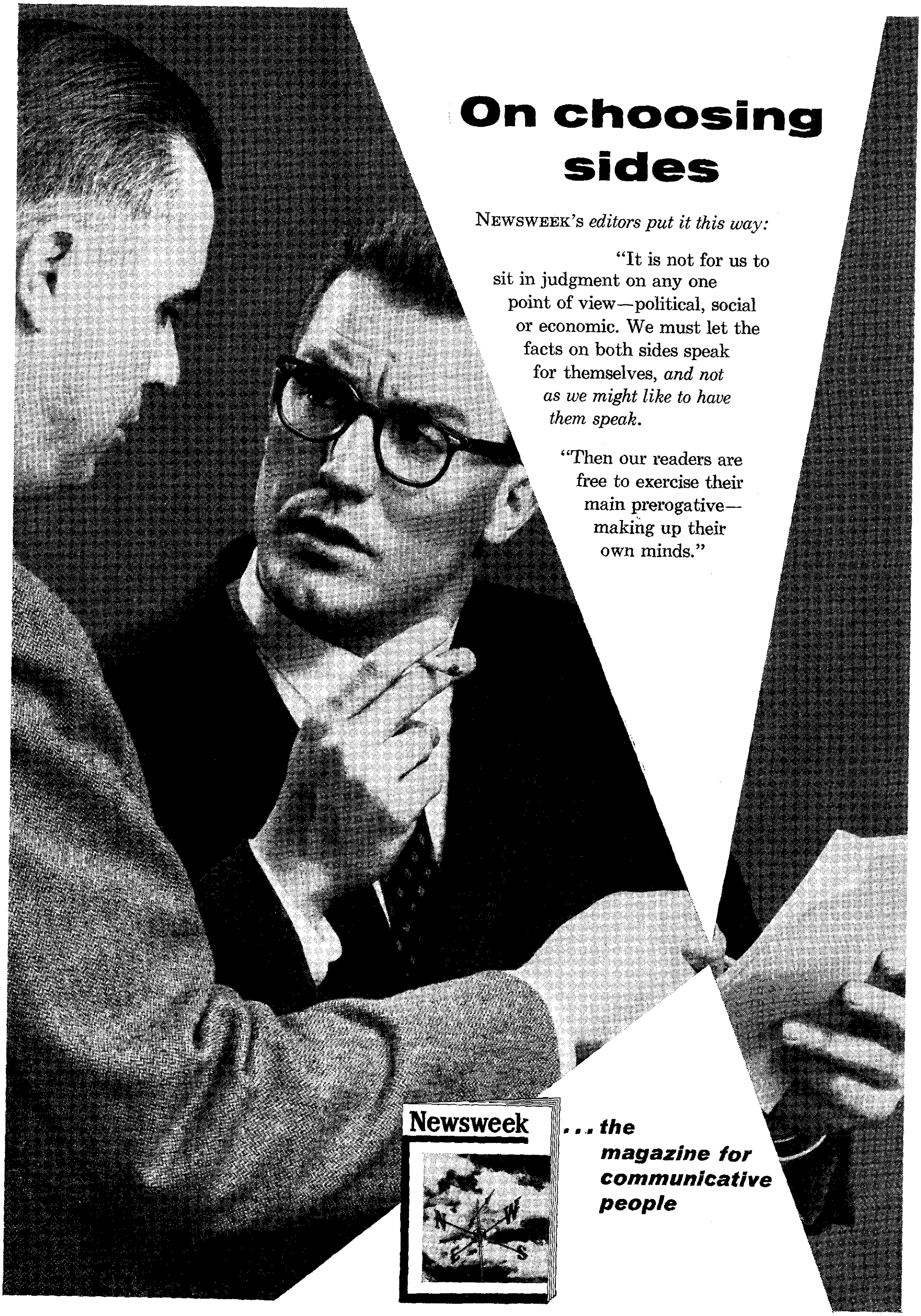

On choosing sides

NEWSWEEK's *editors put it this way:*

"It is not for us to sit in judgment on any one point of view—political, social or economic. We must let the facts on both sides speak for themselves, *and not as we might like to have them speak.*

"Then our readers are free to exercise their main prerogative—making up their own minds."

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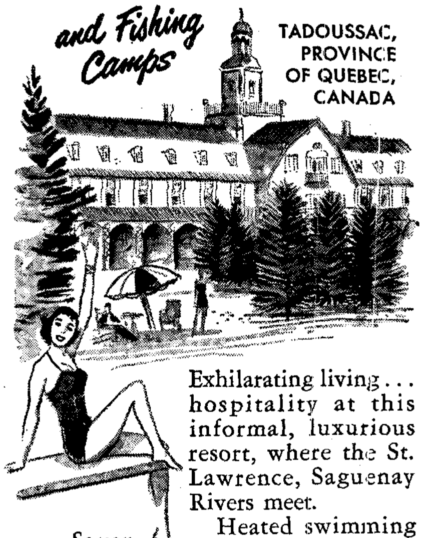
aged to go off. I was just around the corner at the moment, and it was the first time I had ever heard a tommy gun fired on a real-life occasion, although I immediately recognized the sound from my experience of films based on the Chicago scene. Passersby, who had probably gone through this kind of thing before, dropped to the ground and stayed there until the staccato hammering stopped, and then scrambled to their feet and went racing away across the flower beds in the direction of the sound. The siren of a police car howled briefly in the vociferous traffic, and soon policemen, pistols in hand, were herding us away from the sight of whatever had happened. Next day, the newspapers came out with an account of the incident. It seemed that in addition to wounding several down-and-outs, the politician had succeeded—doubtless by the purest mischance—in killing a policeman, and for this he had been lynched by the police in a most gruesome fashion, described in the report with gloating attention to detail. The paper conceded ultimate victory to the loafers. From that time on, it concluded, the price of a vote would be one peso twenty-five. (I understand that it is now double that.) All this was, of course, before the days of Fidel Castro—or, rather, in the days when Fidel Castro was of no more importance than any other scatterbrained young potential revolutionary, and was years away from being the leader of the first genuine maquis, of the Second World War kind, to be organized in the Western Hemisphere.

The Fidel Castro rebellion began with an appallingly disorganized attack, carried out by the leader and a handful of his fellow-conspirators in July, 1953, on the miniature fortress known as the Moncada Barracks, in the city of Santiago de Cuba, capital of Oriente Province, at the east end of the island. At that time, Castro, a lawyer with intellectual interests and without a practice, was twenty-nine years old. He and his little group of followers, armed with a few pistols and rifles, assaulted the barracks in the almost insane belief that once this strong point was in their hands, the town of Santiago—supposedly unfriendly to President Batista—would rise up and join them, and that by some strange talismanic power the revolution would spread itself spontaneously throughout the rest of the island. Amazingly, about half the attackers actually got into the barracks, only to find themselves trapped within a high-walled yard, their escape cut off. For a few moments they stood there, arms raised in surrender, and then the ma-



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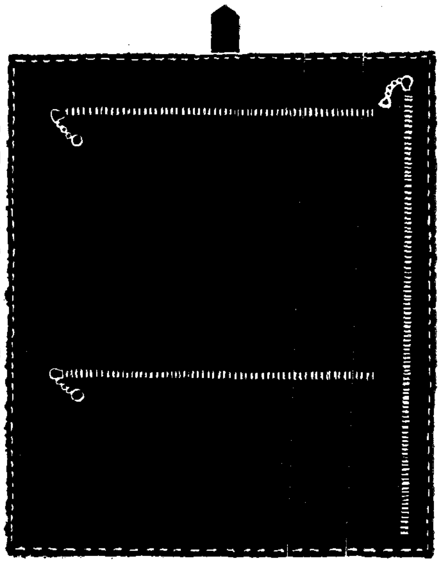

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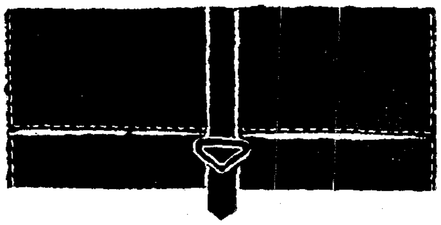

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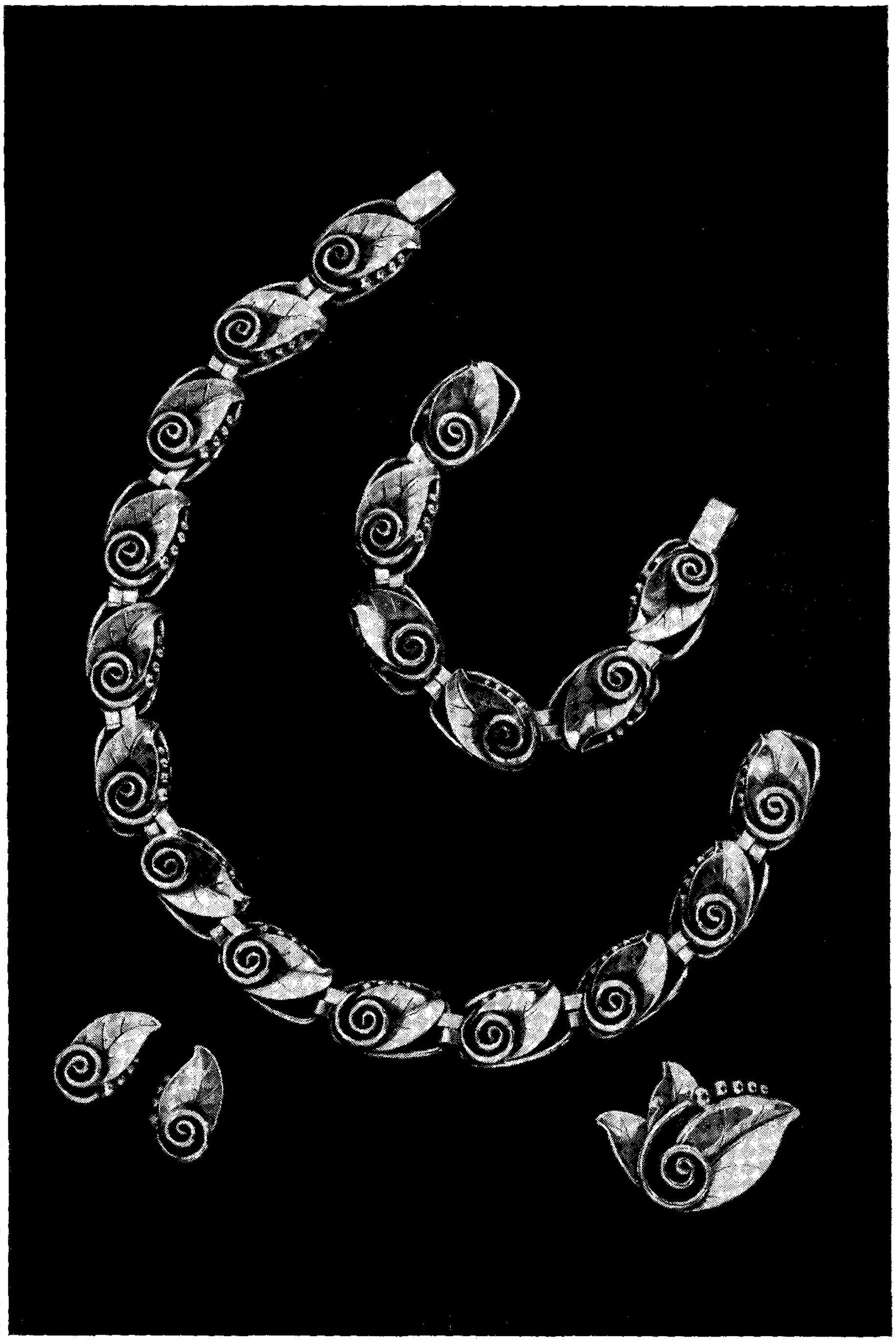
chine guns on the walls opened fire. Castro, who stayed outside the barracks, got away, but was later cornered, and gave himself up. It was the Archbishop of Santiago in person who delivered Castro over to the police, to insure that the young rebel would not also be slaughtered on the spot. This was one of many occasions on which leaders of the Catholic Church in Cuba have shown themselves sympathetic to the anti-Batista revolutionaries. Castro was tried, received a sentence of fifteen years, and was released nineteen months later under a general amnesty decreed by the President. Here is the one and only advantage of being a Cuban revolutionary, as opposed to being a revolutionary in any other country. In Cuban revolutions, the police do not take prisoners if they can help it, and they have been charged—even by judges of the Supreme Court—with the torture of suspects, but anyone who manages to survive the carnage that inevitably follows a failed revolt rarely serves more than a fraction of his prison sentence. As soon as Castro was released, he took refuge in Mexico and there began training a small band of followers in exile—all intellectuals and sons of good middle-class families, like himself—for an invasion of the home country. One of Castro's many tactical errors was to issue propaganda announcements giving the approximate date decided on for this project. Cuba would be freed from the rule of President Batista, he promised, by the end of 1956. By the middle of November, therefore, all garrisons were alerted, Batista's small fleet of armed launches was at sea and on the watch, and his planes continually patrolled the areas where a landing was likely to take place.

Castro's "invasion," when it finally came, was farcically mismanaged—in what would seem to be the tradition of Cuban revolutionary action. There was a good deal of support in Oriente Province for Castro's movement, and on November 30th, the day it had been advertised that he would land, armed revolts took place in Santiago and in the four other principal towns of the province. For several hours, uniformed Castro supporters were in control of the streets, and the police were under siege in their barracks. But Castro and his invaders failed to appear and Army reinforcements began arriving from Havana, so the insurgents lost heart and gradually melted away. Known opponents of the government were subsequently arrested by the hundred, and many were summarily shot. Castro arrived on December 2nd—two days



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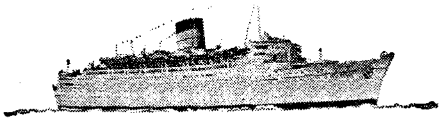

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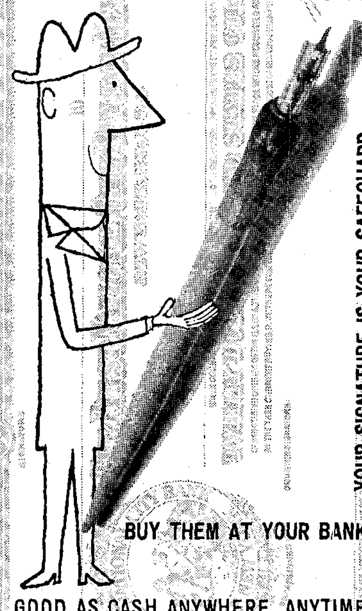
late—after a rough crossing, to find that the last vestige of revolt had been crushed. His total force consisted of eighty-two very seasick men, who were unable to find their landing beach and finally came ashore in a swamp. Batista's air force spotted and strafed the boat as it put in, and the men scrambled away through water and slime, leaving most of their arms, including two anti-tank guns, behind. The survivors, who had only a rough idea of where they were, split up as soon as they reached hard ground. In the distance, they could see the foothills of the Sierra Maestra, but before they could get to the shelter of its tropical forest and its ravines, most of them had been intercepted and butchered out of hand by government troops. Only twelve men, Castro among them, came out of this grisly adventure alive, and it was months before it became generally known that he had indeed escaped and was hiding in the Sierras.

From this unpromising start developed a tough and successfully organized resistance movement. The number of young men now fighting in the Sierras is not known, but it may amount to a thousand, and most of the armed forces of Cuba are kept constantly employed in the effort to contain them, while spectacular coups, such as the recent kidnapping of Juan Fangio, the world motor-racing champion, are frequently carried out by undercover rebel groups in the cities. Castro men like to act in the tradition of the romantic outlaw. Fangio appears to have been charmed with their good manners during his short period of captivity, part of which he spent watching a television broadcast of the race he should have competed in. Three days after the Fangio incident, a party of rebels held up the National Bank of Cuba, in the heart of Havana, but instead of taking any of the cash from the safes, they contented themselves with setting fire to thousands of checks. In the mountains, the men are organized in small bands that keep constantly on the move and avoid sleeping two nights in the same place. The rebels have with them two Catholic priests, a Protestant minister, and several doctors. Castro announced not long ago that for the time being he had no use for further volunteers, unless they could bring their own weapons with them.

The Sierra Maestra is the least known and most neglected area in Cuba; it consists of a seventy-mile range of jungled mountains with peaks rising to over six thousand feet, and is inhabited by a handful of farmers, said



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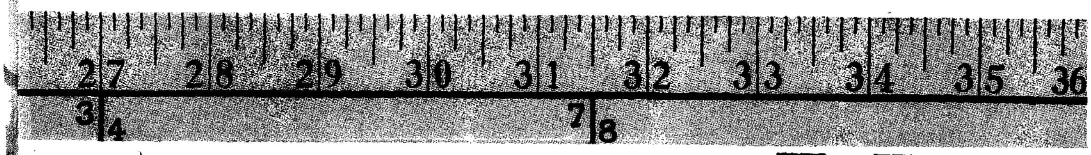

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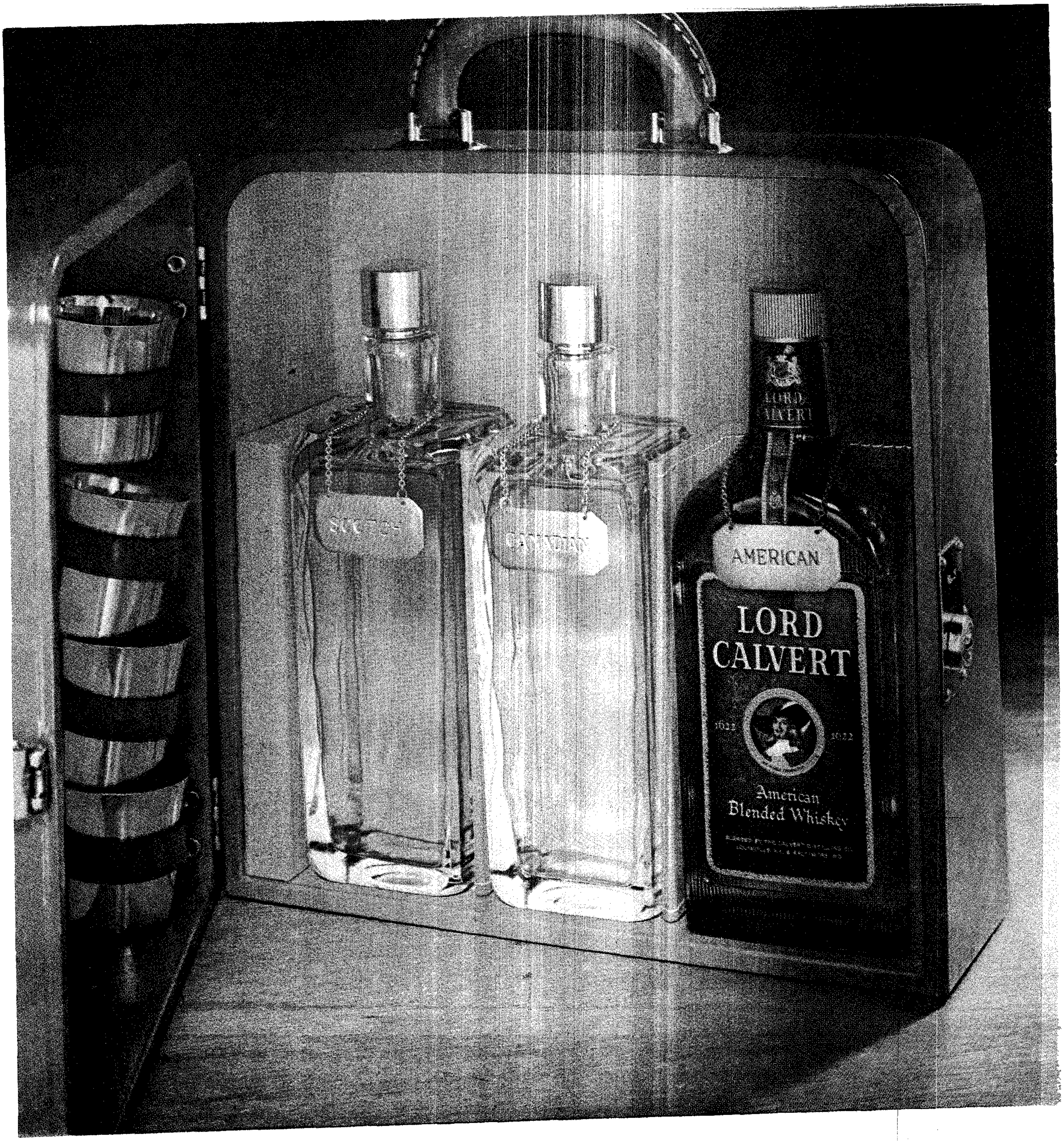
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to be descendants of outlaws, who live in almost savage simplicity and grow a little coffee for the market. Castro, who is regarded in many parts of Cuba as a sort of Robin Hood, seems to get on well with these backwoodsmen, and he and his band have repaid their good will and protection by organizing schools and medical centers in an area where illiteracy was total and no doctor had ever been seen. The military tactics employed by the rebels are the classic methods of guerrilla warfare, in which head-on engagements with government troops are always avoided, and ammunition and supplies are collected in surprise attacks on Army and police posts. No one has ever discovered that Castro has any war aim other than the elimination of the present dictatorship, in order, he says, to open the way for a new and non-Cuban kind of democracy, which has never been very clearly defined but which is supposed to be in the process of creation by members of Cuban parties in exile in the United States. Castro proposes to achieve his aim by disrupting, if necessary, the economy of the country to such an extent that the United States, to protect its investments, will be compelled to apply pressure for the removal of Batista from power. The remarkable thing is that despite the injury to many private interests that Castro's plan of action involves, his popularity throughout Cuba remains high—even, it seems, with those who suffer actual damage from his acts of sabotage. It is typical of Castro that one of the first plantations he burned belonged to his own family.

THE man against whom Castro's activities are concentrated—President Fulgencio Batista—has either been in office or loomed large behind the scenes in Cuba ever since his extraordinary coup, in 1933. History offers probably no other instance of a sergeant's not only staging a successful mutiny but going on to take over the government of the country. In 1933, Sergeant Batista was a stenographer employed in the Havana garrison. He was noted for his good looks and his persuasive charm. At that time, there was a good deal of unrest among the enlisted men, because of impending pay cuts, and the country was in a state of political turmoil following the downfall of President Machado, who had just bolted in a plane to the United States. Bands of the armed students who had been responsible for Machado's overthrow still roamed the streets, wreaking summary vengeance on supporters of Machado's tyranny. So powerful were these bands that be-

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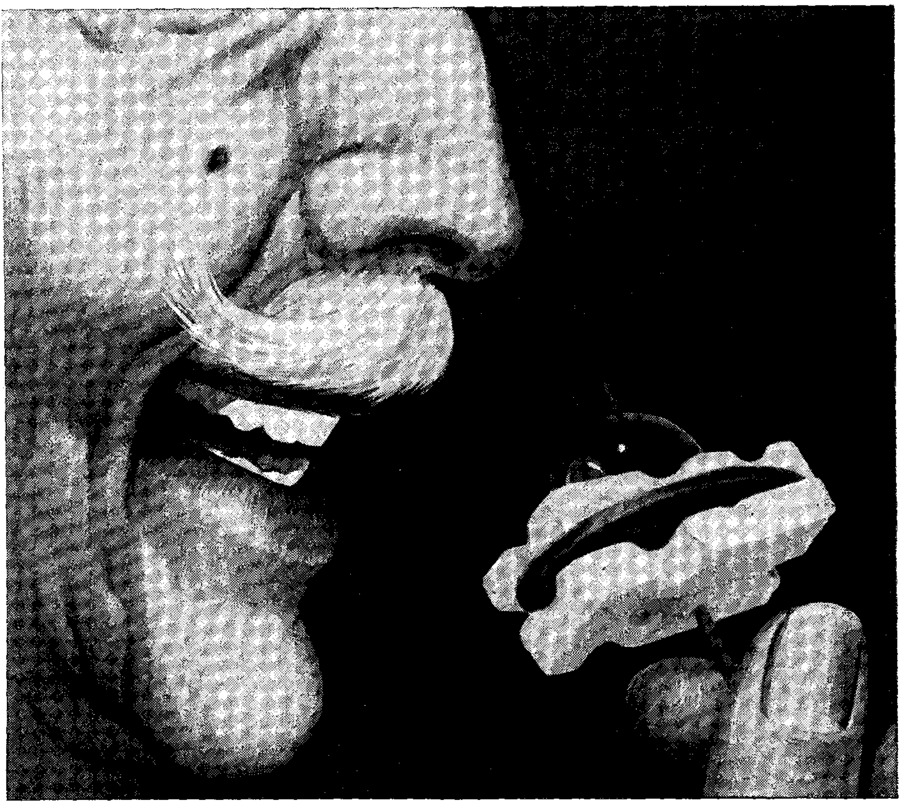

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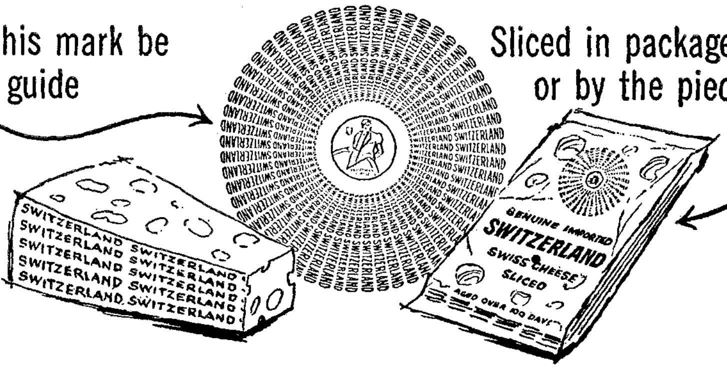

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fore hatching his plot Batista took care to get on good terms with the students' revolutionary committee, the Directorio Estudiantil, which in those days conducted its own secret courts-martial and once actually executed, by firing squad, a member found guilty of traitorous activities. Having won over the students, Batista put into action a fairly simple plan of his own, which depended for its success on the fact that Cuban officers were then privileged to sleep out of barracks, and practically always did. On this occasion, when the officers of the garrison had gone home for the night Batista simply posted his own picked men on guard duty, with orders not to admit their superiors when they arrived the next day. Then he telephoned every garrison on the island and told the non-commissioned officers on duty that the sergeants were in command.

It seems unlikely that at this juncture Batista thought of himself as the country's eventual leader, and he would probably have been quite ready to treat with a representative of the officers for the redress of the soldiers' grievances. Preliminary discussions were begun, but the officers, believing that the United States would never permit a large-scale mutiny to succeed within what was accepted as its sphere of influence, broke off contact with the mutineers, retired to the Hotel Nacional, and barricaded themselves in. United States warships now appeared off Havana, and Batista, spurred on by militant students who threatened to attack the officers if he did not, and fearing that, in any case, he had gone too far to turn back, gave the order for an assault. His men opened fire on the hotel with old French seventy-fives, sighting their target, it is said, through the barrels of their cannons. Considerable toll was taken among the attackers by accurate rifle fire from the hotel—many of the officers were excellent marksmen—but in the end the defenders' ammunition gave out, they were obliged to surrender, and many of them were massacred in cold blood. No Marines were landed, and Batista, by then a colonel, tightened his grip on the government.

Batista has turned out to be perhaps the most capable and progressive President that Cuba has ever had. His sense of humor is illustrated by his habit, in the old days, when the Communist Party had not been outlawed and was running its own radio station, of giving parties for his friends at which the principal entertainment was listening to the Communist broadcasters' nightly manhandling of the President's private life. Although in recent years Batista has

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Story of The Year

The story of the year this year may well turn out to be just that. Certainly the International Geophysical Year is as full of significance as it sounds. But it is also, as readers of The New York Times have discovered, full of fascinating facts of the "well, what do you know" kind and dripping with human interest.

Much of this is due to Walter Sullivan, a reporter who knows how to make cold science come warmly alive. The IGY is his assignment. It seems almost a natural. As a schoolboy Walter worked in Alaska on a scientific project of the American Museum of Natural History. Since then, and between war and other foreign assignments, he has specialized in polar exploration.

Walter Sullivan joined the staff of The New York Times as a copy boy right after he got out of Yale. But not for long. He was soon in the Navy, skipper of a tin can at 27, emerging with 12 stars for battle participation in the Pacific and the rank of lieutenant commander.

He rejoined The Times in 1946, this time as a correspondent. That year his assignments took him to Alaska and then to Antarctica with Operation Highjump. In 1948 he toured the Pacific islands to report what changes the aftermath of the war had brought.

Reporting from China, he was one of the last outsiders to cross the Gobi Desert and visit Sinkiang before the Communists marched in. He covered the Communist capture of Shanghai. He covered the fighting in Korea. He spent several years as correspondent in Berlin.

In 1954 and again in 1956 he participated in Antarctic expeditions. His book, "Quest for a Continent," was chosen as one of the ten best adult books of 1957 for pre-college readers.

On The Times staff all over the world you'll find dozens of dedicated reporters, editors and correspondents like Walter Sullivan. Working together, they put in your hands every day a newspaper that is alive with interest, abounding with information. Reading it, you find your world widening, yourself growing. Try it tomorrow morning.

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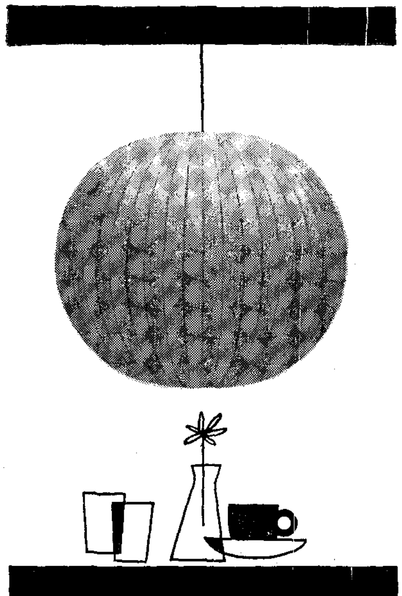
taken openly to a dictatorial form of rule, he is surprisingly free from that brand of dictators' megalomania that makes it impossible for anyone to escape the sight of their portraits in public places and in the press. Batista seems not to care greatly for publicity, and he probably does not even regard himself as an instrument wielded by divine hands to lead the Cuban people forward to their destiny. Nevertheless, the social and labor legislation enacted since his access to power establishes Cuba as one of the most advanced nations in the Americas, and he has repeatedly disappointed business and industry by his failure to abrogate a law that makes it almost impossible to dismiss an employee on any ground—a law that is regarded as one of the greatest deterrents to capital investment on the island. The organized workers—whose wages have now reached their highest point in Cuban history—have repaid Batista by refusing, so far, to respond to Castro's frequent calls for a general strike. On the other hand, Batista has alienated the affections of most middle- and upper-class Cubans by his destruction of civil liberties, his press censorship, his forthright rule by means of the Army, and his toleration of the many repressive excesses indulged in by his police. Although he was once believed to be unattracted by money, charges of immense corruption in his administration are now heard on all sides.

CENSORSHIP in Havana has been so strict lately that a newspaper advertisement for a watch was banned not long ago because the celebrity shown wearing it was a bearded explorer, and every Cuban knows that Castro has a beard (or did have; the story now goes that since the capture of a crate of razors he and his men have been clean-shaven). The news from Oriente Province is heavily censored, and on the rare occasions when the Sierra Maestra is referred to at all, it is usually called, with sly irony, "a certain mountain range." This absence of news has, of course, favored the spread of spectacular rumors. Some weeks ago, well before the most recent flareup in Santiago, where I had spent some time back in 1939, I inquired about what was going on there, and heard such sombre tales of nightly street battles in the city and of a countryside given over to chaos and terror that I decided to go and see for myself. None of the taxi-drivers I talked to would agree to make the trip, and after listening to their stories of wholesale arson and murder in Santiago, I was rather surprised to learn that Cubana



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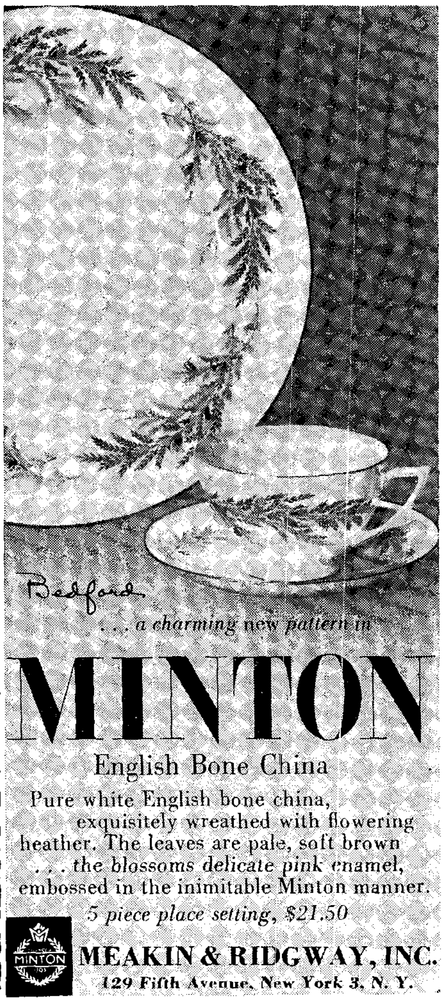

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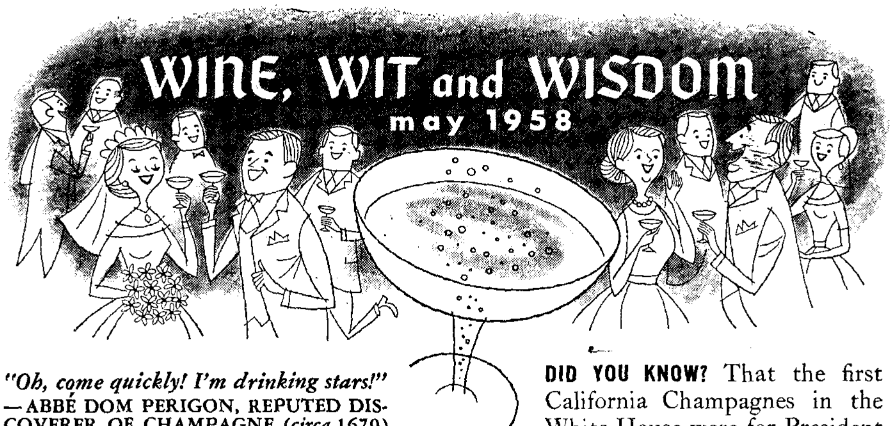
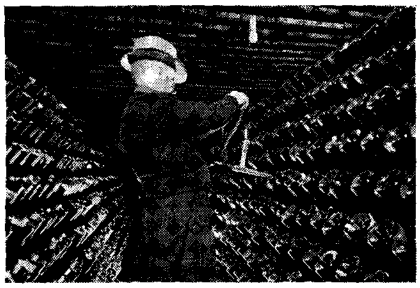
Airlines still ran a daily service there. I booked passage on a non-stop flight that left early in the evening, and when I arrived at the Havana airport, the plane, a brand-new four-engine turbo-prop Viscount, stood waiting on the tarmac, floodlit and under heavy guard. There was half an hour's delay while several parcels brought aboard by the other passengers—there were just four—were untied and found to contain no bombs, and then we took off.

Cuba is one of the gayest of countries to fly over at night. From ten thousand feet, there were always half a dozen brilliantly lit small towns in sight below, scattered over the countryside in a regular pattern, like sparkling modernistic trinkets on the black earth, each with its square-cut central jewel of a plaza. Toward the end of the five-hundred-mile run, with the lights of Santiago ahead and the foothills of the Sierra Maestra off to the right below, I could see a tiny ringworm of fire glowing in the blackness. My fellow-passengers said it was no doubt a burning cane field. (A short time before, Castro had announced that unless Batista resigned, he would burn the cane all over the island as it stood in the fields ready for cutting. "A sugar harvest without Batista, or Batista without a sugar harvest," the slogan went.) A few minutes later, we landed and were hustled into an airport bus, to be driven at a rocking, tire-screeching seventy miles an hour into the center of town. It was now half past nine, and the driver explained to me that when there was to be trouble, the zero hour was inevitably ten o'clock, at which time all the town's lights might be cut off by the insurgents. With half an hour to go, the streets were still ablaze, and small groups of citizens clustered at their doors, like gophers ready to bolt for the shelter of their burrows when the shadow of an eagle fell upon them. Under lamps hung like moons among blossoming trees, other citizens were still performing the decorous ritual of the evening promenade—the women circling the square in one direction and the men in the other. My hotel was on the Parque de Céspedes, in a theatrical setting of ancient colonial buildings. The feeling of being in a theatre was heightened by a row of substantial burghers who sat sipping their Daiquiris along the edge of the hotel veranda. As the cathedral clock struck ten, the promenaders trooped out of the square, as if at the completion of a scene, and on the terrace we waited in our privileged seats to see if more sinister performers would come out on the empty stage. A waiter told me there had been a good deal of



"Oh, come quickly! I'm drinking stars!"
—ABBÉ DOM PERIGON, REPUTED DISCOVERER OF CHAMPAGNE (*circa* 1670)



A Champagne Maker tests his wine for clarity before a candle's flame.

SOLILOQUY OF THE CHAMPAGNE MAKER

Prithee tell me, candlelight,
Is my champagne both clear and bright?
Will it tell some father's joy
With baby girl or baby boy?
Will it toast a bride away,
Leaving guests to quaff it gay?
Will it mark a lovers' tryst
Where laughing lips are eager kissed?
Will all its bubbles disappear
With resolutions of New Year?
Will the popping of its cork
Toast success, or new found work?
Or will one glass, untouched, extend
Greetings to a long gone friend?...

Ah, Champagne in candlelight!
Could I but read thy message right
I'd prophet be, beyond compare,
Of all men's hopes, of men's despair!...
But, knowing not, I labor here
To make this wine so bright and clear
That I may give, as best I can,
Joy unto my fellow man.

IT'S A TREND. More and more, cocktail party givers are serving *Champagne only*. It's gay, yet moderate. Try it yourself—with a witty, bubbly California Champagne, Pink Champagne, or Sparkling Burgundy!

SPARKLING FRUIT CUP. Thaw 1-lb. package frozen pineapple chunks, 12-oz. package frozen strawberries. Mix gently; sprinkle with confectioner's sugar (if desired). Pour over enough California Champagne to cover, serve immediately in sherbet glass or dessert dish. *Mmmmmmmm!*

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2. *To win from guests a deep salaam,*
   Use Champagne to baste your ham.
3. *A split of pink Champagne from Cal.*
   Will tête-a-tête most any gal.
4. *For spouse whose love is never cursory,*
   Champagne should mark the anniversary.
5. *Champagne is de rigueur, sans doute,*
   With every course from soup to fruit.

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HANDMACHER creates another great classic. Slim, slim skirt topped by an easy-to-wear V-necked jacket. A bouquet of spring colors to choose from—all in beautifully behaved "Angella" by Earl-Loom in AVISCO® rayon and acetate.

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BLOUSE SLIP
Sizes S M L
in coordinated colors
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shooting the previous night. One of the hotel guests had been caught in the suburbs in the blackout, and had spent half the night under his car while bullets flew in all directions around him. But tonight everything was quiet. At intervals of about half an hour, an Army truck bristling with guns rumbled through the square, but no snipers appeared on the rooftops. One by one, the guests got tired of waiting and took themselves reluctantly off to bed.

It was a relief to find, the next morning, that the gracious old town of Santiago hadn't changed much since I was last there. Neglect and comparative poverty have thus far stemmed the encroachment of the insipid modernism that is fast taking over Havana, and have preserved the near-perfect Céspedes Park and many of the surrounding old houses, with their deep balconies and their enormous, airy rooms, whose ceilings are supported, like Moorish council chambers, by numerous spare and elegant columns. I noted that although the hotel's vast baroque dining room had been defaced by an American-style quick-lunch counter, the huge old Valencian chandeliers, with their bunches of scaly glass flowers, which had survived so many bullets and earthquakes, were still there. The cracks opened in the towers of the Florentine-style cathedral by the 1929 earthquake were only just being filled in.

By day, life went on in Santiago much as usual, although the authorities had thought it wise to remove all the police—even those normally employed on traffic duty—from the streets. A stubbornly festive air hung over the city. Whole barbecued pigs, paraded on wheelbarrows, were rapidly being reduced to sandwiches for consumption on the spot. Many of the shops were decorated with elaborate colored-paper models of airplanes, Colt revolvers, and battleships. The hairdressers were doing a fast trade in de-kinking the hair of the city's fashionable *mulatas*, and there was an all-pervasive background moan of jukeboxes playing barely recognizable American hit tunes. The Cuban obsession with the occult and the pseudo-occult sciences came out more strongly here than in Havana. A department store had a window display of books devoted solely to the significance of numbers. Fortune-telling slot machines abounded. A market stall was heaped with cult objects of Saint Barbara, who has been identified by a Cuban sect known as the Santeros with the African god Chango. And *consultorios espirituales*, with peso-a-trance mediums in

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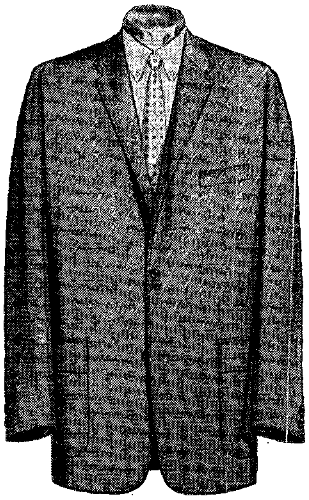

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attendance, were almost as numerous as barbershops.

Most of the citizens of Santiago appeared to be sympathetic to Castro's cause, not only because he was out to free the whole of Cuba from the dictatorship but because, rightly or wrongly, he symbolized for them the resistance of Oriente Province to what they saw as its exploitation and its neglect by the central authority. I paid a visit to a wealthy local businessman, who openly admitted contributing generously to the war chest of the Castro rebellion. He received me in a cool, palm-shaded patio and presented me with a new aspect of the problem. "It's really all the fault of the English," he said. "I mean your pirates, in the old days. We had to build the city in a low-lying position, where we hoped it wouldn't be seen from the sea. Not that that helped in the long run—your people still managed to sack it half a dozen times. But if the place hadn't turned out so unhealthy, Santiago would have been the capital, not Havana. As things are, we're quite neglected. Oriente is the richest province in Cuba, but all the money goes into the pockets of those gangsters in Havana. Naturally, we're for Castro to a man. What can you expect?"

Castro and his merry men were lurking somewhere in the five hundred square miles of almost unexplored mountain territory that begins just across Santiago Bay. At night, his partisans all over the province were going into the cane fields and planting candles whose bases were wrapped in kerosene-soaked rags. There was a great shortage of food in the mountains, and little water, except for the rank fluid stored in certain tropical plants, so the rebels were renewing their supplies by constant raids on the towns in the vicinity. The most effective troops in use against them on the government side were the *rurales*, a hard-hitting body of men originally formed by one of the early United States occupation forces and steeped in the tradition of shooting first and then asking questions. The *rurales*, I was told, prefer not to take prisoners, and spare no one who is even suspected of being associated with the rebels. Two doctors who were believed to have treated Castro's wounded had just been murdered by the *rurales*, and this had led to an outraged protest to the Batista government from the World Medical Association.

DESPITE all the sensational forecasts, it soon became clear that I was unlikely to see any action in Santiago just then, and when, after mooch-

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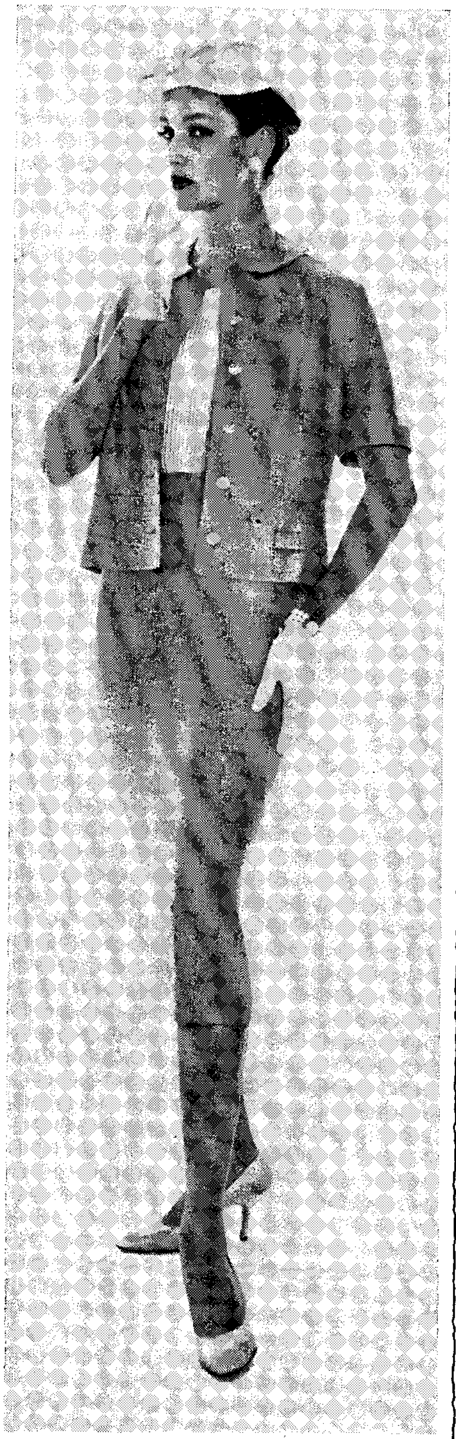

HAT BY EMME

HANDMACHER adds blouse and suit . . . comes up with the costume that could be the basis of a whole spring-into-summer wardrobe. News in the cropped, easy-fitting jacket—the new-season shades in well-mannered "Angella" fabric by Earl-Loom of AVISCO® *rayon and acetate.*

SUIT
Sizes 10-16

29⁹⁵

BLOUSE SLIP
Sizes S M L
in coordinated colors
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ing about its peaceful streets for two days, I received a tip from a rebel sympathizer that an uprising was expected hourly in the town of Manzanillo, about a hundred miles to the west, I hired a taxi—without any difficulty—and drove there. The countryside I drove through was the wonderfully unspoiled Cuba of the last century—or perhaps even the century before. The peasants still built their huts of palm fronds, in the style of the *bohíos* of the long-exterminated Siboney Indians, and surrounded them with bowerbird decorations of colored rocks. We passed through tangerine-scented tropical versions of the American frontier towns of the eighteen-fifties, with swinging-door saloons, hitching posts, and gun-toting cowboys on white ponies. Two men out of three were going about with fighting cocks tucked under their arms. They fed these birds on scraps of meat and tidbits of hard-boiled eggs soaked in rum, and carried them around mostly for their companionship, it appeared, since cockfights were held only on weekends, in structures built like miniature bull rings, which stood on the outskirts of all the villages. At one crossroads, a distraught-looking female cartomancer had planted herself, to tell fortunes at twenty centavos a clip. Cartomancy is regarded in Cuba as the lowest grade of prediction, and the gloomy cowboys who were this woman's customers flung down their coins and received her austere prognostications without even bothering to dismount. The hills in this area were covered with a light haze from burning fields of sugar cane. Once, we passed a field where a fire had just been put out; the dry grass around its edges was still flaring with the sizzling noise of bacon frying in a pan.

The first *guardia rural* who stopped us, at the small town of Veguitas, was a memorable figure. He was dressed like an American cavalryman of the 1914-18 war, with breeches, leggings, and a Scoutmaster's hat, and he sat under a canopy by the roadside, on an elegant chair upholstered in tooled leather. He held a large automatic pistol in one hand, a tommy gun lay across his knees, and there was a bottle of beer at his side. This proved to be the first of eight such encounters that day, and in one of them—at Bayamo, where everyone predicted freely that a rebel strike was imminent—my luggage was dragged out of the taxi to be searched. This time, it was a pair of consciously tough, swaggering soldiers, members of a whole class of ne'er-do-wells who receive a week or two of training and

Italian rope tricks

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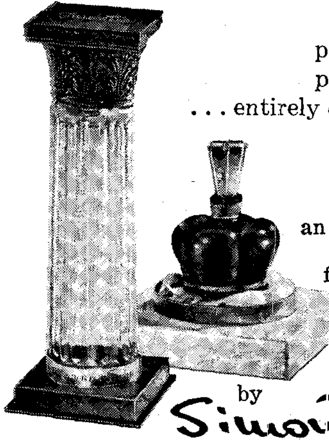

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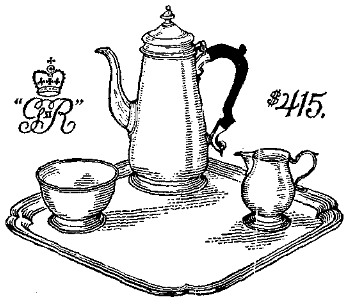

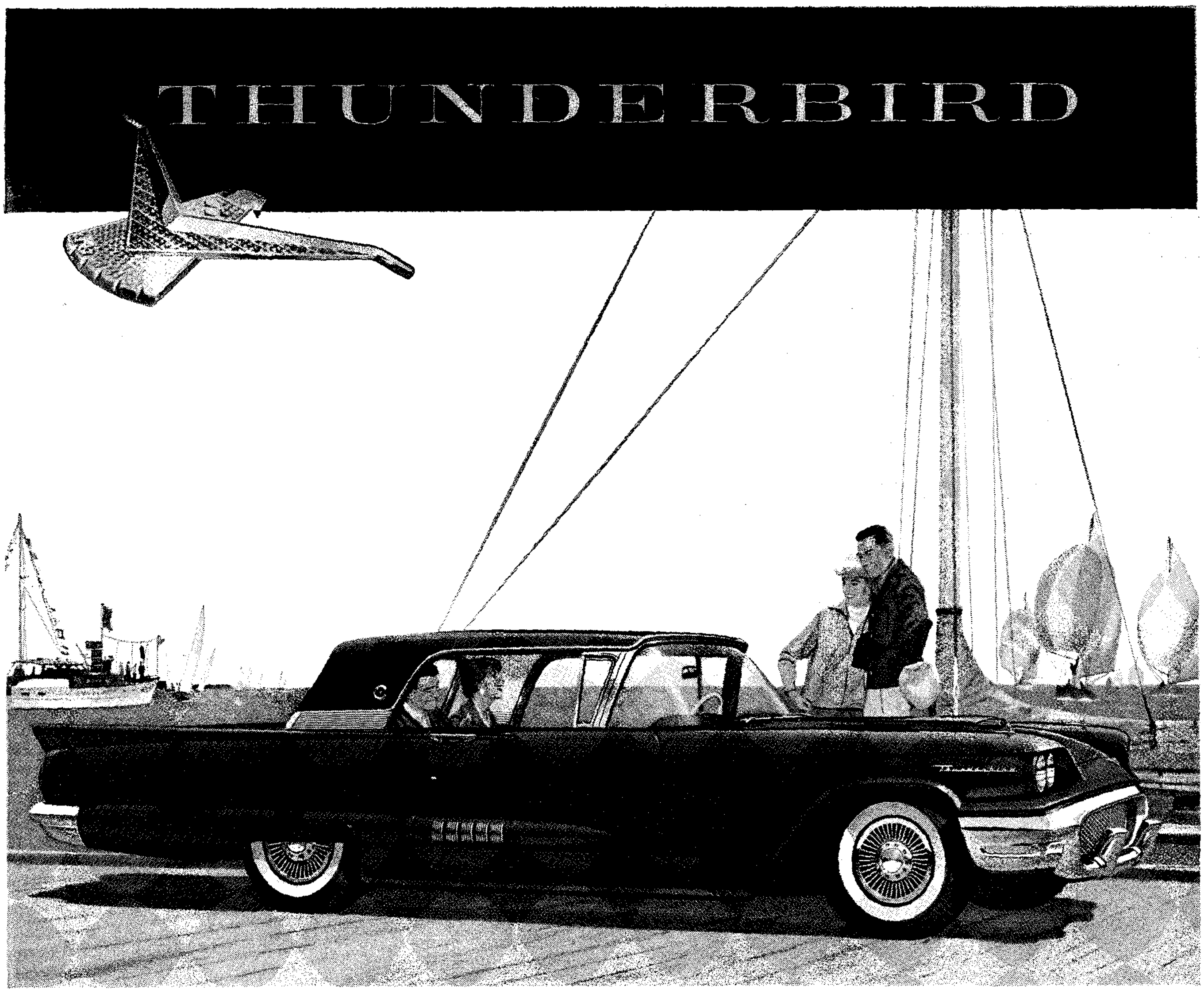

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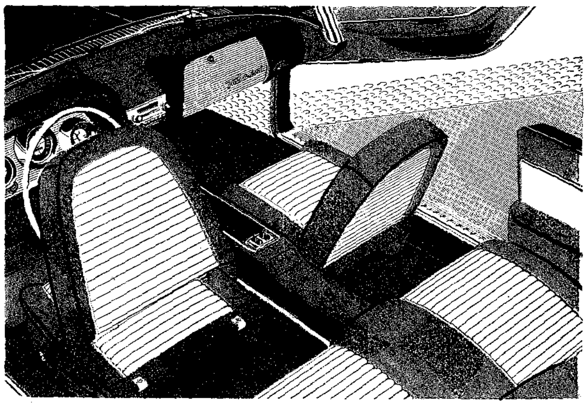
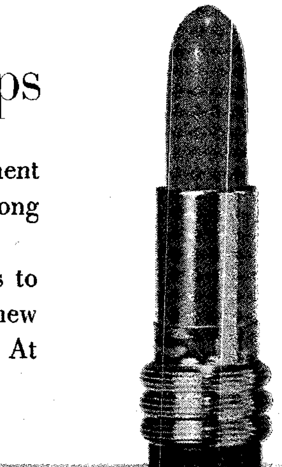


Extraordinarily wide and welcoming doors give you direct access to all four individually contoured seats. Front seats are individually adjustable, too. (That's standard, by the way.) Thunderbird's exclusive console runs fore and aft, houses power window controls, heater control, radio speaker and ash trays for the convenience of all four passengers. *This* is travel—Thunderbird style!

BED OF ROSES

Helena Rubinstein's ecstatic new color blooms rosy gold...honey sweet on your lips



SUNTANNED OR UNTANNED. Blonde or brunette. In a season of flower fashions galore, this wonderful new lipstick color is *every* girl's BED OF ROSES.

BED OF ROSES® blooms rosy gold with a blush of pink. And the look is *really* lush and live because Helena Rubinstein's new lipstick is *Dew-Kissed*—moist every moment you wear it. The dewy sheen lasts as long as the color.

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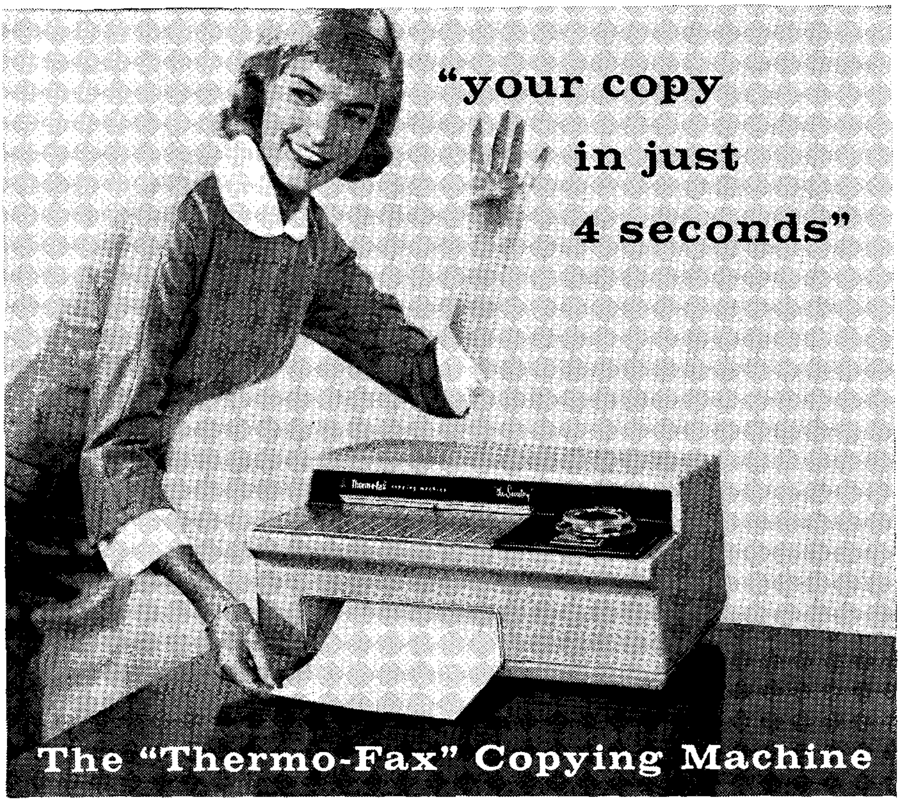
then, with a gun in their hands and a hundred dollars a month to spend, are let loose upon the countryside. They put on a great show of fury when they found a khaki shirt in my suitcase—apparently it is illegal in Cuba for a civilian to possess such a garment—and one advised the other, in a rattle of slurred Spanish, to "let him have it" if I talked back. At this moment, I remembered only too well that civil rights had been suspended, and that during a tense period a few months previously an N.B.C. man had been flung into jail for eight hours merely because he had had the bad luck to be travelling in the neighborhood at the time. In the end, however, the soldiers let me go, and I reached Manzanillo, which is down on the coast and right under the brow of the Sierras. Here it was perfectly clear, from the sandbag parapets and the manned strong points, that the Army was ready for anything. A uniformed patrol was searching the houses facing the square when I got there, and as soon as I took out my camera, a rifle was levelled at me. I decided that secrecy was not Castro's forte.

The attack came, all right, but it was not at Manzanillo, or at Bayamo, or even at Santiago, as had been variously predicted, but at Veguitas, where the *guardia rural* in the antique cavalryman's outfit had stopped me. A convoy of attackers had descended on the town, and I wondered whether he had tried to intercept them, and what had happened to him. The account I heard was that the Castro men first silenced the opposition and then went around among the stores, loading four trucks with supplies. What is characteristic of this rebellion, although remarkably out of line with tradition, is that the raiders seem actually to pay for all they take, and I felt sure that a proportion of the money they put down in Veguitas had come from my friend the Santiago businessman. It was beginning to look to me as though, in spite of all the early failures, Castro's strategy was more successful than I had supposed, and as though, if the present Cuban dictatorship could perhaps hold out for a long time, Castro might contrive to hold out even longer. —NORMAN LEWIS

*

HENNIKER—The teachers at the high school gave a party to Mrs. Geraldine Sawyer in honor of her recent marriage to John Kontinos as well as to Dwight Baker who will not teach in Henniker next year and to Norman Greenly who concluded his work as janitor last week.—*Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader.*

Isn't she the busy one!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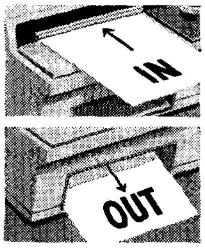

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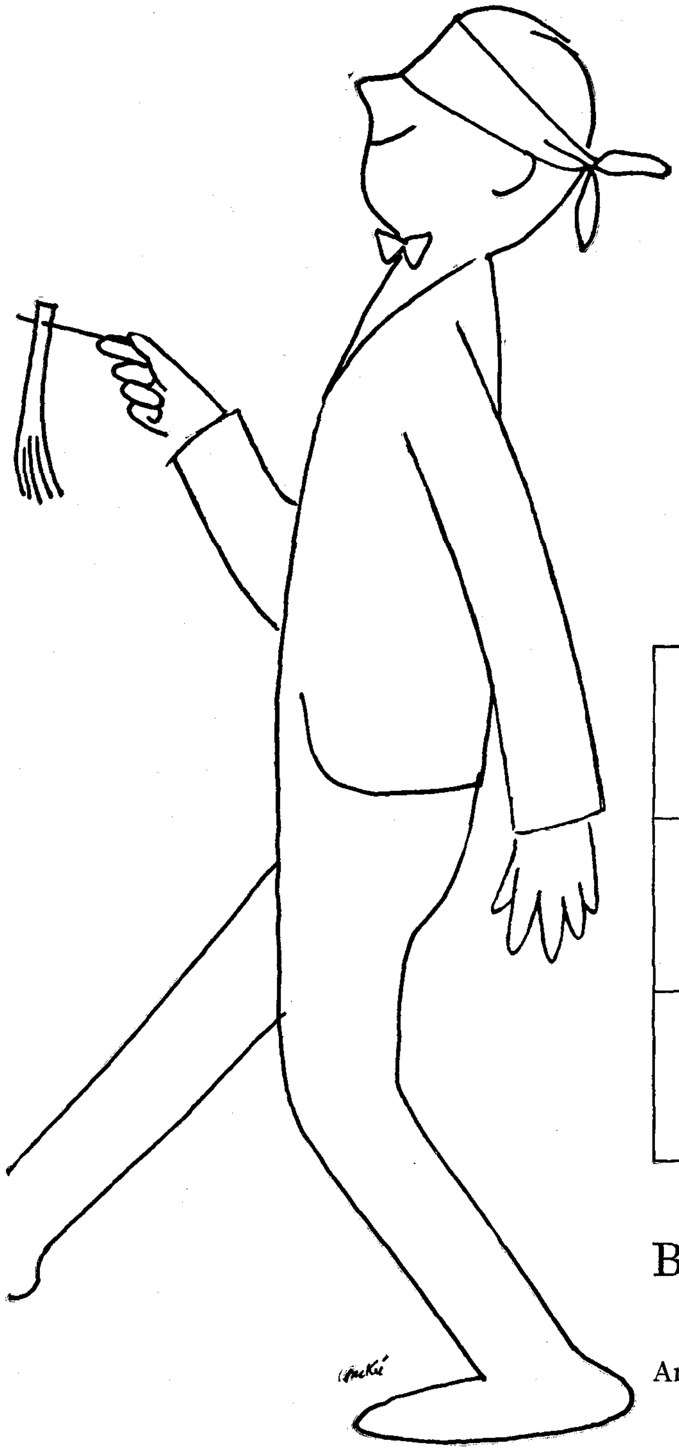
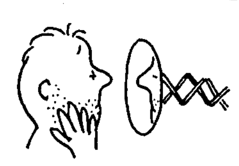
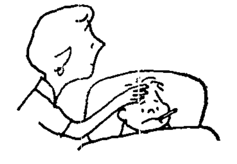
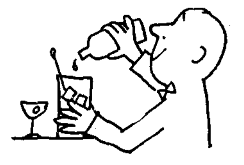
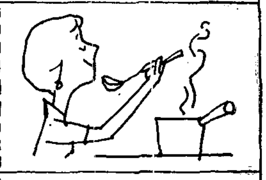
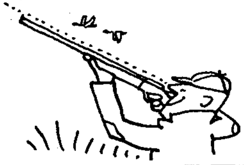
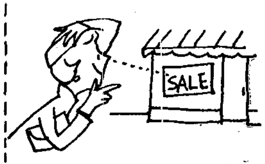
A man's guide to women: **No. 21**

How the two sexes



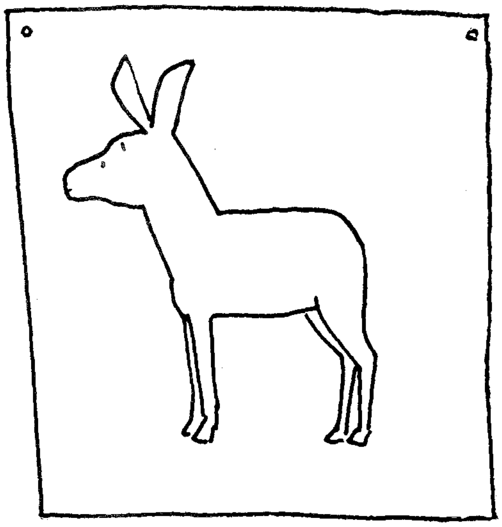
Ladies' Home Journal's favorite theory, which has been enthusiastically endorsed by both sexes, is that men and women are different. They look different. They talk, think and act differently. (That's why women love a magazine that is all their own.) We began to wonder whether men and women used their various senses in different ways, too. And—after sniffing out the facts—we confidently publish the following:

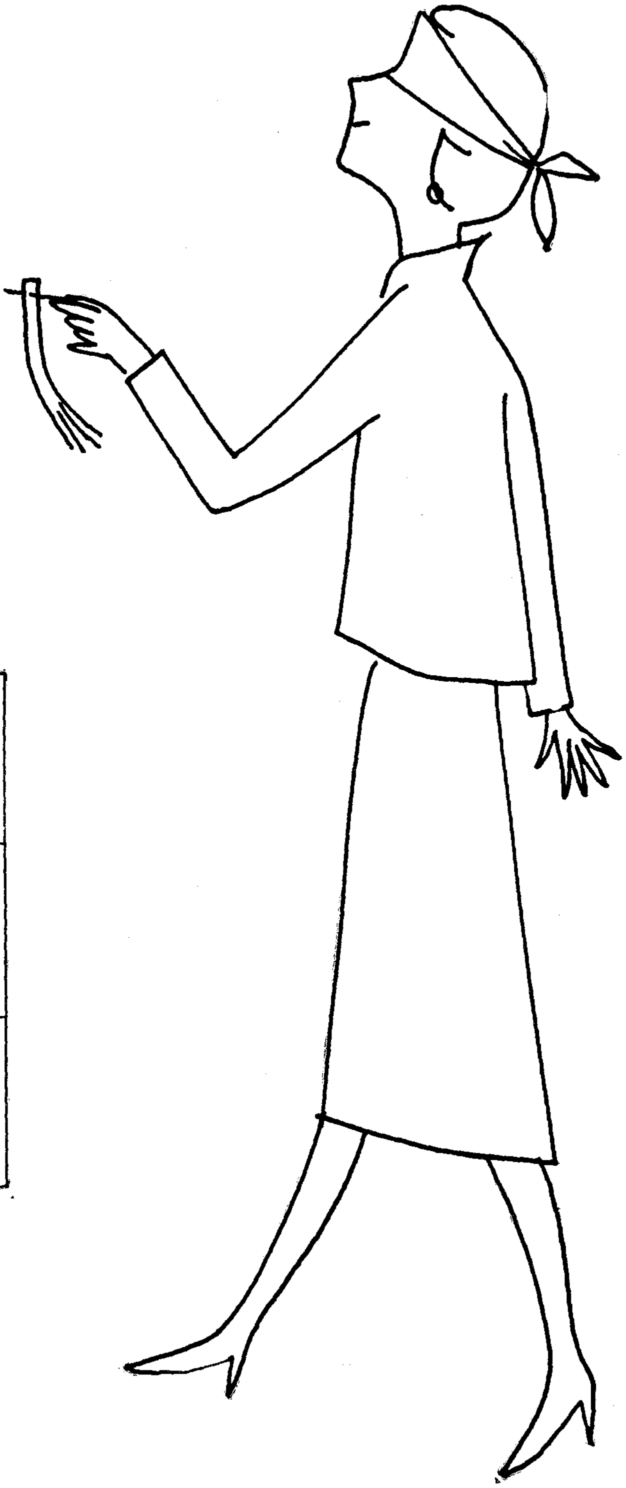
	MALE	**FEMALE**
Sense of Touch		
Sense of Taste		
Sense of Sight		

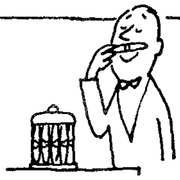
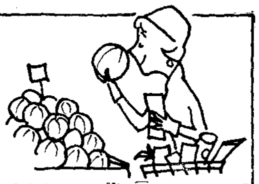
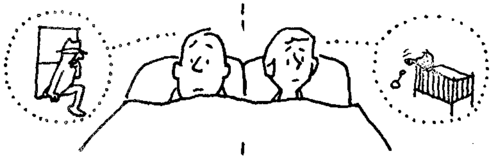
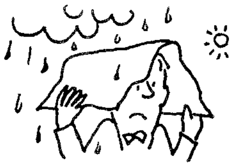
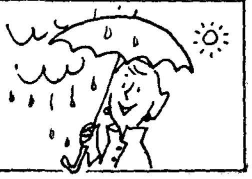
Because Ladies' Home Journal is edited to appeal to *all* a woman's senses, there's a special person-to-person relationship between women and the Journal. And advertisers—who know that the magazine women respect the most is the one that influences women the most effectively—invest more money in the Journal than in any other women's magazine.

...THE NO. 1 MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

use their six senses





	MALE	**FEMALE**
Sense of Smell		
Sense of Hearing		
Sixth Sense		

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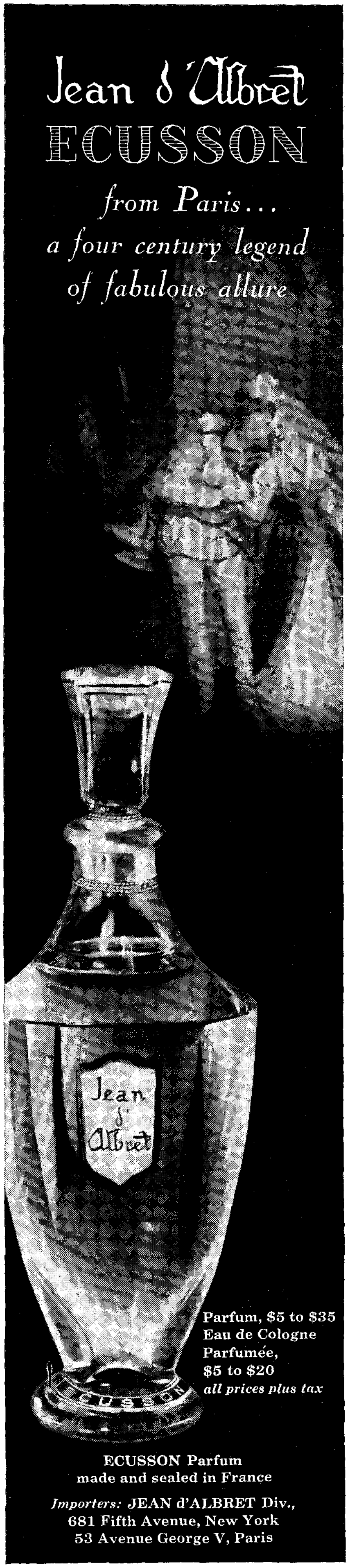

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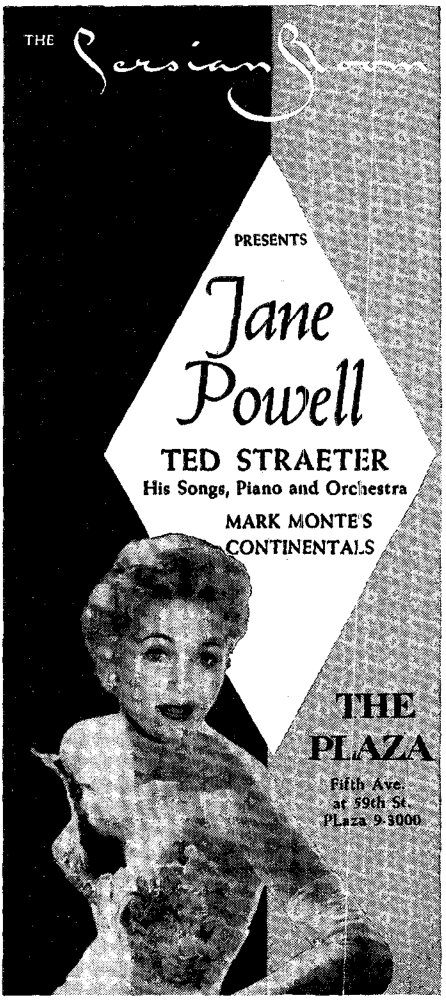
THE RACE TRACK

On to the Derby!

If the signs and portents mean anything—and this department's Hindu geomancer insists that they do—the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on Saturday is likely to have as many starters as it has had in years (I can tick off twenty), and may be as topsy-turvy an affair as you've ever seen. Still, I suppose the sensible way to arrive at the possible winner is by a process of elimination, sticking strictly to the past performances of the three-year-olds coming up for the classic. On this basis, it seems to me that at least a dozen of the probable starters can be dismissed straight off, but I won't mention any names. Nor shall I worry too much about the runners who were in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week; it brought out an unusually large field, by the way, and Plion won it—his first success in a number of tries this season. As for the winner of the Wood Memorial, Jewel's Reward, he will have many supporters, especially since he will be ridden by Arcaro, who has a big following no matter what he rides. I thought—and I still think, despite opinions to the contrary—that Jewel's Reward did not win convincingly. No doubt the preparation he's been having will improve his form by at least five pounds, but I wonder if that's going to be enough. Anyhow, his stable says that he'll have an able running mate in Jet's Alibi. Then, there is Nadir, an uncertain sort of animal, and a difficult one to assess. He forced Tim Tam to set a track record at Keeneland recently, but he might not go as well the next time out. On the other hand, if he repeats his performance in the Garden State Stakes last autumn he'll win the whole race, as the bookmakers used to say.

Silky Sullivan is the most talked-about Derby colt since Morvich, back in 1922. As you know, he finished fourth at Churchill Downs last Saturday, but I'm sure that horsemen hardly expected him to win, because the race was at seven furlongs, and, on the face of it, that is too short a distance to let him get in his best licks. Yet from all accounts he brought a big crowd to the track and thrilled everybody with his run down the long stretch, in which he made up nearly thirty lengths. At the



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end of it, he was still behind Belleau Chief, Gone Fishin', and Lincoln Road. If he had won, I daresay he would be going to the post on Saturday as short-priced a favorite as Citation. The other day, I saw another collection of movies of Silky Sullivan's races in California, and I can easily understand how he has caught the fancy of the crowd. He is big, burly, and deep-chested, and when he really gets going, his stride is the most impressive I've seen in ages. Not only is it much longer than the average but it's full of force; he hits the ground so hard that he crumples aluminum racing plates, and has to wear steel shoes. Well, there will be no end of tired horses cluttering up the homestretch at Churchill Downs on Saturday, and if Silky Sullivan can get through them to the winning post, I'll say with the Californians that a runner is in our midst.

Now we come to Tim Tam, the winner of seven starts this season, at distances varying from six to nine furlongs. He has a flawless pedigree, he is trained by Jimmy Jones, who won the Derby with Iron Liege a year ago, and, if anyone cares, I think he's the best colt in the race. Against him is the fact that he won't be ridden by his regular jockey, Hartack, who suffered a broken leg at Churchill Downs on Saturday. My choice is still Tim Tam, and I hope he rises to the occasion.

Hartack's injury came in the second race, when his mount—Quail Egg, a two-year-old filly—reared and flung him against one of the rear doors of the starting gate, breaking his left leg below the knee. This is the second time he has been hurt just before a big race. Last summer, he injured his spine a day or two before the Arlington Classic at Arlington Park, but he insisted on riding Iron Liege anyway. He was no help to the horse.

BY far the best bunch of older racers I've seen at Jamaica this spring came out last Saturday for the Excelsior Handicap, and Kingmaker, who is awfully good right now, led from start to finish. Find, who finished eighth in a field of ten, is beginning to show his age—not in his looks, because he's as chipper as anything, but in his lack of stamina. At eight, he just doesn't have what he used to have. Too bad.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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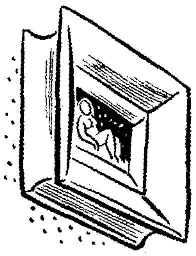
THE ART GALLERIES

Tapestries and Oils



I DON'T know a great deal about tapestries and their fabrication, and I've never gone in much for the kind of quick brushup on a subject—Persian miniatures, medieval heraldry, or whatnot—that enables one to blossom forth as an expert practically overnight. So the exhibition at the Sidney Janis (which *is* of tapestries, and a most unusual sort) catches me at a disadvantage, and I'm afraid any technical comments I have to offer will be limited in scope and quite possibly suspect as well. However, the pieces are handsome enough to be viewed purely as art, which, indeed, they are. There are eleven in the showing, all based on works by modern masters, from Braque to Rouault, and all were made—with the concurrence of the artists—under the supervision of a Mme. Marie Cuttoli, who, it seems, is one of the ranking contemporary authorities in the field. In the recent revival of interest in the technique, many artists have contributed cartoons for new tapestry designs (in fact, several of the men included in this collection have done so); the peculiarity of these is that they are reproductions of paintings already in existence—obviously a much more exacting task, since all the subtle and unpremeditated variations in the paint application must be followed precisely, instead of the looser specifications of the cartoon.

The fidelity of reproduction obtained is remarkable. There is a Picasso in the affair, for instance, "Femme sur l'Echelle," that I kept coming back to. It's a lovely thing, a rustic scene, all soft greens and autumnal browns and yellows, but there was something else that distinguished it from the others—something I couldn't quite define until they told me at the gallery that the original was done in pastel, and Mme. Cuttoli (and her weavers) had actually managed to convey even the slight difference in quality between that medium and oil. Similarly, the three Rouaults appear at first glance to have all that thick impasto and uneven—at times almost modelled—paint surface that he went in for, and it is not until one looks more closely that one perceives

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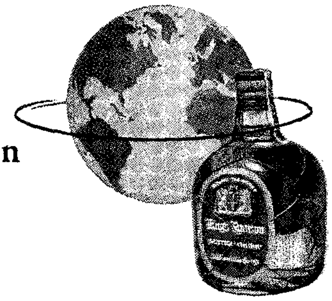

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it is an illusion of the weavers, and the face of the tapestry is as flat as any other piece of cloth. The Mirós (also three in number) seem to float in a haze of color as soft and luminous as the Rouaults are dark and sombre. (The Mirós were woven at Aubusson, as was the one Léger, while all the others were produced at Beauvais; the reason for that, an emissary of Mme. Cuttoli informs me, is that the weaving procedures at the first establishment—slightly coarser weave and heavier thread—favored some men's work better than that of the others. That's the sum of my technical information.)

In the strict, traditional sense, I suppose, these are not tapestries at all. They are paintings transferred to tapestry, and it may be wrong to judge them in any other fashion. Yet there they are, to all appearances original tapestries, and as I went through the show I couldn't help noting how the artists stood up in a change of mediums that could not have been foreseen when they started on their paintings. The results were not always what might be expected. I liked the Picasso best of all, but, perhaps surprisingly, I thought the two Braque still-lifes—"La Table et le Verre" and "La Table et la Bouteille"—ranked only slightly behind. For all their Cubist style, there is something about their grave, symmetrical design and soft brown coloration that seems beautifully adapted to the demands of tapestry. Apart from the enormous skillfulness of their weaving, I was not greatly impressed by the Rouaults, and except for a tightly composed study of three figures called "Le Clown Blessé," the design seemed a little too heavily outlined and too "partitioned" for the medium. (Rouault, of course, had been striving for that "stained-glass" effect of his.) But the Mirós, though they looked scattered at first, grew on me; as I've said, they really seem to float, especially the one called "Femme, Fleur, Etoile." And there's the Léger, the handsome "Retour de Grèce"—one of those studies of nudes set against marine motifs that he was doing a decade ago—which has a monumentality that allies it beautifully to the classic tapestry tradition. It's a thoroughly interesting exhibition.

AT the Kootz, they are showing paintings by the Canadian painter William Ronald, in his second exhibition in this city. Possibly because of his youth (he's just thirty-one), Ronald still appears to me to lack a sense of concerted direction. An Abstract Expres-

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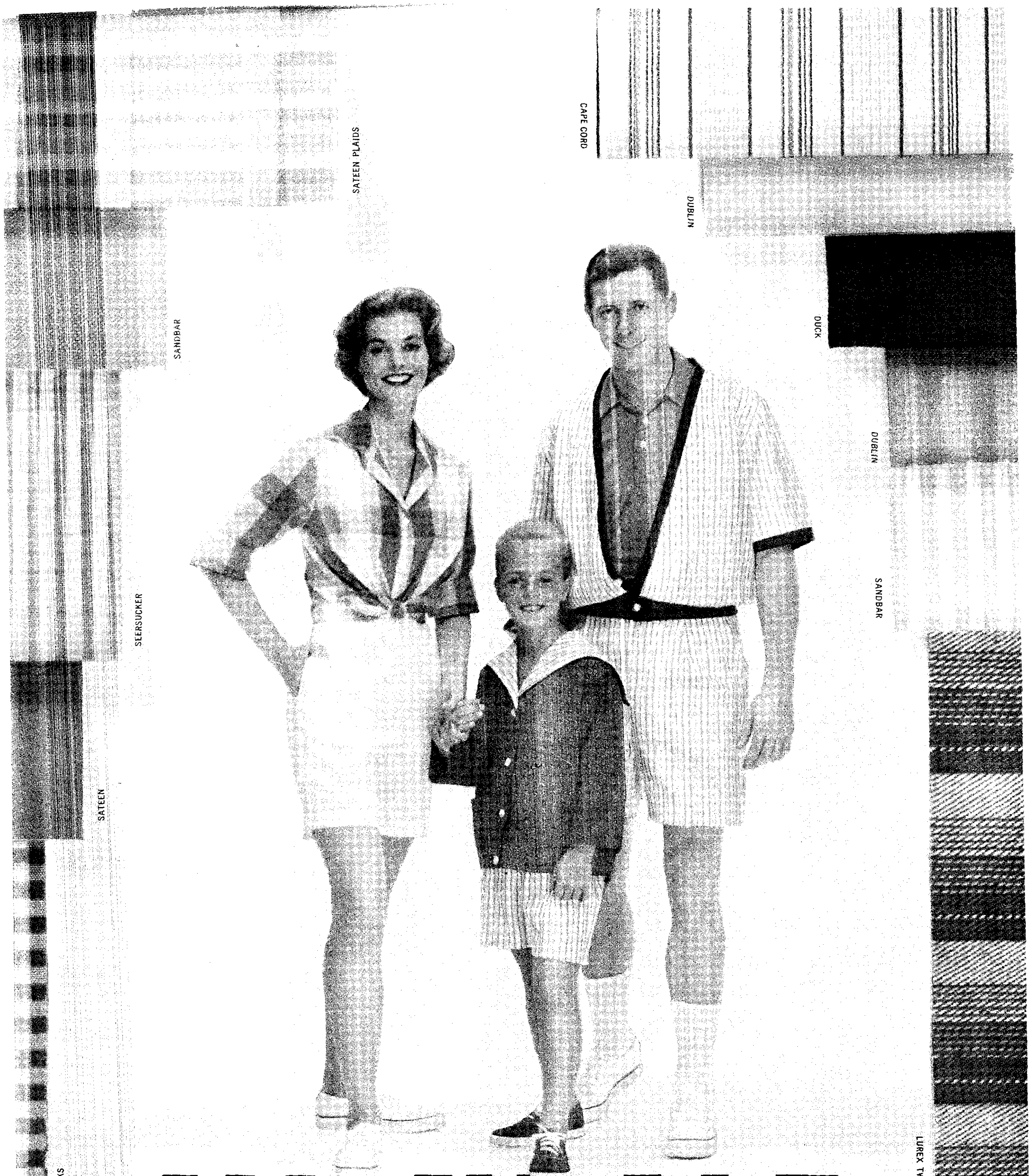
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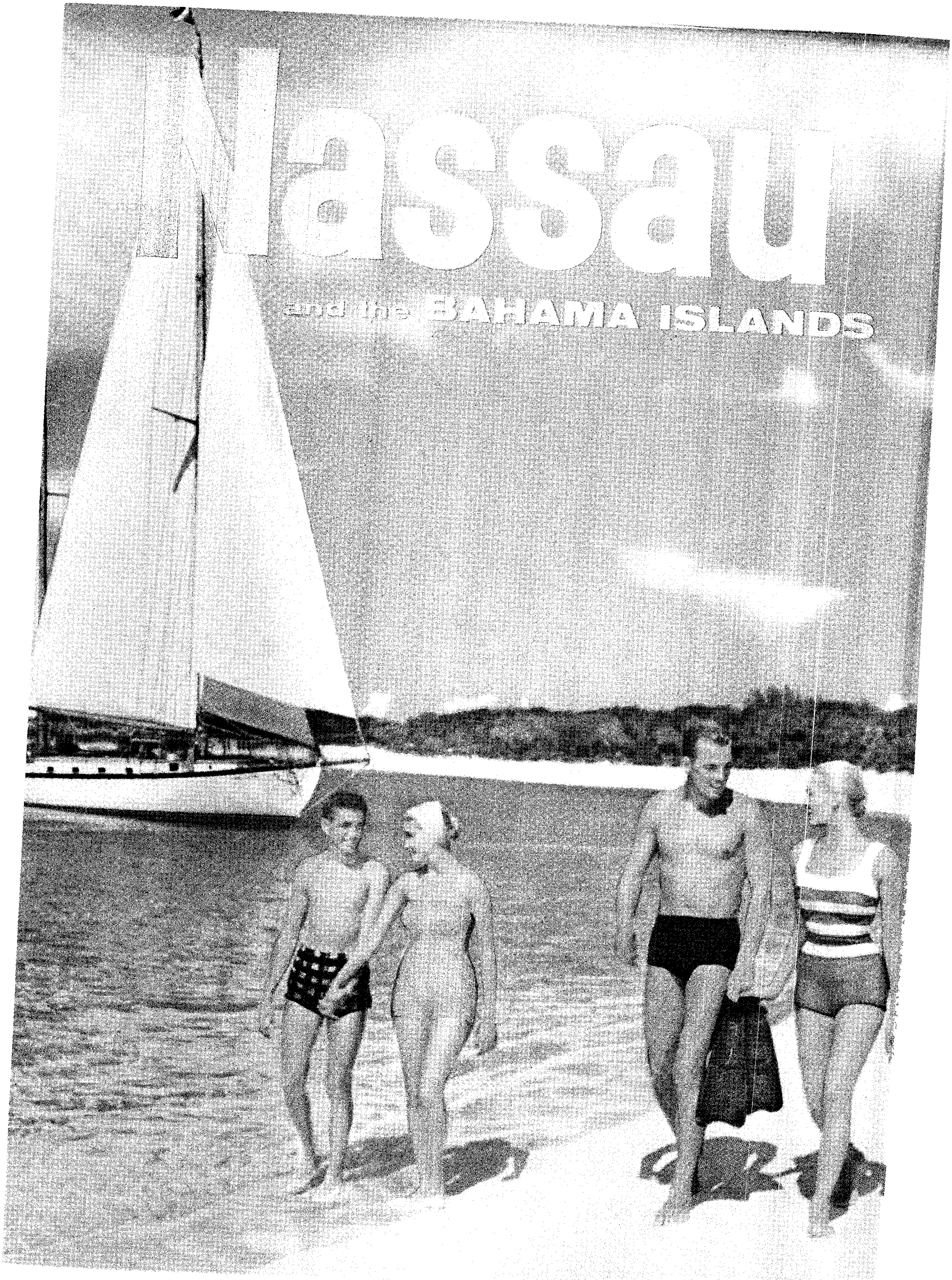
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sionist in principle, he nevertheless leans a bit toward the figurative, and this, I think, contributes to occasional uncertainties in his approach—as in "Zoroaster," with its tangled, looping reds (and where *is* Zoroaster, anyway?), as contrasted with the admirably simplified, crouching "The Falcon." His attack varies, too, and there's at least one picture, the scrawled-visaged, ruddy "The Hero," which, as far as I could see, bears no relation, stylistic, subjective, or otherwise, to anything else in the show.

But if I've listed Ronald's shortcomings first, it is because they are small against the growing authority he reveals in the body of his work. At his best, he has an excellent feeling for mood and an equally sensitive one for color, while his design, though it tends a trifle toward the grandiose, is unusually varied and imaginative. And though I've spoken of his excursions into the vaguely figurative as a handicap, this is true only on occasion, when the representational element hasn't been fully absorbed into the composition of the picture. There are other instances, as in "The Rebel," with its lank, leaning, owlish head, and the dark, hooded "The Keeper," in which the same suggestion does a good deal to give the pictures their power. I liked, too, "Limbo," with its gray, ghostly circular pattern superimposed on a background of dark reds and blues, as well as the more delicately detailed study, based on the patterning of grain of a crosscut tree section, called "Hickory." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Justices Douglas and Black would have reversed both convictions since they viewed the tests for conviction under both statutes as requiring only the arousing of sexual thoughts, "something that happens every day in normal life in dozens of ways." (They cited a survey showing that a preponderance of women college and normal school graduates found "men" more stimulating sexually than music, pictures, dancing, drama and books.)—*Delaware Valley Announcer, Philadelphia.*

Hear, hear!

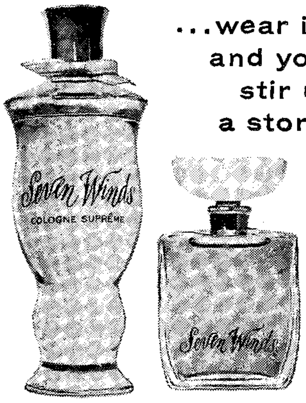
•

John T. Goo was elected president of the Goo Society at a recent luncheon meeting at the home of Goo Kui, immediate past president who was named honorary president.

Other officers chosen are Tin Seong Goo, first vice-president; George Goo, second vice-president; Fat Kui Goo, Chinese secretary; Mrs. Chock Fai Goo, English secretary; Chock Hin Goo, treasurer, and Arthur Akina Jr., auditor. —*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Auditor and misfit.

Seven Winds



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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

GETTING THERE FIRST WITH TRANQUILLITY

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, in "Brave New World," Aldous Huxley envisioned a civilization whose people kept themselves in a mood of well-being by consuming "soma," a mythical drug that, without in any way stupefying the senses, was able to screen off the unpleasanter aspects of life in the mind. However fanciful this notion may have seemed at the time, in the brave new world already upon us it does not appear so very farfetched; while medical science may not have come up with any balm quite so nirvana-producing as soma, it has in the last few years managed to develop new drugs that can control the mental outlook of people in somewhat the same general fashion. These products are, of course, the tranquillizing drugs—a class of compounds sometimes referred to in newspaper headlines as "happy pills," "don't-give-a-damn pills," and "T-drugs," and known to medical people as ataractic drugs (after "*ataraxia*," a Greek word meaning freedom from mental disturbance), psychotherapeutic drugs, psychotropic drugs (that is, drugs that tend to change the psyche), psychosedatives, anxiety-modifying drugs, mood-modifying drugs, or just plain mood drugs. Whatever the new compounds are called, America has embraced them, as it has so many other varieties of medicine, with vast enthusiasm. Dr. Stanley Lesse, a member of the neurology department at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, has estimated that in 1956 one out of every seven persons in the United States took some form of tranquillizer, and in 1957, according to the Medimetric Institute, a drug-market research organization with headquarters in New York, thirty-six million prescriptions for tranquillizing drugs were filled by druggists, indicating that Americans swallowed a billion and a quarter tranquillizing pills, or about three hundred tons of the stuff. Not since the advent of antibiotics, just after the war, has the prescription-drug trade come across so rich a bonanza, and the pharmaceutical companies, though hampered by certain traditional restraints in the promotion of prescription products, have been making the most of it—in many cases with the aid of the high-powered devices of modern advertising and publicity.

Like barbiturates and bromides, the tranquillizing drugs act on the central nervous system, but their action is more selective; they relieve tension and anxiety with a minimum of accompanying lethargy and sleepiness, and for this reason they have been not only complementing but to some extent supplanting the longer-established soothers of ragged nerves. Indeed, in the five years or so since the first tranquillizing drugs went on the market, the range of uses to which they have been put has expanded enormously. Virtually every physician in the country prescribes them for at least some of his patients nowadays, and, on the theory that many, if not most, illnesses can be complicated by emotional stress, the drugs have been included in the treatment of such diverse disorders as tension headaches, tuberculosis, gastro-intestinal diseases, epilepsy (the *petit-mal* variety), acute and chronic alcoholism, and narcotics addiction. They have also been used to combat itching and the hiccups, and the general idea conveyed by some drug companies is that there are few areas in the spectrum of human discomforts that the tranquillizing treatment cannot be wedged into; one firm, by no means atypical in its optimism, maintains that its drug will put prospective mothers in a state of "placid expectation" and provide *de-facto* mothers with "complete and dramatic relief [of pain] set off or aggravated by loud noises and by . . . children playing around the house."

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PA

There is hardly any limit, one gathers, to the possibilities of tranquillization, and the new drugs, having established themselves so rapidly in the world of men, are now beginning to invade the world of beasts. Veterinarians have been using them experimentally for, among other things, calming high-strung horses, pacifying ill-tempered ranch mink so that they will not claw each other's pelts, and helping dogs face such unnerving experiences as thunderstorms and anti-rabies shots. Although sheep are generally looked upon as just about the most phlegmatic of God's creatures, they, too, have been given tranquillizers, to keep them relaxed while they are being sheared. The director of agricultural research for Chas. Pfizer & Co., a big firm that produces several of the new drugs, foresees a future in which tranquillizers will reduce the incidence of nervous ailments and loss of weight among animals being shipped to market, and will allay the panic that overtakes some ani-

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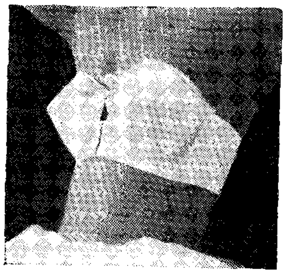

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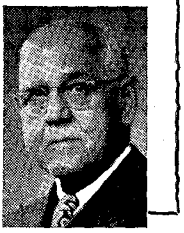

THE PREACHER WHO STARTED MEDDLING

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

One of the sisters at the old country church down home kept saying "Amen" to each sin the preacher condemned.

But when he got around to the sin of dipping snuff, her head stopped nodding as she whispered to her neighbor "Now he's quit *preachin'* and gone to meddlin'!"

As Kentucky family distillers for more than a century, we've stuck pretty much to *one text*—"the making and ageing of one old-fashioned genuine sour mash bourbon"—that and nothing else.

We haven't meddled with side-lines such as blends, vodkas, brandies, scotches, cordials or such, because we've found our hands full enough making OLD FITZGERALD as good as it was three generations ago.

Nor have we meddled with the time-honored methods responsible for the rich and satisfying flavor of OLD FITZGERALD as the one most authentic sour mash bourbon on the market today.

Our mashes still simmer a full three hours as they did generations ago. Our pure sweet yeast is still patiently made on old John Fitzgerald's identical formula. Our fermentation period is still leisurely and unhurried.

And Mother Nature still takes her own sweet time to oak-ripen our bourbon in open-windowed timber warehouses, built to our own pattern of a century ago.

It may be this strict adherence to our old-time sour mash "text" which brings so many hearty "Amens" from our loyal friends throughout the land.

Over the years, these satisfied customers have found in OLD FITZGERALD the final choice of their mature tastes.

We invite you to join this inner circle of business hosts who have discovered this old fashioned goodness in OLD FITZGERALD and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon Made in U.S.A.

(*Advertisement*)

mals during their last moments of consciousness in the slaughterhouse. If a little tranquillizer is added to the feed, according to the reasoning of the Pfizer people, the animals will walk placidly to their doom.

Nor are the beasts of the jungle or the denizens of the deep to be spared. Not long ago, Dr. Deets Pickett, a Kansas City veterinarian, and his wife set off for Africa to join forces with a professional hunter who specializes in catching animals alive and selling them to zoos and medical-research organizations. The Picketts, according to the Associated Press, took along an air gun designed to fire darts containing doses of tranquillizer; these, Dr. Pickett believes, may well put the quarry into a state of tranquillity, bordering on helplessness, for a period long enough to make its capture reasonably safe and easy. At the moment, a team of cardiological researchers is planning a nautical expedition off the California coast; the crew hopes to tranquillize a few whales by attacking them with harpoons filled with large doses of a tranquillizing drug—in effect, huge hypodermic needles—and as soon as they have been tranquillized, to insert electrodes into them and take their cardiograms. Representatives of CIBA, the international pharmaceutical house, which is to supply the tranquillizer for this experiment, have wondered aloud whether commercial whalers might not, by the use of tranquillizing harpoons, be able to move in for the kill without the usual long sea chase. Make way for the needle, Captain Ahab.

THE first of the tranquillizing drugs to be produced on a commercial scale in this country—and, without much doubt, the first to be used by mankind anywhere—was reserpine, an alkaloid extracted from the Indian snakeroot plant, *Rauwolfia serpentina*. Rauwolfia is a small shrub with smooth leaves, white or pink blossoms, and long, scrubby, twisting roots, and, like many other plants native to India, it has an ancient local reputation for curative powers; Indians have been taking it in one form or another for at least three thousand years, pounding up and eating its roots, chewing its leaves, or drinking its juice, in an effort to relieve a variety of nervous ailments, from simple headaches and insomnia to epilepsy and insanity. (Mahatma Gandhi, who suffered a great deal from nervousness and sleeplessness, is reported to have used the root constantly.) Rauwolfia became known to Western botanists in the

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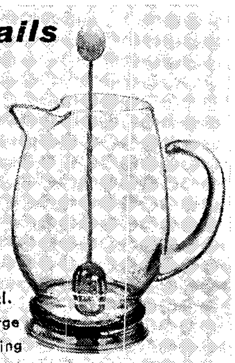

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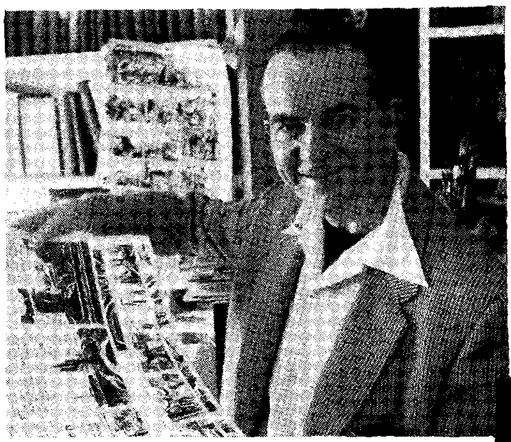


Milton Caniff, creator of "Steve Canyon," did not create the United States Air Force as many suspect. But it seems safe to say that he is its chief unofficial spokesman—through his widely popular comic strip.

Milton Caniff

Identified by
the famous White Dot

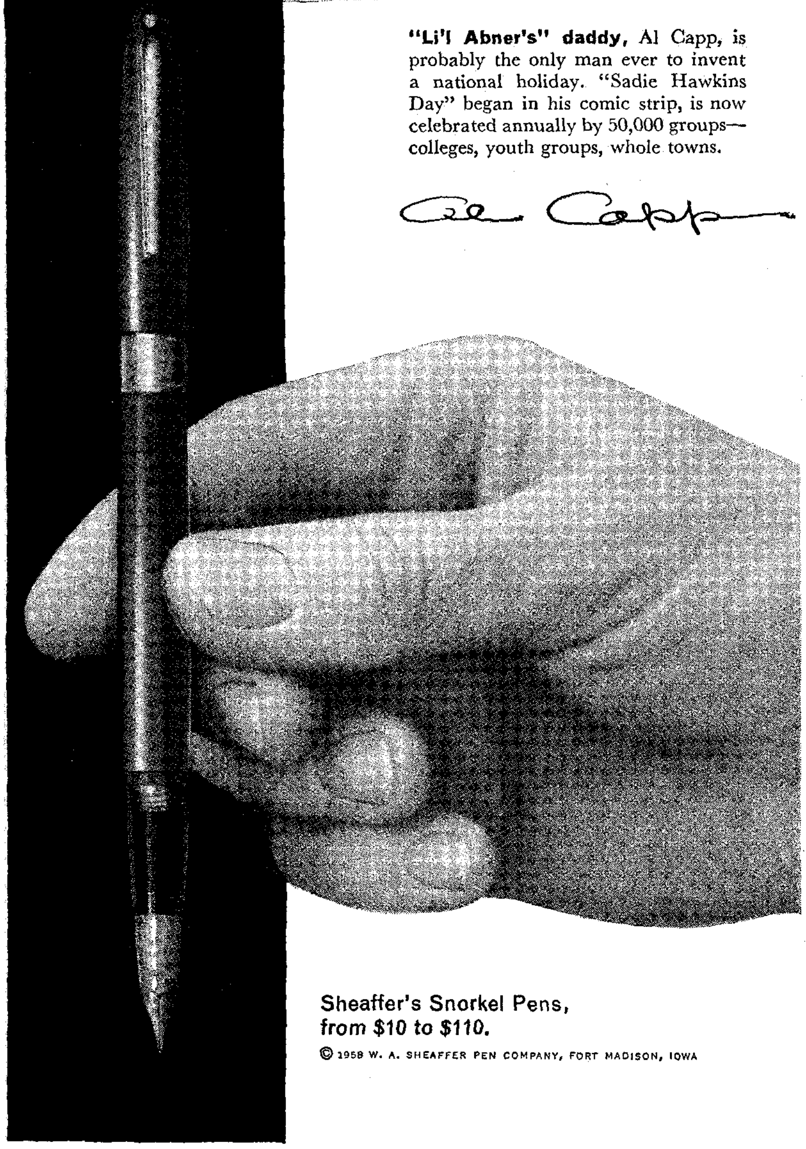
"Li'l Abner's" daddy, Al Capp, is probably the only man ever to invent a national holiday. "Sadie Hawkins Day" began in his comic strip, is now celebrated annually by 50,000 groups—colleges, youth groups, whole towns.

Al Capp

POGO
SUNDAY
PARADE

Walt Kelly has more fun with words than almost anybody, also has more books to his credit than any other comic strip artist. No true *Pogophile* would dare be caught without the complete "Pogo" 5-Foot Shelf.

Walt Kelly



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD, 86 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF. CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

seventeenth century—it was then that it received that name, in honor of Dr. Leonhard Rauwolf, a German physician who had spent some time in the Orient studying curative plants—but its medicinal properties were pretty much ignored by scientists for three hundred years. Then, in 1931, two Indian doctors, Gananath Sen and Kartick Chandra Bose, published a report on rauwolfia in the *Indian Medical Record*, pointing out that it was by no means "an infallible specific" for insanity but adding that it did have a hypotensive effect; that is, it tended to reduce high blood pressure. After this report, the whole root, powdered and compressed into tablet form, was sold in India as a mild hypotensive agent, but there was little scientific curiosity about it in this country until 1949, when Dr. Robert W. Wilkins, a Boston heart specialist, came across a paper in the *British Heart Journal* by another Indian physician, Rustom Jal Vakil, on the use of rauwolfia in treating high blood pressure. Wilkins was sufficiently impressed to obtain a supply of rauwolfia tablets from India and to try them on a number of his patients, and three years later he and some colleagues presented a paper before the New England Cardiovascular Society confirming the Indian reports on the hypotensive action of the drug. The paper also called attention to another of rauwolfia's qualities, which seemed worth further investigation. "This drug . . . has a type of sedative action that we have not observed before," it said. "Unlike barbiturates or other standard sedatives, it does not produce grogginess, stupor, or lack of coördination. The patients appear to be relaxed, quiet, and tranquil."

While doctors were looking into the medicinal properties of rauwolfia, chemists in India and Europe were attempting to break it down into its components and discover which of them was the active sedative agent. Finally, early in 1952, chemists at the CIBA laboratories in Basel succeeded in isolating reserpine, and within a few months CIBA's clinicians had proved to their satisfaction that it not only had the same therapeutic effects as the whole root but weight for weight was hundreds of times more potent. Late in 1953, reserpine went on the market in Europe and America as a hypotensive agent.

At about the same time, the second of the tranquillizers came along. This was chlorpromazine, a synthetic compound that researchers employed by Rhône-Poulenc, the large French

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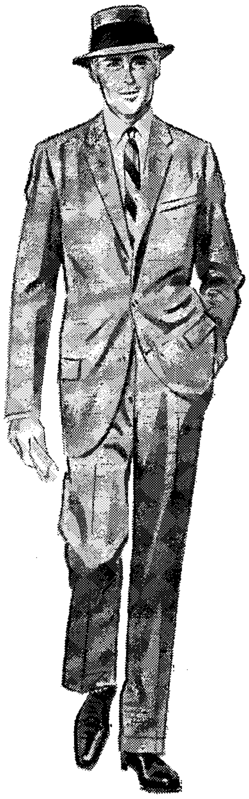

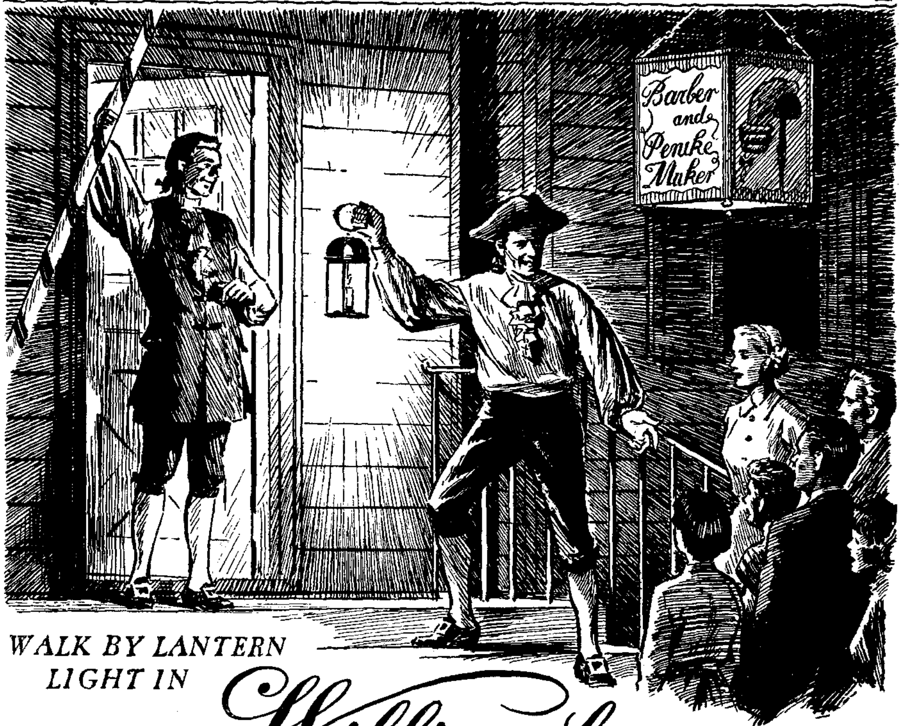

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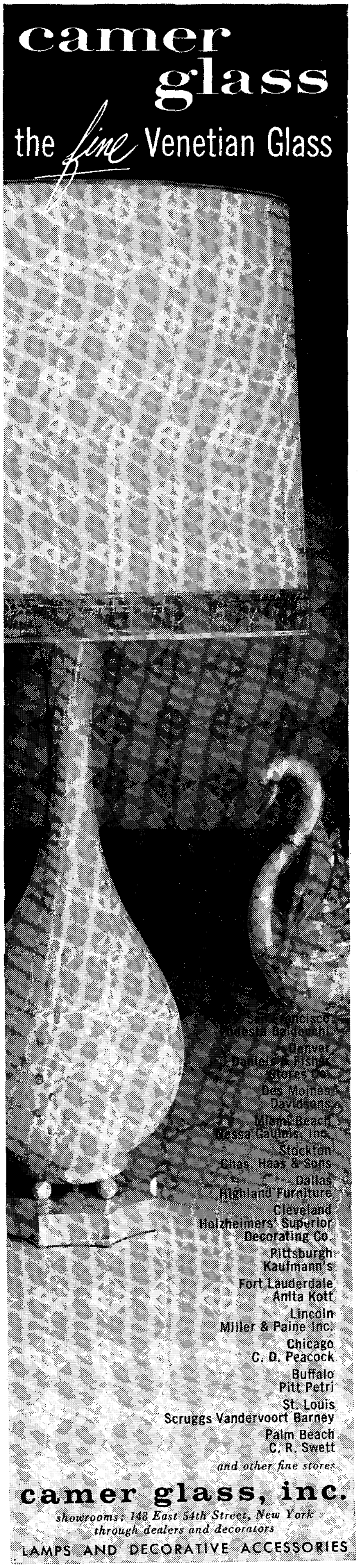
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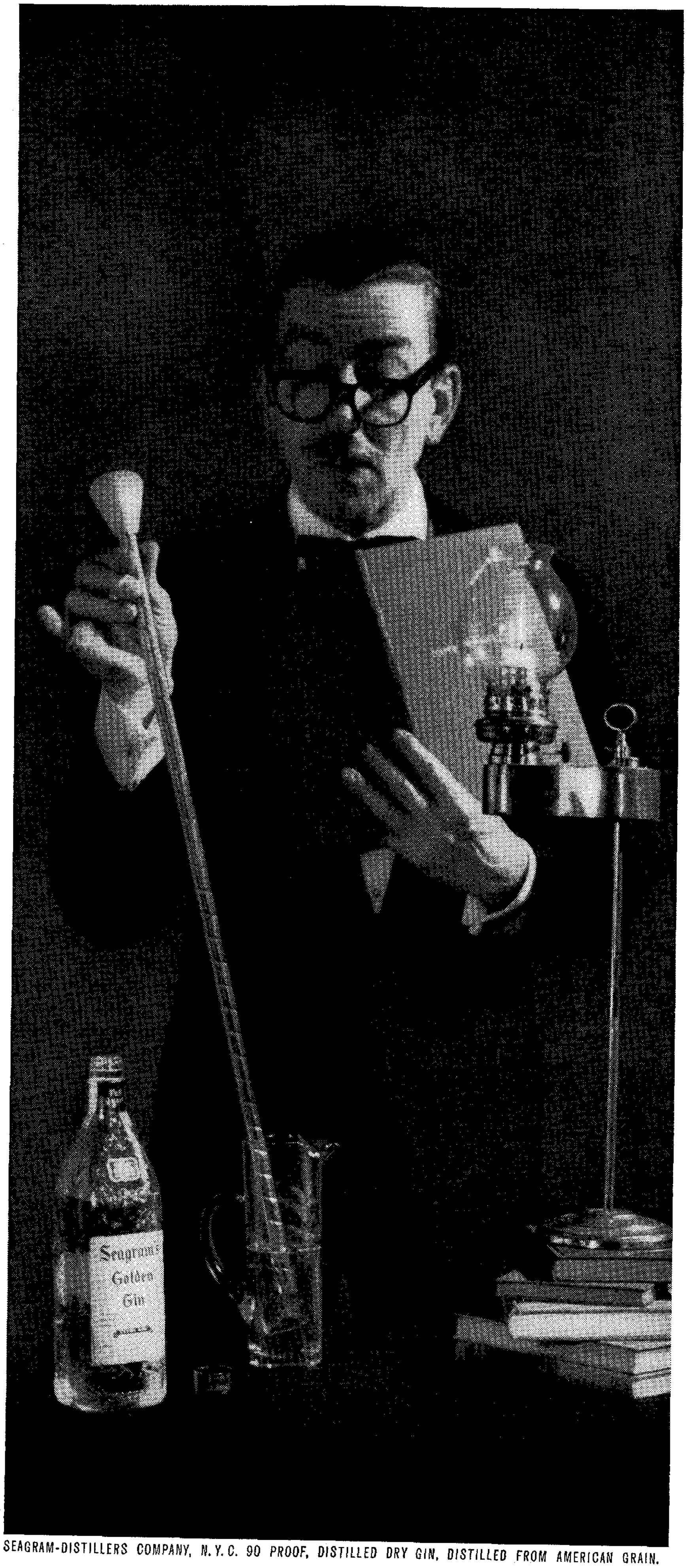
chemical house, had hit upon a few years before in their investigations into antihistaminic drugs. Chlorpromazine was found to have a calming effect, and the firm's clinicians learned that it could be used to "potentiate," or intensify, the action of standard sedatives; eventually, they introduced it into the so-called *cocktail lytique*—a combination of drugs administered to slow down the bodily functions and reactions of patients about to undergo surgery. Rhône-Poulenc gave a number of our big pharmaceutical houses a chance to buy the American rights to chlorpromazine, and, in 1952, after several American companies had turned down the offer, Smith Kline & French, of Philadelphia, accepted it. A year or so of further experimentation followed, and then the firm put the new drug on the American market under the trade name Thorazine, and recommended it to doctors for a new purpose—the relief of severe nausea and vomiting.

It was not long before the most noteworthy uses of reserpine and chlorpromazine became fully apparent. In 1954, two reports on the results obtained by the use of the drugs in the treatment of mental patients were made public—one, involving chlorpromazine, by Drs. Heinz Lehmann and G. E. Hanrahan, of Verdun Protestant Hospital, in Montreal, and the other, involving reserpine, by Dr. Nathan S. Kline, of the Rockland State Hospital, in Orangeburg, New York. According to the reports, reserpine and chlorpromazine not only reduced anxiety, excitement, and aggressiveness in severely agitated mental patients but left them less groggy physically and clearer mentally than the standard sedatives did. The reports caused something of a sensation in psychiatric circles, and both drugs were soon being produced on a large scale. While reserpine, chlorpromazine, and related medicines neither cure mental illness nor basically alter its physiological or psychological foundations, they have often made violent, hostile patients relatively calm and cooperative, and what is more significant, they have given many previously intractable patients an opportunity to be reached and helped by psychiatry. The drugs have emptied no mental hospitals, but they have been credited with helping increase the discharge rate, and they have certainly made many wards more habitable.

For all their virtues, chlorpromazine and reserpine often have serious side effects, and their use as tranquillizers has been pretty much limited to people in institutions or under close medical observation. (They are widely used in small doses, however, in their original roles—to relieve nausea and high blood pressure.) As it turned out, they were the forerunners of a swarm of other tranquillizers—mild or potent, and of many different types of chemical structure—that the drug companies have concocted for the alleviation of all sorts of disorders, including everyday anxiety and tension. An age in which nations threaten each other with guided missiles and hydrogen bombs is one that can use any calm it can get, and calm is what the American pharmaceutical industry now abundantly offers to those people whom it is not galvanizing into action with Benzedrine, Dexedrine, and other stimulants of the central nervous system.

EQUANIL and Moderil, Pacatal and Dartal, Suavitil and Harmonyl, Compazine and Sparine, Atarax and Ultran, Trilafon and Deprol—these are representative of the trade names designating the multitude of new tranquillizing agents, and on behalf of them, and tranquillity, their manufacturers have been waging unrelenting warfare against each other, not only with fusillades of pills but also, on many sectors, with kaleidoscopic bursts of promotional literature and volleys of publicity. While this war has been raging as fiercely as any of the struggles between the manufacturers of soap, the general public is not nearly as conscious of it, for the makers of prescription drugs—or ethical drugs, as they are called in the profession—are prevented by venerable medical custom from advertising their products directly to the laity. They may, however, plant stories in the lay press—as long as these do not constitute paid advertising—and, even more important, they are free to advertise their drugs to doctors with all the zest, ingenuity, and cash at their command. To win the good will of the medical profession, most big manufacturers rely heavily on the personal approach, as conducted by trained persuaders called "detail men," who make their way from one doctor's office to another, armed with samples of their companies' products and a good deal of technical information about them. But the detail men are not expected to do the whole job. They have



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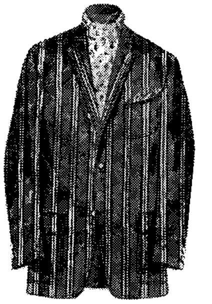
the support of large advertising staffs in the various company headquarters, and these, in turn, are almost always backed up by advertising agencies, which maintain a steady barrage of advertisements in medical journals, brochures directed at doctors, and press releases whose contents may eventually find their way into newspapers, magazines, and television programs. The rewards are great, and the big drug companies think nothing of spending a hundred thousand dollars on a single promotional mailing.

In keeping with the grand themes involved, much of the printed matter extolling drugs is marked by lavish layout and elegant typography. It is also marked by a use of visual symbolism so determined that it has perhaps been equalled only by the jackets of long-playing phonograph records. The symbolism used in pushing tranquillizers, for instance, ranges from a spiky-looking black-and-white drawing of a hand nervously stubbing out a cigarette in an ashtray full of twisted butts—denoting pre-tranquillized humanity—to large photographs tinted in what one company calls "precisely the right psychological shade of blue" and showing cool, refreshing vistas of snow-clad mountains and pine-fringed lakes to represent post-tranquillizer serenity. One favorite visual device is a highly stylized, multicolored human brain, its nerves—thin, red, and aquiver with tension—extending downward into an expanse of white space. Another is humanity itself in as jittery a state as the ad men can dream up; male and female models are shown being bawled out by the boss, climbing into the dentist's chair, waiting to be put on the operating table, and even, in one case, groping through a mauve labyrinth on which is superimposed, in gray halftone, a dizzying montage of office clocks, medicine bottles, Martini glasses, and rumpled bedclothes. Eli Lilly & Co., in a brochure promoting its tranquillizer Ultran, strikes an especially sombre note with a misty color photograph of a woman and two children standing over a grave in a cemetery and gazing thoughtfully in the direction of the opposite page. On this, there is a halftone reproduction of three free-floating Ultran pills—"attractive turquoise-and-white pulvules of 300 mg., in bottles of 100."

For all this insistence on melancholy situations, most tranquillizer ads are suffused with an aura of well-bred optimism. The note is sounded in a big, slick-paper mail folder on Equanil, illus-



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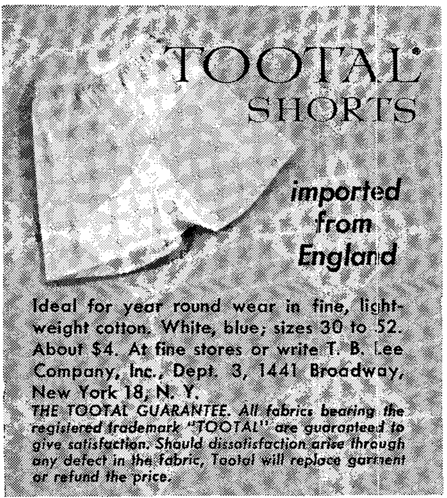

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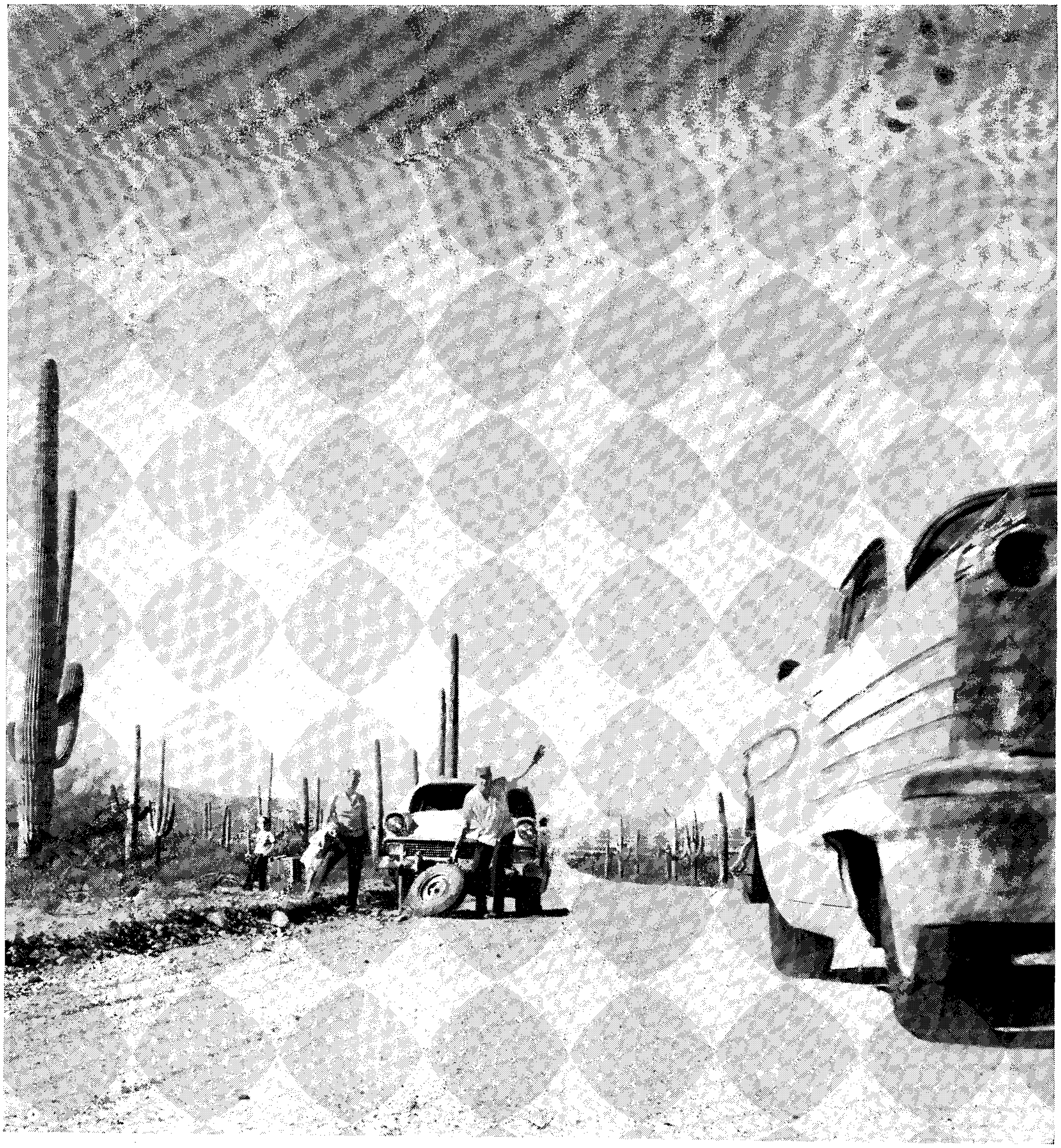

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trated by a map of the world with a pair of human eyes peering gloomily through the equatorial latitudes. "Equanimity . . . the universal need," the map is entitled, and the caption is by Shakespeare:

> Canst thou not . . .
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
> stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?
> —"Macbeth," Act V, Sc. 3

To judge by the rest of the brochure, the answer is that thou canst, with one tablet of Equanil three times a day.

Pill samples and the printed word are not the only devices used in the unending struggle to attract the medical man's attention. Some of the drug companies send doctors all sorts of free gadgets—rulers, calendars, desk pads that come complete with authentic-looking scribbled reminders to prescribe this or that tranquillizer, and ball-point pens with which to do the actual prescribing. By way of promoting Atarax, J. B. Roerig & Co., a division of Chas. Pfizer & Co., recently bombarded a hundred thousand doctors, by mail, with free pillows in handy plastic cases. The pillows were of two types—an ordinary bed pillow, called the "ATARAX neck-peace," and the "ATARAX lumbo-sacral rest," a smaller one with a band to anchor it to the back of a seat, for the convenience of the recipient "while riding in the car, in an airplane, on a train, or while relaxing at home." To make things even cozier, the Roerig company also sent a hundred thousand physicians striped slipper socks, each with the word "Atarax" stitched on one side in large, Grecian-looking letters. The slippers came stretched over a foot-shaped brochure, which bore, around the region of the ankles, the notation, "For your own PEACE and comfort, Doctor . . ." and provided, not far below, a practically endless list of "indications" for Atarax, including nightmares and homesickness in children, the fears besetting adolescence, "nervousness caused by initial encounters with the business world," financial worries, and "familial tension produced by sickness, accidents, weddings, funerals, temporary or permanent family separations, and differing opinions . . . anxiety over public appearances, a condition common to professional and amateur actors and actresses, radio and television announcers and performers, executives at business meetings, toastmasters and masters of ceremony, speakers for all occasions, ministers, teachers and professors, and

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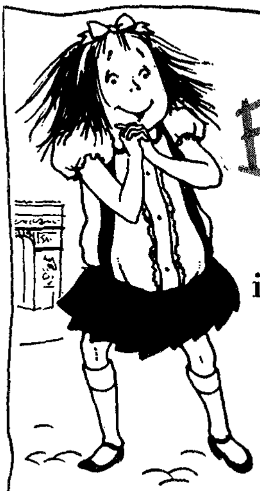
politicians . . . excitement among athletes and officials engaged in competitive sports." No mention was made of such people as, say, farmers worrying about the weather or the unemployed, just worrying. Perhaps, since the supply of tranquillizers is not unlimited, Atarax's makers have decided to concentrate on promoting its use among influential citizens, in the hope that the soothing effect will ripple outward to the public at large; a tranquillized preacher is as good as a tranquillized congregation.

It is a tribute to the mental powers of American physicians if, buffeted as they have been by the hailstorms of pills and brochures, they can keep the names of the various tranquillizers straight, let alone their therapeutic properties. Twenty-six chemically distinct tranquillizing agents are now on the market, and each one has a chemical name, a so-called generic name, and at least one brand name. The drug with the generic name of mepazine, for instance, is marketed by Warner-Chilcott as Pacatal, while perphenazine turns up as Schering's Trilafon, proclorperazine as Smith Kline & French's Compazine, and azacyclonol as Merrell's Frenquel. Reserpine is sold under seventeen brand names, the most familiar being Serpasil. It is no wonder that some doctors tape a chart of the generic and trade names of tranquillizers on a leaf of their desks. And they had better keep those lists up to date, for more than one reason. Physicians are constantly confronted by patients who, brandishing press clippings, demand prescriptions for drugs not yet on the market. As might be expected, doctors do not take kindly to the creation of a popular demand through the back door, so to speak, for drugs that, they feel, have not yet been adequately reported on in the medical journals. Such professional caution may constitute a touchy problem for the drug companies, but it by no means fazes all of them, as the adroit maneuvers of the Wyeth company in launching its tranquillizer Sparine two years ago indicate.

Wyeth's tactics can be traced through the contents of two documents. The first was a telegram signed by Robert G. Wilder, of Lewis & Gilman, Inc., a Philadelphia advertising agency that had been retained by Wyeth, and it went to dozens of newspaper and magazine science writers. The telegram invited them to attend a meeting at the District of Columbia General Hospital to hear a report on clinical work done at the hospital with "A NEW POTENT ATARACTIC DRUG," and added that



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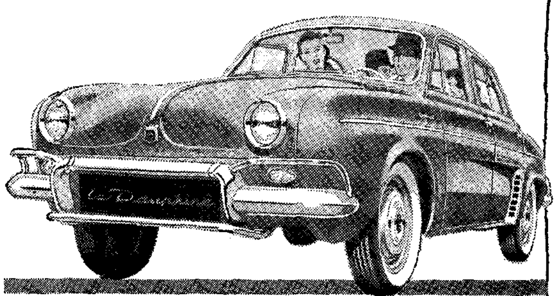

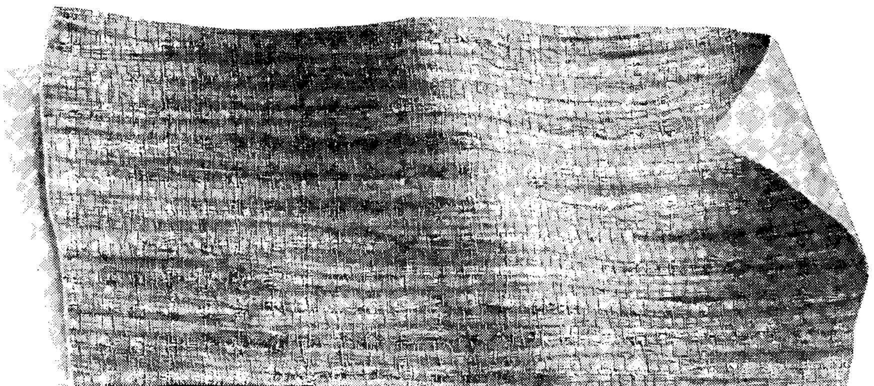

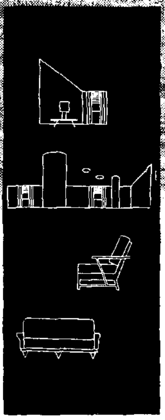

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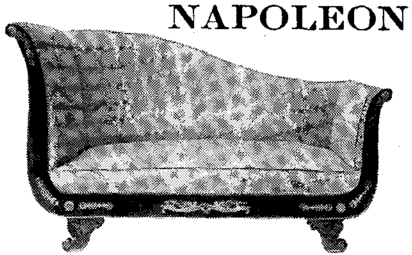

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lunch would then be provided at the Hotel Hay-Adams by "OUR FRIENDS AT WYETH LABORATORIES, WHOSE ORIGINAL RESEARCH PRODUCED THIS DEVELOPMENT." After lunch, the wire went on, limousines would take the visiting journalists back to the hospital, where, it promised, "YOU WILL SEE ACTUAL CASES OF DELIRIUM TREMENS, DRUG ADDICTS, AND PSYCHOTICS IN THE PROCESS OF THERAPY . . . YOU WILL ALSO SEE AN UNCENSORED SOUND AND COLOR MOTION PICTURE OF THE HOSPITAL'S EXPERIENCE THUS FAR WITH THE DRUG." The response to the invitation was good. A lot of writers took off for Washington, had a substantial lunch, toured the hospital wards, attended a press conference, and went home and wrote stories about Sparine.

A week later, thousands of physicians received identical letters from the headquarters of Wyeth itself, each bearing a facsimile of the signature of the company's president:

> DEAR DOCTOR:
>
> You may have read or may be reading in your newspaper about a potent new ataractic drug called WY-1094. This is the laboratory designation of Sparine (Promazine Hydrochloride), a product of Wyeth development and research.
>
> It is almost impossible to control publicity on an important new scientific achievement. Busy reporters are finding out about Sparine in locations where it is being clinically investigated. A few articles have appeared and more will be published as applications of this drug are revealed.
>
> Because we want you to know about Sparine from us, and not from the newspaper, I am writing you this letter to give you the gist of the preliminary findings.
>
> Pre-release publicity is unfortunate because we are not quite ready to make Sparine available . . .
>
> You will receive by mail and from your Wyeth representative more information on the uses and administration of Sparine just as soon as it becomes available.

The letter closed, "Sincerely."

This particular stratagem backfired. Copies of the Wyeth letter fell into the hands of several of the science writers who had attended the press briefing, and they had a letter of their own published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, letting the cat out of the bag.

SPARINE is by no means the only bolt in Wyeth's quiver; the firm also puts out Equanil, a relatively mild drug, which is currently selling better than any other tranquillizer. Equanil is one brand of meprobamate, and another brand—the original one, in fact—is put out by Wallace Laboratories, a fairly small and until three years ago alto-

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gether obscure pharmaceutical company that is a division of Carter Products, Inc., of New Brunswick, New Jersey, the makers of, among other things, Carter's Little Liver Pills. The Wallace brand is called Miltown, and it is one of the paradoxes of the tranquillizer industry that, while Equanil outsells Miltown by at least two to one, Miltown is by far the better-known drug. During the three years that Miltown has been on the market, its name has been bandied about not only as a handy label for tranquillizing drugs in general but as a synonym for tranquillity itself; indeed, it seems at times that Miltown has as many semantic uses as pharmacological ones. "Be my little Miltown," one of last year's more enterprising valentines read, employing the word in a blissful sense, but it has also been used to convey the idea of far from blissful conditions, as in the title of S. J. Perelman's latest book—"The Road to Miltown." And "Miltown" can also serve as a verb. "Jack Benny, in London, has been working much too hard on his filmed television show," Dorothy Kilgallen reported in the *Journal-American* a while back. "Jack has his own method of Miltowning it. He goes on long hikes all by himself—in London's suburbs."

Whatever other factors may have contributed to the fame of Miltown—and a number of them are discernible, not excluding certain exertions on behalf of the drug by Ted Bates & Co., a big New York advertising agency—there seems little doubt that one outstanding factor has been its name. Customarily, pharmaceutical manufacturers endow prescription drugs with trade names of a faintly classical cast, occasionally containing Greek-sounding syllables borrowed from their generic names. Had Wallace chosen to abide by custom, it might have called its tranquillizer Meprosan or Meprodol, say, borrowing the first two syllables from the name "meprobamate;" the company's failure to come up with such a name was in itself something of a daring departure in drug promotion. "Namewise, you'd think Miltown would never have had a chance in this business," an advertising-agency executive who specializes in pharmaceutical accounts said the other day. "It just didn't have that ethical ring to it." Then he added, "But, boy, what identity it turned out to have! Who ever made jokes about Equanil?"

One aspect of Miltown that has so far proved safe from topical comedy is its chemical name, 2-methyl-2-*n*-propyl-1, 3-propanediol dicarbamate—an un-

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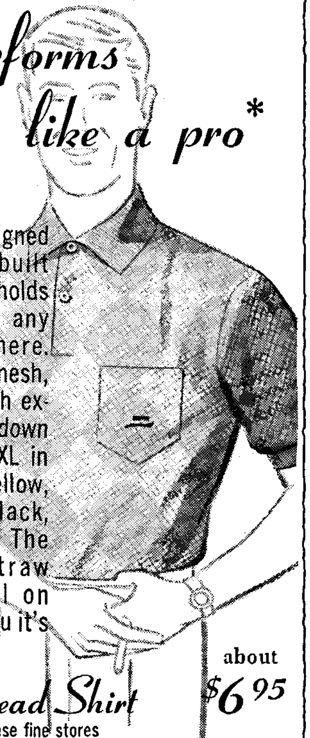

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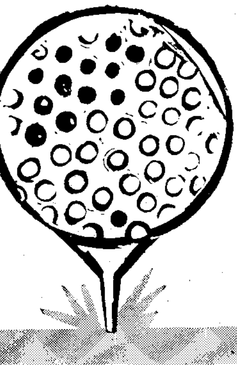

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compromisingly technical designation out of which, in the fashion of pharmaceutical neologisms, various syllables have been extracted and linked to form the word "meprobamate." The person who originally performed the linking not only of the syllables but of the chemical substances they stand for is Dr. Frank M. Berger, a tall, thin, bald man with a freckled face and a jovial, easygoing manner. Berger, who has in his day been a medical man of all work, including pediatrics and bacteriology, was born in Czechoslovakia forty-five years ago, spent nine years working in England, and for the last eleven years has been a resident of the United States. His professional interest in what was to become the field of tranquillizers began toward the end of the Second World War, when he left a job as bacteriologist with a public-health laboratory in Yorkshire to join a venerable pharmaceutical firm called British Drug Houses, Ltd., in London. There he was put to work on problems connected with the preservation of penicillin during and after its manufacture—penicillin-destroying bacteria are apt to invade batches of the antibiotic from the outside air—and in 1945, after some experimenting, he came up with a substance that looked promising for the purpose. Its value as a preservative of penicillin, however, was quickly overshadowed in Berger's mind by other possibilities; in the normal course of things, he injected a small quantity of the substance into some white mice, and a few minutes later he observed that their muscles had begun to relax. "The behavior of the mice was quite different from anything I'd noticed in my laboratory experience," Berger recalled recently. "It wasn't at all the kind of relaxation brought on by barbiturates. When you inject a barbiturate into a mouse, he usually passes through a stage of pre-anesthetic excitement and then goes into the anesthetic coma. These mice didn't get excited, and they didn't go into a coma. They were relaxed, all right, but they looked straight at you. They knew what was going on around them."

Like most medical people, Berger was aware that a serious problem in surgery is that of producing just the right degree of muscular relaxation in the anesthetized patient. When too little anesthetic is used, the patient's muscles may jump under the knife even more than they would if he were conscious, and the surgeon may not be able to operate; when too much is used, the patient's system may become seriously poisoned. At the time of Berger's experiments,

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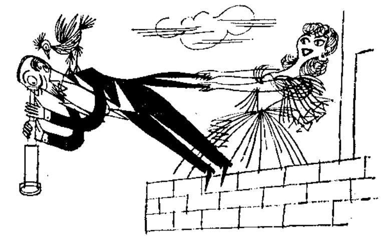

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WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

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some European and American surgeons, seeking to increase the degree of muscle relaxation without increasing the amount of anesthetic, had begun to inject patients with curare, the paralyzing arrow poison used by South American Indians, which, in moderate doses, had been found to be an effective muscle relaxant. Berger thought his compound might turn out to be an effective one, too, and in 1946, after modifying its chemical structure, he obtained a patent for it. It was given the generic name mephenesin, and British Drug Houses put it on the market as a muscle relaxant under the name Myanesin, but in the long run, for a number of technical reasons, it didn't turn out to be another curare.

In 1947, Berger decided to quit British Drug Houses and try his luck in the United States. He landed a job as an assistant professor of pediatrics at the University of Rochester, got a small private pediatric practice going, and, with the help of a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, went on experimenting with mephenesin. In England, Berger had, on grounds that then seemed valid, thought mephenesin to be of value only when it was injected into a patient under anesthesia; now he tried it orally on patients suffering from a wide variety of ailments, and soon found that it temporarily calmed severe muscular spasms, that it reduced pain in a number of disorders, including rheumatism and the initial stages of poliomyelitis, and that it was also helpful in diseases, such as Parkinson's disease and cerebral palsy, that produce involuntary muscular movement. In June, 1948, a paper Berger had written on mephenesin was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and soon the lay press picked up the story; almost overnight Berger was swamped with demands for his professional services from patients throughout the country who were afflicted with spastic and hyperkinetic disorders. For a frantic year, he worked at all his former pursuits and as a medical consultant, and then, in 1949, he accepted an offer to return to the pharmaceutical-manufacturing business.

The offer came from a minor patent-medicine monarch named Henry H. Hoyt, the president of Carter Products, Inc. A short, somewhat wizened middle-aged man who at this time knew a great deal more about Little Liver Pills than he did about the prescription-drug business, Hoyt, through shrewd merchandising and endless repetition of the

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old slogan “Wake Up Your Liver Bile!,” had brought the company to a state of glowing financial health. Now he was in the process of expanding operations beyond the limits of patent medicine. He was already putting out Arrid, a deodorant, and Nair, a depilatory; he was about to charge into the billowing pressurized-shave field; and he had also decided to see what could be done with Wallace Laboratories, a more or less dormant province of his small kingdom, taking up a few rooms in Carter’s New Brunswick factory, with a staff of only a few chemists, whose principal duty was to make routine checks on Little Liver Pills and other products. Hoyt started looking around for pharmaceutical products to manufacture and a pharmacologist to formulate them, and eventually he got in touch with Berger, whom he took on as Wallace’s medical director.

At Wallace, Berger set about experimenting with mephenesin from still another angle. He had discovered that when the drug was administered orally, it had little staying power; the effect was good, but it wore off fast. The trouble, he knew, was that the body absorbed mephenesin almost instantly, and now, with a view to making the drug more durable, he set out to alter its chemical structure again. Over the next three years, he and Dr. Bernard J. Ludwig, his chief chemist at Wallace, synthesized some five hundred compounds, a dozen of which seemed to come close to what they were looking for. Then the dozen went through a further weeding-out process, involving tests on animals, small and large, and by 1952 Berger had narrowed the field down to four or five substances. One of these appeared to have such outstanding qualities that Berger applied for and got a patent on its molecular structure.

Not only did this particular compound relax the muscles of mice satisfactorily but it had an unusual effect on monkeys. “We had about twenty rhesus and Java monkeys on hand at the time,” Berger has said. “They’re vicious, and you’ve got to wear thick gloves and a face guard when you handle them, but when we injected them with our compound, they became very nice monkeys—friendly and alert. Where they wouldn’t previously eat in the presence of human beings, they now gently took grapes from your bare hand. It was quite impressive.” After some more animal tests, Berger concluded that he had come up not merely with a superior muscle relaxant but with a relatively non-toxic depressant of

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the central nervous system, which could function in a more selective manner than barbiturates.

Early in 1953, he sent quantities of the new drug, in tablet form, to two professional acquaintances—Dr. Edward Schlesinger, of the Neurological Institute of Columbia University, who had agreed to try it on human beings as a muscle relaxant, and Dr. Lowell S. Selling, a psychiatrist practicing in Orlando, Florida, who had agreed to test it on patients suffering from anxiety and tension. Both trials went off to the doctors' satisfaction. Dr. Schlesinger reported that the drug was effective and non-toxic, and Dr. Selling, after trying it on a hundred and eighty-seven patients over a period of fifteen months, enthusiastically endorsed its effectiveness in controlling not only tension and anxiety but fear, headaches, mild depressions, insomnia, and neurodermatitis. "When I first came in here, I couldn't even listen to the radio," one of Selling's lady patients told him some months after she had started taking the drug. "I couldn't stand to have company, and . . . in April I thought I was going crazy. . . . I want you to know I now go to football games, shows, and even watch TV. My husband can't get over how relaxed I am."

When the test results were in, Berger was convinced that the time had come to put the compound on the market, and he and Hoyt began discussing the various problems involved. The chief one was that Carter's facilities were far too modest for large-scale production, and Hoyt spent some time working out an arrangement with several big chemical suppliers whereby they would mass-produce the compound and send it to Carter for tableting and bottling. Once that obstacle was overcome, in December, 1954, Hoyt told Berger to go ahead and file an application with the Food and Drug Administration for permission to market the new drug.

One matter that Hoyt and Berger did not take up until comparatively late in the game was that of the drug's trade name. Berger had thought up a number of polysyllabic names, but he had bad luck with them; the ones he liked best came too close to trademarks already appropriated by other companies for different types of drugs. One of his favorites, "Mepheton," for instance, was uncomfortably similar to a name that had been preëmpted by A. H. Robbins, and when he learned that a like fate had befallen such inspirations as "Meprodriol," "Mepromate," and "Meprodil," Berger took the problem to Hoyt, who

boom! I'm making a terry-ble noise over my terry petti-robes

White planted with wild carnations in red, yellow or blue. Sizes 3 to 6X, about 6.00; 8 to 14, about 8.00
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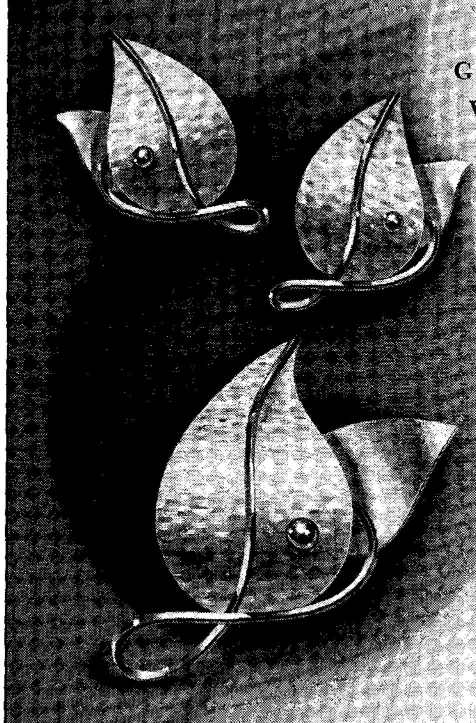

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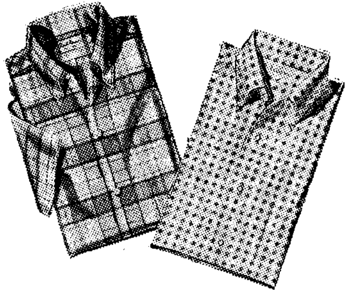

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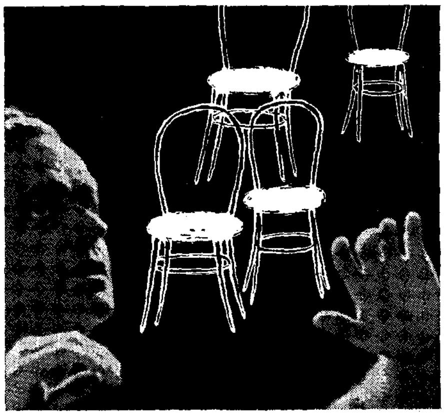

Mr. Dragon's musical chairs

CARMEN DRAGON is a man of many musical chairs. One, reserved for the "foremost conductor of symphonic favorites." Another, for the Academy Award-winning film composer. He sits with 1½ million youngsters via his school broadcasts. And at his conductor-arranger's workbench, familiar classics gain from his creative vigor. The result? Rewarding listening, as in these latest albums: WORLD OF MUSIC (P 8412), SERENADE (P 8413), LA BELLE FRANCE (P 8427).

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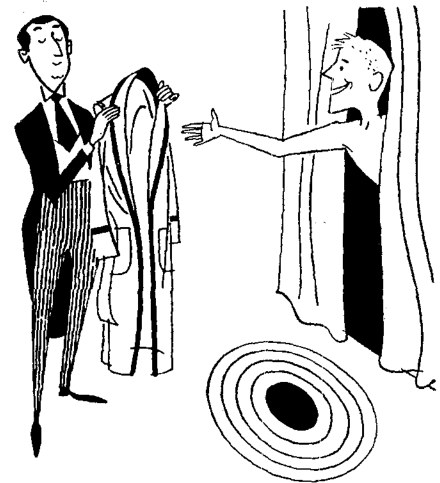
solved it on the spot. In accordance with Wallace's laboratory routine, experimental products were called not by their chemical designations but by code names borrowed at random from towns and villages in the surrounding area; one product was known as Princeton, another as Newark, and a third as Metuchen. The code name of Berger's compound happened to be Milltown—a village less than a mile away from New Brunswick—and it occurred to Hoyt, who had little regard for the niceties of pharmaceutical nomenclature, that Milltown might do for the trade name as well. He thereupon struck out one "l" (place names, he knew, could not be trademarked) and casually christened the new product Miltown.

Miltown appeared on the pharmaceutical market in May, 1955, in the form of scored white tablets, which had a distinctly bitter taste, and were priced in the drugstores, as they still are, at about five dollars for fifty. It met with widespread indifference on the part of doctors—a reception that can hardly be wondered at, since Wallace Laboratories, which had up to then put out only one or two obscure drugs and had no detail men to drum up business door to door, was practically unknown to the medical profession. Nor did Wallace herald the advent of its new product, as bigger ethical-drug firms would have done, with ads in the medical journals; what introductory literature the firm did send around to doctors, along with samples of the drug, consisted of a few plain announcements, postcards, and letters got up by Berger, who acted as Wallace's medical director, sales manager, and promotion manager rolled into one. But if nobody else paid much attention to the arrival of Miltown on the scene, Wyeth Laboratories did, and expressed interest in marketing the compound under another name. At the end of June, sales of Miltown were still so languid that Hoyt decided it might be just as well to accept the Wyeth offer; Wyeth had a force of some eight hundred detail men, and Hoyt figured that *if* they pushed their brand of meprobamate hard enough, his brand might get a bit of a push, too. Accordingly, Hoyt came to an agreement with Wyeth, whereby Carter would supply the larger company with meprobamate powder, and Wyeth would be licensed to tablet and market the compound under its own trade name. This was Equanil.

Hardly had Hoyt concluded the deal with Wyeth when Miltown began to stir up some interest on its own. Ever

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



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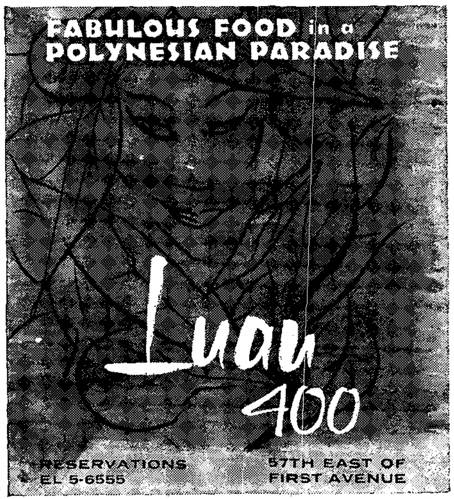
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Wind Song

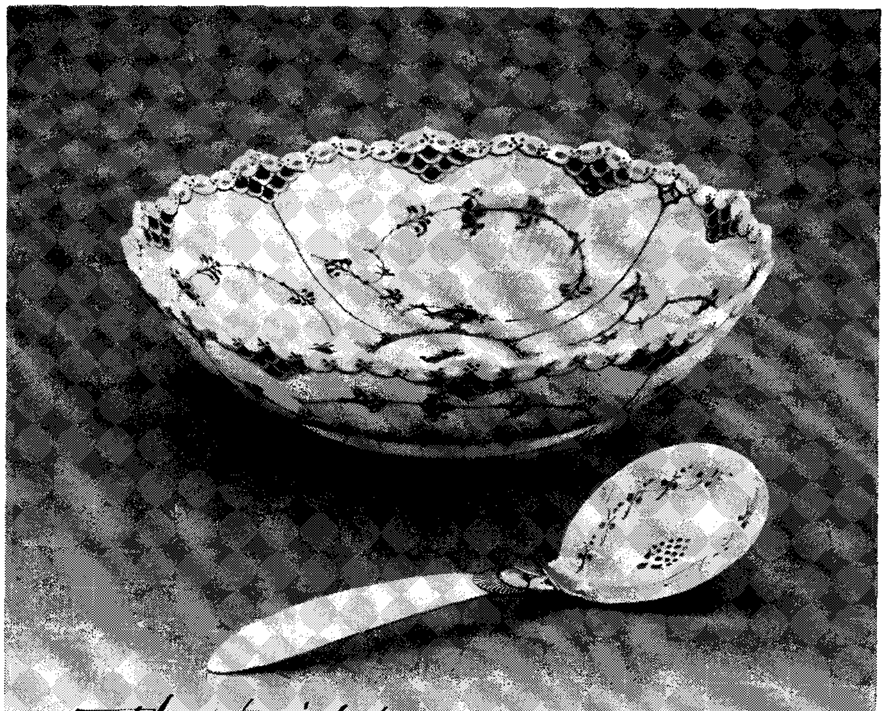
Your gayest moments captured in a lighthearted perfume and cologne parfumée by

PRINCE MATCHABELLI

since the introduction of chlorpromazine and reserpine, the biggest pharmaceutical houses in the country had been pouring millions of dollars into a search for similar compounds, without being able to put one on the market, and now the word began to spread that a small company—a dark horse—had come through. A more concrete boost for Miltown was the gathering impact of two papers that had appeared in the April issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*—one by Dr. Selling and the other by Dr. Joseph C. Borrus, a psychiatrist in New Brunswick, both of whom reported that Miltown was an effective, relatively mild tranquillizing agent. And then other doctors were finding that patients for whom they had prescribed Miltown on a trial basis were coming back for more. In August, sales of Miltown, which in May had totalled only about $7,500, shot up to $85,000, and Carter's modest facilities for tableting and bottling were strained to the limit.

The deal with Wyeth was profitable for Wallace, all right, but nowhere near as profitable as selling Miltown, so late that summer, when Equanil went on the market, Hoyt decided to strike for Miltown while the iron was hot. For one thing, he contracted with a number of independent drug-supply companies to tablet and bottle extra quantities of Miltown, and for another, he asked Ted Bates & Co., which had been touting Little Liver Pills for a number of years, to take on Miltown, too, not only placing ads in the pages of the medical journals but also furnishing stories and background material to the lay press. In the words of a Ted Bates official who is perhaps best identified as one of the agency's Miltown men, it was a dream campaign as far as publicity went. Chlorpromazine and reserpine were already in the news, and in the fall of 1955 swarms of articles about tranquillizing drugs, which gave considerable space to Miltown—and little to Equanil—began to appear in newspapers and national magazines.

In September, sales of Miltown soared to $218,000, and for the last quarter of 1955 they came to $1,540,000, with a million dollars more in unfilled orders. The Wyeth people, themselves harassed by demands for Equanil, fretfully kept trucks backed up to the loading platform of the Carter factory, ready to roar off the moment a few barrels of meprobamate powder could be rolled aboard. As the winter progressed, dramatic shortages of the drug developed in many parts of the coun-



the bride's choice
Attractive berry duet. Blue Lace bowl by Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, $27.50. The Cactus serving spoon in silver by Georg Jensen, $39.50. Federal tax incl. on silver.
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HI HAT RANCH
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"It's the kind of service he's used to—he always flies National."

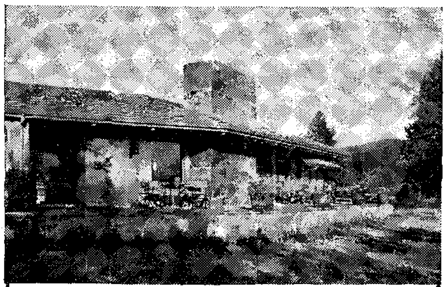
Fly **NATIONAL** *Airline of the Stars* *..to all Florida and Cuba*

(*Advertisement*)

try. Toward the end of January, the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer* published an article, subheaded "CAROLINIANS LINE UP FOR NEW DRUG," in which a local wholesale druggist was quoted as remarking that Miltown pills were in such short supply "that we are having to ration them out on a wartime basis." Shortly thereafter, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* quoted a physician as saying that the local drugstores had run so short of Miltown that some of his patients had orders waiting at two or three stores. The paper also reported, in an interview with another doctor, this example of the effectiveness of Miltown:

> A Louisville truck driver was the excitable type and would get "mad" when another driver cut in front of him. He would cuss out the other driver and perhaps run into his car. But since he has been taking the new drug, he remains calm and hasn't had an accident.

Truck drivers were not the only people of volatile disposition to give Miltown a whirl. Toward the end of 1955, the drug had begun to be fashionable in show business, a highly nervous field of endeavor; then, around February, the craze hit the motion-picture colony in Los Angeles. Everybody—producers, directors, actors, writers—seemed to be talking about tranquillizers at studios, restaurants, and social gatherings, and when they talked about tranquillizers, they generally talked about Miltown. Some actors took to swallowing Miltown by the fistful, and since the supply was still running far behind the demand, many people were willing to pay black-market prices for their pills. Some drugstores sold the drug without a prescription—and, of course, at a stiff markup. The arrival of fresh supplies in Hollywood drugstores became an important local event. "YES, WE HAVE MILTOWN!" a sign in huge letters running the length of a plate-glass window triumphantly proclaimed on the front of a big drugstore at Sunset and Gower, and another establishment took out an ad in *Daily Variety* promising free and fast delivery of Miltown upon receipt of a call from the reader's physician. Miltown tablets were sometimes served to the guests at Hollywood and New York theatrical parties, and Frances Kaye, a publicity woman, described for the press a party in Palm Springs, at which tranquillizers "were passed around like peanuts," adding, "Some of the people drank what they called a Miltown cocktail—a tranquillizing pill mixed with a Bloody Mary." Kendis Rochlen, who reports on motion pictures for the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, pretty well



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Bing Crosby's Lakefront Home

Luxury lodge in a perfect setting with the unique furnishings and decor created especially for Bing

Window walls make sparkling waters and sentinel evergreens a part of this appealing rustic all-year-round home of 7 rooms. The huge living room planned for the informality Bing enjoys has a great stone fireplace and a sliding glass panel to a patio . . . electronic-controlled radios, TV, recording equipment, built-in bar. 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths. On a one acre peninsula with 345' shoreline. Chriscraft and motorboat included. $95,000. Ask for brochure and appointment to inspect YN-70970.

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. . . Here's the **Deansgate** natural shoulder suit in Reeves' famous poplin fabric: 65% Dacron/35% combed cotton for wash and wearability. Drips dry neatly, with only touch-up ironing. Resists wrinkles, yet keeps a sharp trouser crease. In dark and light shades, about $39.95. At fine men's stores or write Famous-Sternberg, Inc., 950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La.

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ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM

Enjoy the music from this great new movie in the L.P. album, the 45 Economy Package, on Stereo Tape . . . or in a special deluxe L.P. edition with 12 pages of photographs and commentary by Rodgers & Hammerstein.

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Swagger styled for sports car comfort!

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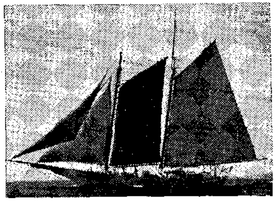

WINDJAMMER CRUISES

along the Maine Coast

★

Capt. Frank Swift
Box N-57, Camden, Me.

summed up the atmosphere in Hollywood at the time when she wrote, "I went from Ginger Rogers' party to José Ferrer's party to a dinner party, and everywhere they were talking about it [Miltown]. My husband is on it now. He used to be very nervous, really just miserable. Now he doesn't get mad as quick or stay mad as long. He has no energy, of course."

From its victory in Hollywood, Miltown had no trouble moving on to triumph after triumph in television. One of the product's earliest gratuitous public endorsements came from Milton Berle, a theretofore far from subdued personality, whom the February 27, 1956, issue of *Time* quoted as saying, "It's worked wonders for me. In fact, I'm thinking of changing my name to Miltown Berle." It was not long before the air was clogged with gags about "happy pills" and "I-don't-care pills," and in these the name Miltown invariably figured. The monitored script of an N.B.C. television program featuring Bob Hope affords a sufficient example of the Miltown jokes splashing from the home screen that spring:

> HOPE: Whether you like them or not, Khrushy and Bulgy are two of the smartest Russians alive. [Laughter.] The fact that they're alive still proves it. Now they want to come to the United States and sell us peace. Is this a switch? They must be spiking their vodka with Miltown. [Laughter.]
>
> Have you heard about Miltown? The doctors call Miltown the "I-don't-care" pill. The government hands them out with your income-tax blanks. [Laughter.]

While some of these comments scarcely tended to add to the dignity of a prescription drug, Hoyt, who over the years had spent millions on brief plugs for Little Liver Pills, could not help being impressed by the babble of publicity that Miltown was getting free. "I was frankly amazed at all the exposure we were getting," he said not long ago. "We had never anticipated such a development. Those television actors—hell, we hadn't even sent them free Miltown, or anything."

HOYT, Berger, and their operatives at the Ted Bates agency were far from idle, though. Their major problem was to make sure that physicians were as aware of the existence of Miltown as, say, television viewers were, and they were especially eager to counterbalance the powerful door-to-door propaganda campaign being conducted on behalf of Equanil by Wyeth's squadrons of detail men. "What news the doctor doesn't get from *Time* or hear

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
GUEST and GIFT Shop
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THE ICE CUBE COMETH . . . and stayeth much longer in our exclusive insulated highball glasses. A vinyl plastic base acts as a built-in coaster and prevents hand heat from melting the "rocks". Underwater sea motifs in white and gold with pearlized turquoise base or black and gold with white base. Designed and signed by Georges Briard; set of eight, 12.50. Iced tea size, same price. Mail and phone orders filled. Also in Beverly Hills and Detroit.

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100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
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SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

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BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
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"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!"
— Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CARMEN ALVAREZ
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
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as
AUNTIE MAME
gives an electrifying performance"
—Aston, W. Tel. & Sun

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Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Tax Incl. In writing for seats, kindly give several alternate dates and enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Make check or money order payable to Broadhurst Theatre.
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"A Romantic Delight!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
FRED COE presents
HENRY FONDA
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
with ANNE BANCROFT
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Eves. 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30; $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL"
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

from his patients, he'll get from the detail man," an official connected with the sale of Miltown has declared by way of emphasizing the importance to a drug company of a detail staff, which Wallace lacked and still does. To overcome this handicap, Wallace sharply stepped up its advertising and promotional expenditures, and the Bates agency placed still more full-page ads in the medical press, sent out still more brochures to doctors, and issued a steady stream of publicity releases about Miltown to the lay press. "We supplied dope on Miltown for pieces in *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and so many I could hardly name them," a Miltown man at Bates recalled a month or so ago. "Of course, we don't claim credit for anything like all the publicity. It was partly slugging away in there, partly just letting the thing roll on its own—you couldn't have stopped it. It got to the point where all a Broadway press agent had to do to get mention of a client in a column was to link the name up somehow with Miltown. You know, 'Perry Como's so relaxed he takes Miltown to pep himself up.' 'Ronnie's Steak House has a Miltini; instead of an olive they use a Miltown.' Stuff like that. As I say, it was a dream campaign, and, of course, we had a dream product. Our press clippings on Miltown so far fill eight huge, heavy scrapbooks, and they don't even include most of the wire-service stories that appeared in a whole raft of papers."

While getting at the physicians through *Time*, patients (present and potential), and the mails, Wallace also went about getting at them by even more substantial means—a broad program of research, which produced further piles of technical literature, which, in turn, were quoted in further piles of ads and brochures. Bates' Miltown man put it this way: "We applauded the client's research grants to people at various institutions. The more work done on the product, the more papers published in medical journals, where the doctors could see them. The client must have spent a couple of million bucks backing this independent research on meprobamate and cashing in on the results—getting reprints from the medical press sent around to the profession, and so on. Of course, we were able to feed summaries of a lot of these papers to the newspapers, too, and plenty of them made good copy—like the use of Miltown in calming the drying-out jitters of alcoholics, or in helping nervous people get to sleep without barbiturates.

"DEEPLY MOVING!"
—Atkinson, Times
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary
present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
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ALAN BUNCE
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PRICES: Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 3.45; Balc. $2.30. Wed. & Sat. Mats., Orch & Boxes $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Tax Included.
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"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD SALLY ANN
MULHARE · HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
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MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A SMART AND SASSY ROMP!"
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune
DAVID VIVIAN JOHNNY
WAYNE BLAINE DESMOND
in
say, darling
a comedy about a musical
Eves.: $7.50, 6.90, 4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Please encl. a stamped, self-add. env.
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of B'y CI 6-6270

"GORGEOUS THEATRE!" —*Atkinson, N. Y. Times*

HELEN RICHARD SUSAN
HAYES BURTON STRASBERG
TIME REMEMBERED
MOROSCO, West 45. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"SUPERB"
—Atkinson, Times —Kerr, Her. Trib. —Watts, Post
GARDEN DISTRICT
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Evgs. Tues. thru Sun. Mats. Sat. & Sun.
Orch. $4.50, 3.50, 2.50.
YORK playhouse 64 St. & 1st Ave. TR 9-4130
Seats Now at Box Office & by Mail

Then, there was a study by a research team at the University of Michigan on the influence of Miltown on car-driving skills. It showed that Miltown not only didn't have any adverse effect on driving ability but that in some cases it actually improved acuity. The study also showed that Miltown didn't potentiate the effects of alcohol—a very important thing for some drivers to know. We placed these stories with the National Safety Council, where they were likely to do good. Just part of the publicity operation."

The publicity operation was not caught napping when, in October, 1956, the New York Academy of Sciences held a big two-day symposium at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel at which a number of scientists presented technical papers on meprobamate and Aldous Huxley delivered a longish paper on "The History of Tension," taking in poppy heads found in the kitchen middens of the Swiss lake dwellers, medieval dancing manias, and a broad survey of mankind's attempts at self-transcendence through opium, peyotl, kava, ayahuasca, wine, hashish, and other sedatives, narcotics, euphorics, hallucinogens, and excitants. After the symposium, the entire proceedings were published under the Academy's imprint in a paperback volume entitled "Meprobamate and Other Agents Used in Mental Disturbances." The Bates agency, seizing a natural opportunity, saw to it that a hundred and fifty-three thousand free copies were sent to physicians all over the country, with the compliments of Wallace Laboratories.

Altogether, the Wallace people thought that the publicity was wonderful. It did not occur to them until a little later on, when the full impact of the Miltown promotion had made itself felt, that it might be almost too wonderful. The unfortunate truth, it developed, was that many physicians were becoming increasingly hesitant about putting the word Miltown on prescriptions, because it was so familiar and easy to recognize—a clear breach of the hallowed medical tradition of not telling patients what they are getting. As a result, quite a few doctors who had been prescribing Miltown switched to the comfortably cryptic Equanil.

It was a hard thing for the Wallace people, after all their educational efforts, to find themselves thus hoist with their own petard, and Hoyt, in particular, was chagrined at the new twist of events. "I think it was primarily the unusual name of the product that caused us trouble," he said a while ago. "All

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those jokes on television—Miltown Berle! It was my own fault. I suppose I just shouldn't have got that idea of using the code name as a product name; I should have picked something more technical-sounding, I guess. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but it wasn't. Hell, when we went into research on shaving creams we code-named one of our experimental pressurized shaves Yonkers. Do you think we called it Yonkers? No, we called it Rise, and it's the best-seller in its field! Of course, I had no idea how the name Miltown was going to catch on. Frankly, I had no idea at the outset of the potential size of the meprobamate market. Well, the more I see in this business the more I know I just don't know. Let me tell you, when you're dealing with the general public, you're dealing with the great unknown. You're dealing with the public's subconscious, and when you're dealing with that, you just never know where you are. Never. Boy, if you ever *really* hit on the source of human motivations, you'd have something—you'd hit the jackpot."

Besides having a too popular name, the Wallace people had to contend with increasing competition, as other drug companies began coming up with new products. In the spring of 1956, Roerig sprang into the market with Atarax, and, using heavy professional promotion and the slogan "Peace of Mind," struggled savagely to dislodge meprobamate from its position of preëminence. But Miltown gamely withstood the battering. "We applied consumer-advertising-research techniques to the Miltown story," a Bates Miltown man says. "We constantly tested our copy headline against those of the opposition on a panel of physicians selected at random throughout the country. A word or two can make all the difference. We asked the doctors to judge 'Peace of Mind' against the headline we'd been using right along: 'Relaxes Both Mind and Muscle Without Impairing Mental or Physical Efficiency.' We won, two to one."

In November, 1956, Smith Kline & French, whose Thorazine had been losing some ground to meprobamate, retaliated with Compazine, a tranquillizer with less troublesome side effects than Thorazine, which was still being used primarily in mental institutions; the firm ingeniously advertised Compazine to the doctors as "the Thorazine of everyday practice." Other drug companies, too, soon came along with new products—Lilly with Ultran ("A Mild, Safe Tranquillizer"), the Schering

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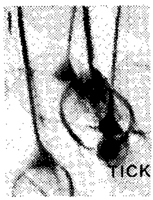

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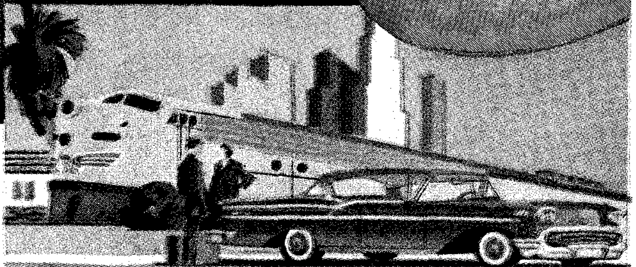

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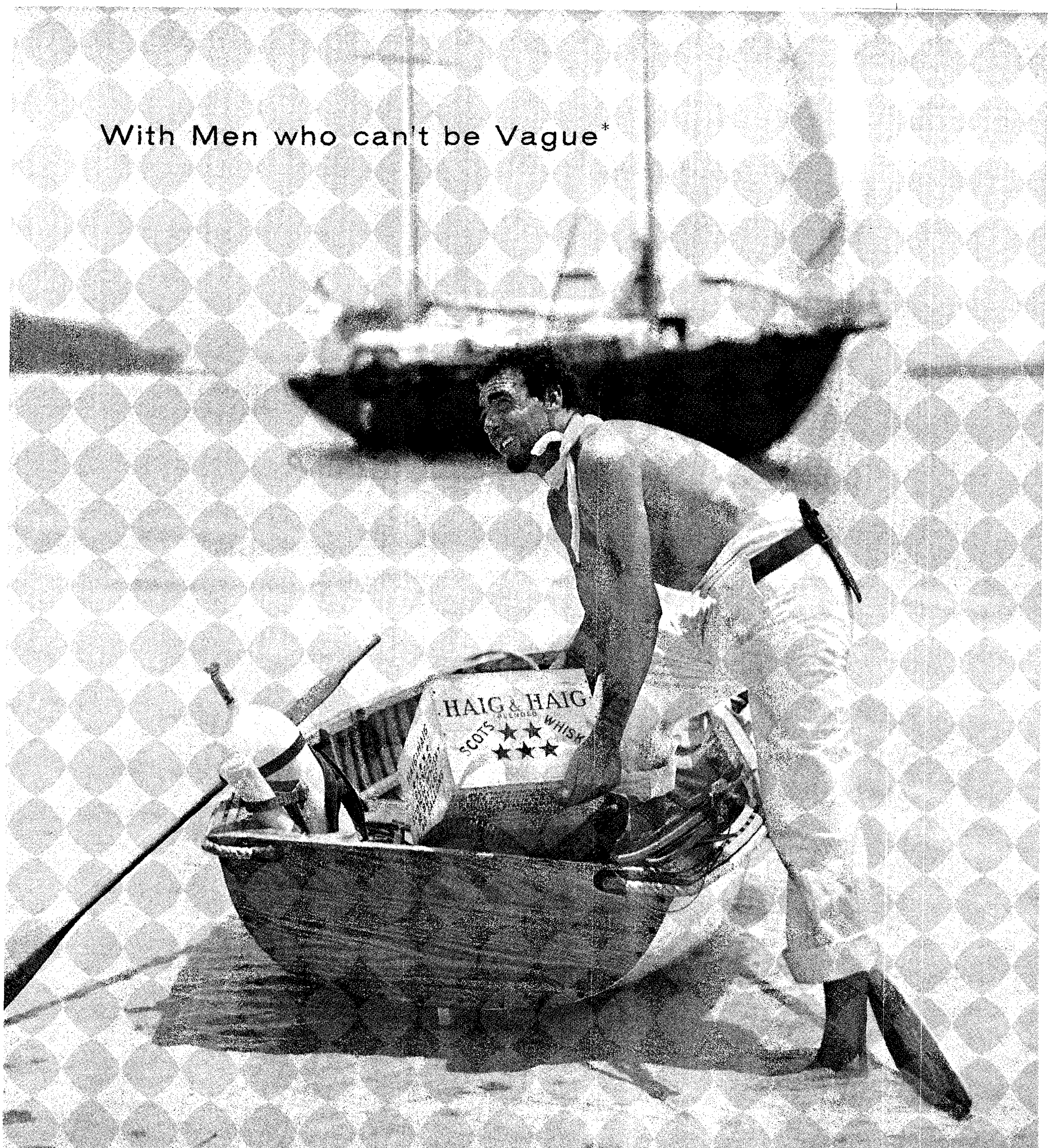
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Finally, Wallace was confronted by something even more ominous. Back in the summer of 1956, when the firm was still in the happily overwhelmed position of having to send physicians soothing folders headed "We're sorry if you've had trouble getting Miltown," occasional grumbling about the widespread craze for tranquillizing drugs, including meprobamate, had begun to be heard among certain members of the medical profession, and by early 1957, in the words of a member of Bates' Miltown contingent, "things began to hit the other side of the curve." Among the first doctors to express uneasiness over the tranquillizer boom were the psychiatrists, and their misgivings were brought to the attention of the public when the American Psychiatric Association put out a statement saying that while the profession recognized "with enthusiasm" the development of tranquillizing drugs for mental disorders, it was concerned about "apparently widespread use of the drugs by the public for the relief of common anxiety, emotional upsets, nervousness and the routine tensions of everyday living." (As one psychiatrist later put it, tranquillizers were being prescribed for "everything from falling arches to falling dandruff.") The statement concluded, "Casual use of the drugs in this manner is medically unsound and constitutes a public danger. The tranquillizing drugs have not been in use long enough to determine the full range, duration and medical significance of their side effects."

Nor was it only psychiatrists who were worrying about the drugs. In March, 1957, the World Health Organization issued a report, prepared in Geneva, that called attention to the growing international use of tranquillizing drugs, warned that they might be habit-forming, and suggested that they be subjected to careful national control. In April, the Committee on Public Health of the New York Academy of

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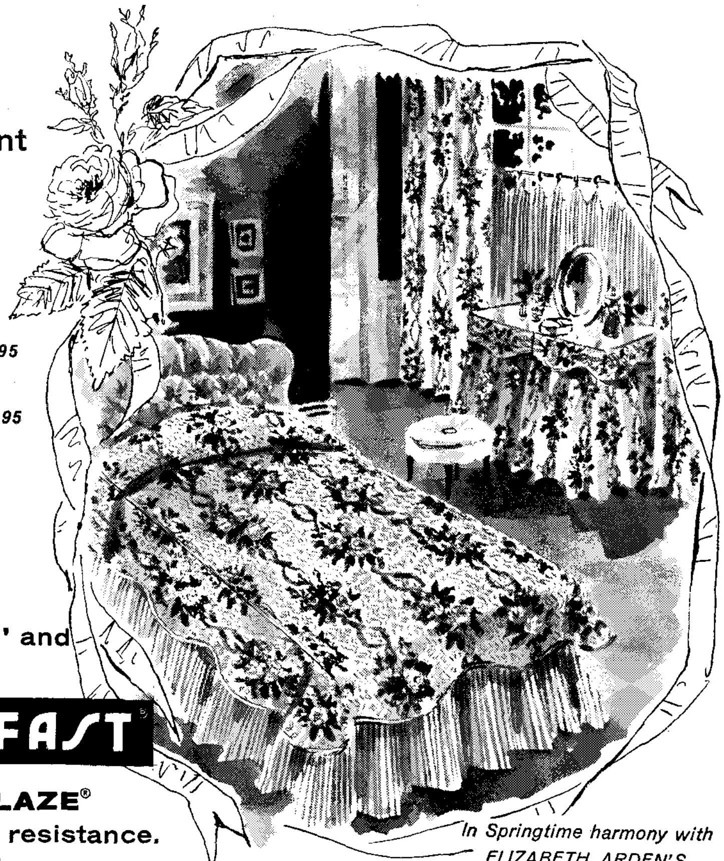

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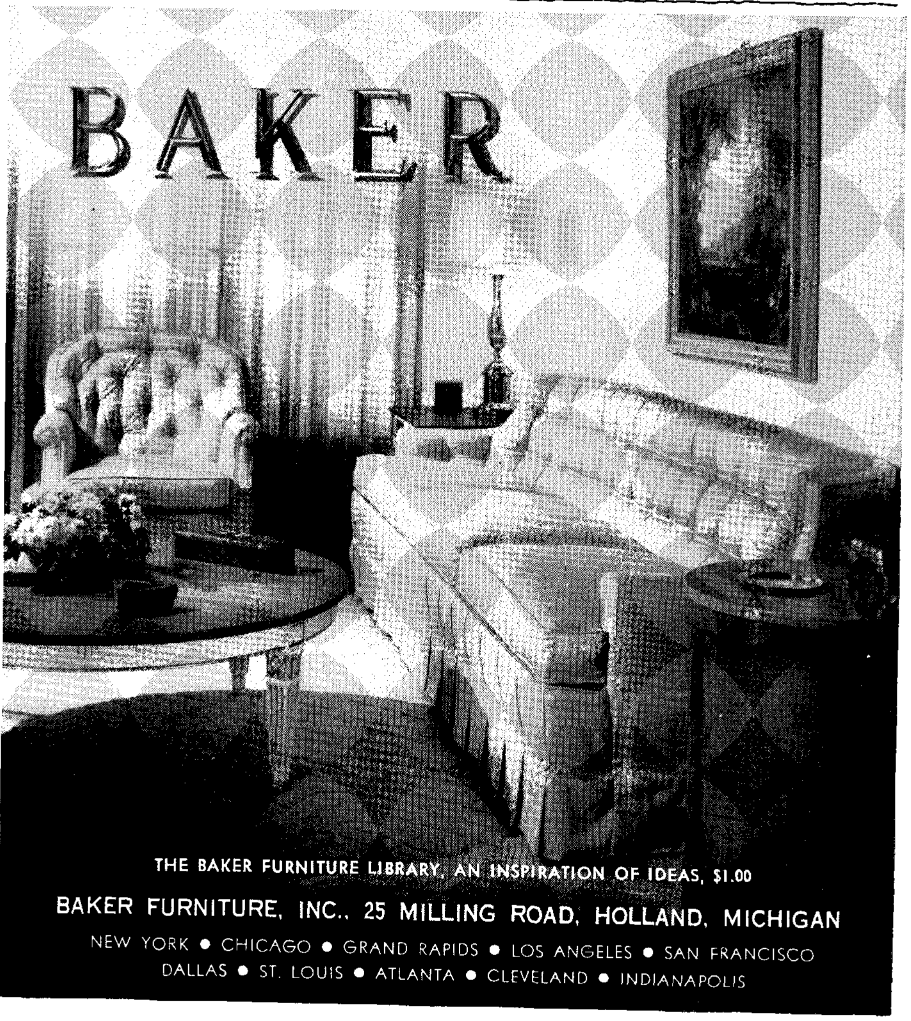

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Medicine came out with a statement deploring indiscriminate use of tranquillizers. Taking note of what it called "extravagant and distorted" literature sent out to the profession by unnamed manufacturers—some of it, according to the statement, containing "little or no mention of side effects and contraindications"—the committee pointed out that the side effects of chlorpromazine could include jaundice, Parkinsonism, allergic dermatitis, constipation, diarrhea, agranulocytosis, and torsion syndrome, while those of reserpine could include massive gastro-intestinal hemorrhage, perforation of an ulcer, and the creation of severe depression, which had been known to precipitate suicidal attempts, "some of them successful." As for meprobamate, the committee cited a report of two clinicians claiming that it had had adverse effects on patients, including "cutaneous, paradoxical cerebral, muscular, and gastrointestinal effects," not to mention "the production of excitement rather than the desired tranquillization." (Considering the generally confusing state of affairs, it was almost understandable that one lady patient should have been quoted by the New York *Post* as saying that her doctor had advised her to switch from Miltown to Equanil because "he had read a couple of medical papers on the side effects of Miltown.")

And the people at Wallace were to face even worse. In the middle of 1957, *Time* described an experiment featuring human beings, tranquillizers (including meprobamate), and alcohol, but it did not jibe with the story that the Bates publicity people had passed on to the National Safety Council. According to *Time*, three University of California researchers, having tested the effects of four jiggers of bourbon with and without accompanying doses of reserpine or meprobamate on each of a number of alcoholics and medical students, had concluded that it is "imperative for the millions of persons taking tranquillizing drugs . . . to be careful of their drinking when they are driving or around potentially dangerous machinery." Then Dr. Frederick Lemere, a Seattle psychiatrist who had completed a study of six hundred patients taking meprobamate, reported in the *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry* that a certain number of them developed "standard symptoms of addiction" when the drug was withdrawn. This was widely reported in the press, and the reports were widely deplored by Miltown men. "This Lemere actually had been using Miltown out in

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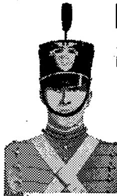
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Seattle as a boon in alcoholic wards, drying out a bunch of rummies," a Bates functionary has said. "Unfortunately, your true alcoholic is essentially an addict, and often the only way to get him off the booze is to get him on something else. If the something else is Miltown, he usually responds well, but, of course, a few alcoholics here and there have taken Miltown in such quantities as to become somewhat dependent on it. I believe one patient somewhere or other had been getting twenty Miltowns a day, and when the drug was stopped abruptly, he felt he had to have it. When he didn't get it, he went on paraldehyde. Another guy, in Georgia or somewhere, went off whiskey and on Miltown, and then off Miltown and on soda pop. The pop killed him, I understand. Hell, he was drinking a couple of cases a day. Miltown never killed anybody! There's never been a single death due to it, even where people took a hundred tablets at a time in suicide attempts. About all that happened in such cases was that the people had to sleep it off for forty-eight hours. If you ask me, they were in a lot better shape than they would have been if they'd swallowed a hundred aspirin tablets."

Any such protestations on behalf of the tranquillizing drugs tended to have little effect in the new atmosphere. Newspapers that had once run headlines like "NEW DRUGS CALLED A PENICILLIN FOR THE BLUES" were now running headlines like "THE UNHAPPY FACTS ABOUT 'HAPPY' PILLS." There were people who publicly expressed doubts about the tranquillizing drugs on moral grounds; the Reverend Billy Graham said that millions of persons were taking tranquillizers because they were "spiritually dead," and the Pope gave an address in which he warned against abuse of the drugs. Even disc jockeys were hopping on the anti-tranquillizer band wagon; one of them went so far as to speculate on the possibility that the Russians would paralyze America's will to resist by dumping tons of tranquillizers in our reservoirs. About the only quarter that hadn't been heard from on the subject of tranquillizers was Moscow itself, and that deficiency was corrected with a United Press report on an article in the Soviet trade-union newspaper *Goduk*. Americans, *Goduk* said, were consuming a hundred million dollars' worth of tranquillizing pills a year in an attempt to escape the "ghastly reality" of their lives.

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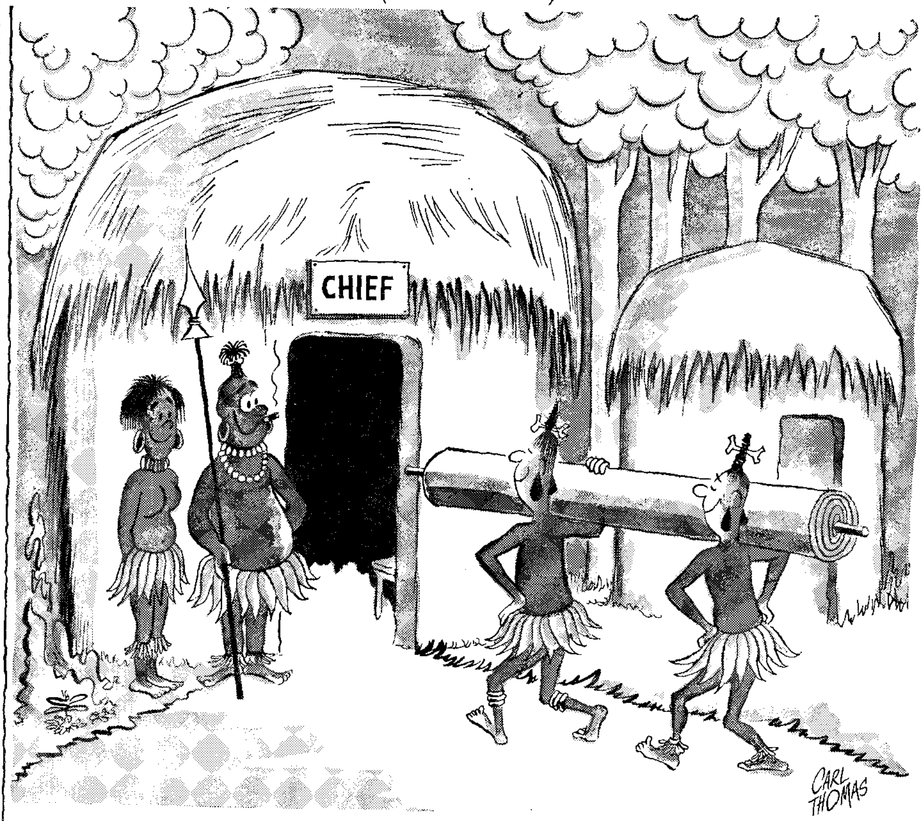

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the forces of anti-Miltown, the people at Wallace managed to bear up bravely. In April, 1957, Carter Products was able to report that its net sales had increased from $14,500,000 for its fiscal year of 1955 to $41,800,000 for 1957, with Miltown and meprobamate powder accounting for fifty-nine per cent of the parent company's net sales in the latter year. In the summer of 1957, however, the Miltown boom receded, though only slightly. Little by little, the furor subsided, too, and tranquillizing drugs at last began to take a less prominent place in the news, much to the relief of their manufacturers—not least the manufacturers of Miltown. Comedians' jokes about Miltown, which the Wallace people had come to regard as a menace, rather than as a comparatively agreeable boost, decreased steadily, and by last fall, except for a few mild outbreaks on television (George Gobel, on the "Steve Allen Show": "When I get nervous, I take a Miltown. The only trouble is when I take one my crew cut lies down"), the Miltown-joke epidemic seemed to be just about over. Early in October, just after the Russians launched the first earth satellite, Hoyt reported with satisfaction to a visitor, "Now that all those television people and columnists are making cracks about sputniks, the heat's off Miltown." It was an optimistic appraisal of the situation. The very next day, Doris Fleeson's column in the *Post* was headed "Tranquillizer," and started off, "President Eisenhower gave the Soviet satellite the Miltown treatment at his weekly press conference."

The people at Wallace continued to be perplexed by the attitude of prescribing physicians toward the drug. Try as it might, Wallace's high command never quite managed to solve the problem of promoting an ethical drug with a name that any patient could recognize, even in a scribble, on a prescription slip. The best brains at the Bates agency were put to work on this project, and came up with a hopeful alternative. "We tried to outfox the patients by suggesting that the doctors who balked at writing down 'Miltown' be asked to prescribe simply 'Meprobamate (Wallace),' instead," a Bates Miltown man has said, recalling this gambit. But there was nothing doing; too many doctors apparently didn't feel like writing out this relatively cumbersome formula when one word, like "Equanil," could accomplish the same end. Even such blandishments as further free offerings of Miltown samples failed to dissolve this psychological block. Sadly, the peo-

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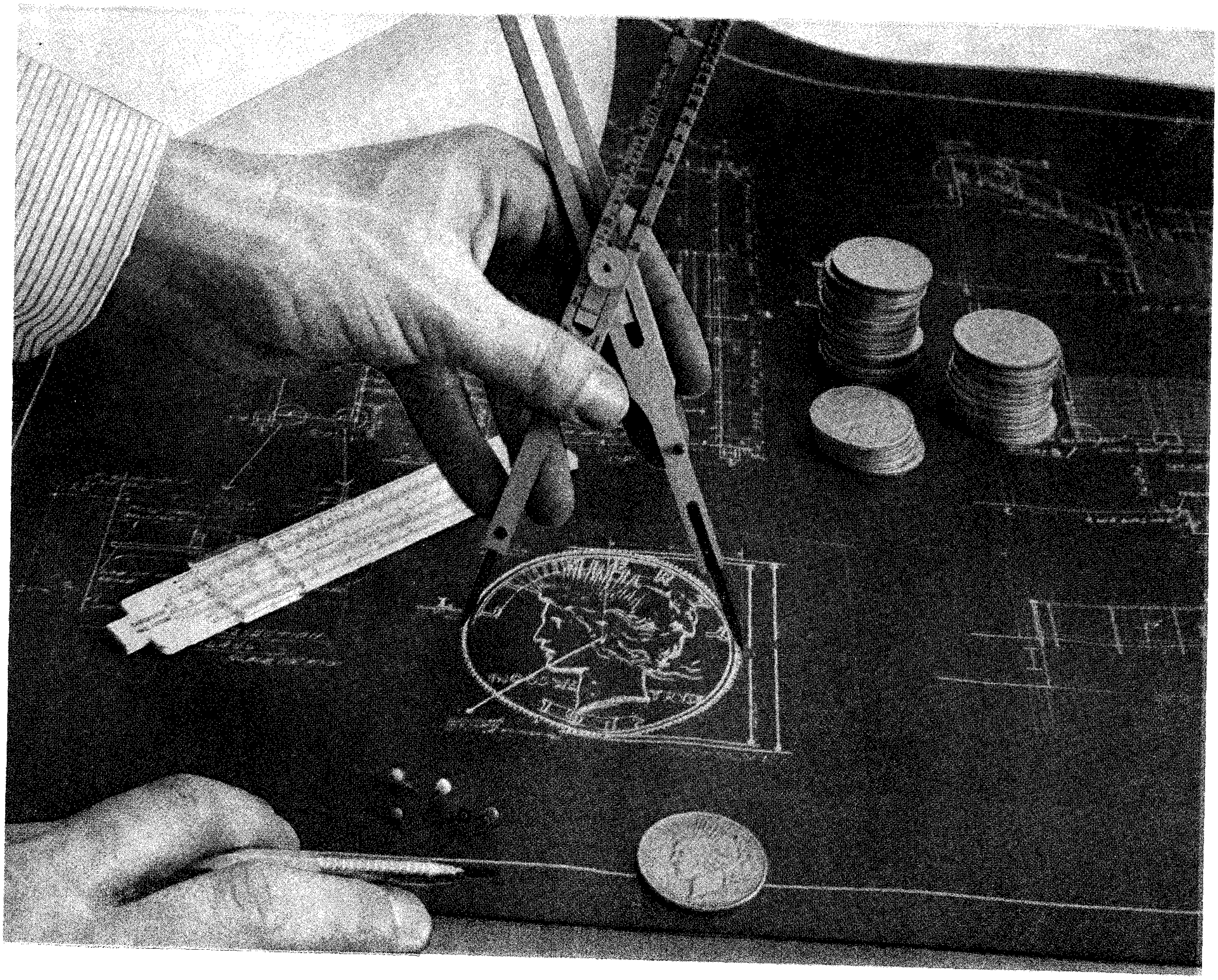

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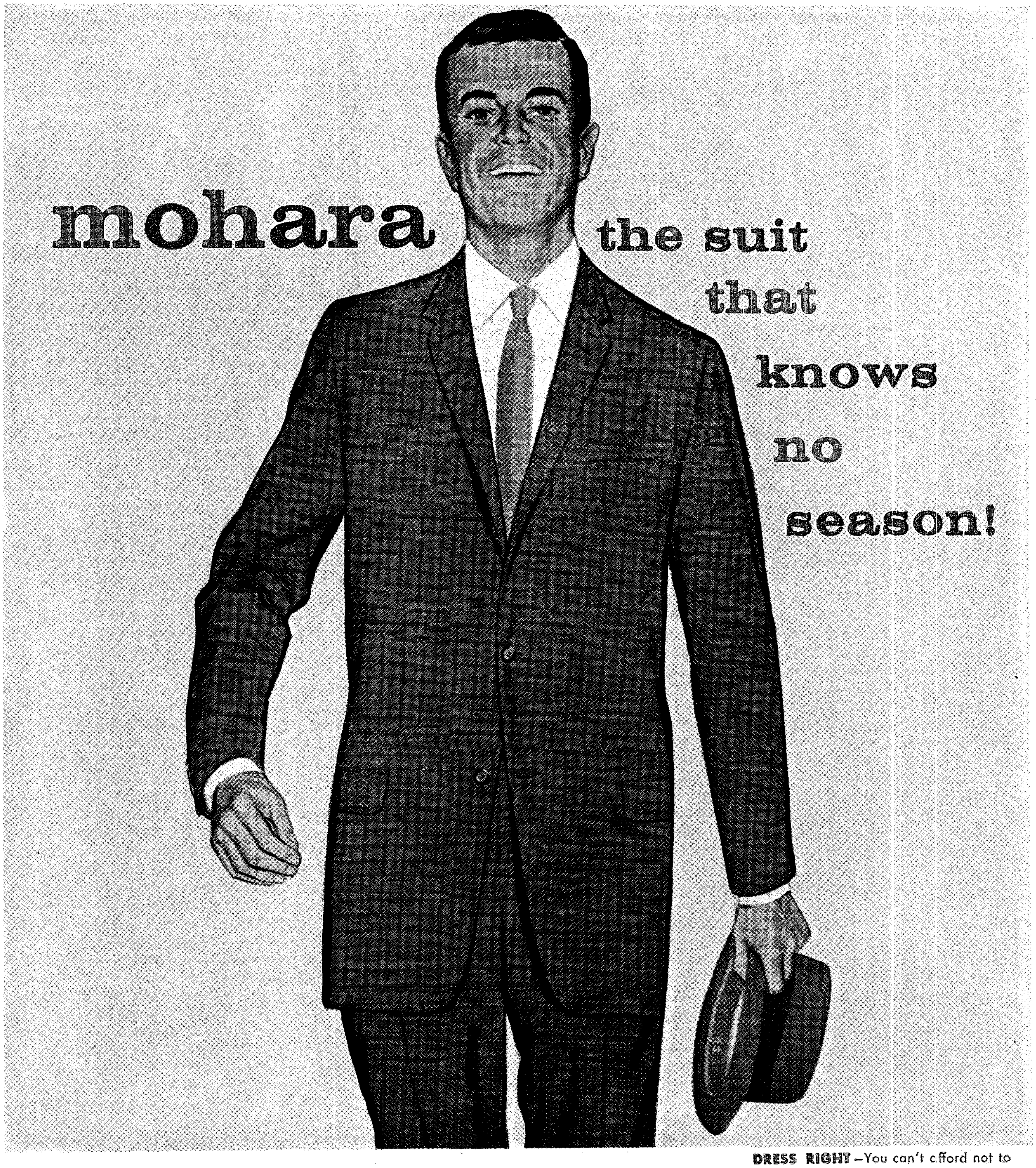

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ple at Wallace were obliged to conclude that too-good publicity, even for a dream product, can be just too bad in the ethical-drug business. Accordingly, early last fall the publicity phase of the Bates campaign for Miltown was discontinued. Bates would go on preparing brochures and ads for doctors, but from now on it would not concern itself with getting the Miltown name into the lay press.

Additional action was forthcoming a few weeks later. In November, a new Wallace product quietly made its appearance on the ethical-drug market; it was called Meprotabs—a nice orthodox name with a nice ethical ring—and free samples were sent out to eighty-five thousand physicians, along with a memo signed by Berger describing the compound as "a new form of meprobamate! . . . pleasant-tasting, unmarked, *coated* tablets . . . for the relief of anxiety, tension, and muscle spasm." Significantly, the memo noted that "in this form the patient cannot identify the nature of the medication." Nowhere in the literature was the word Miltown used, but that was what Meprotabs were—Miltown, with a sugar coating. One Bates employee has explained the situation this way: "Wyeth had been putting out a coated version to mask its bitter taste. They called it Wyseals, and sold it as a minor adjunct to Equanil. It occurred to us and the client that if we tried the same thing with Miltown, using a fresh name altogether, we might also be able to get around any slight problem that might be bothering the doctors in connection with the Miltown name. Anyway, the client, while continuing to put out straight Miltown, decided to give the new name a try, just to see what would happen." Very little happened. The doctors have apparently not swung heavily to Meprotabs, and although the drug remains on the market, its sales have so far been quite minor compared to those of Miltown.

Any decline in the sales of Miltown as such has been more than compensated for by Wallace's progress in another field, which it entered last summer—the combination of meprobamate with certain other drugs for certain specific purposes. So far, the company has put out three such combinations: Milprem, a drug for menopausal symptoms; Deprol, a drug used largely to treat depression; and Milpath, a drug for some gastro-intestinal disturbances. Milprem and Deprol are promoted by Bates, which is proceeding very quietly and never connects them with Miltown in the company's advertising. Milpath is

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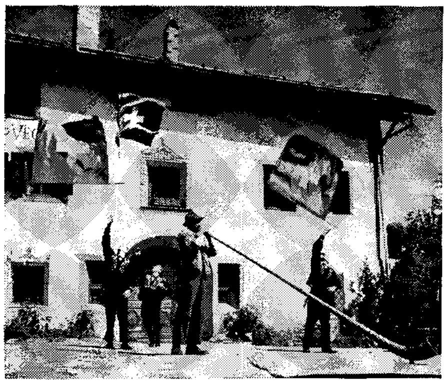
LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE • PRODUCT OF FRANCE • 80 PROOF

something else again. To promote it, Hoyt recruited another agency—Ted Gotthelf & Associates, of New York. The Gotthelf people don't believe in hiding light under a bushel. Not only do they boldly mention Miltown in their Milpath ads but they recently mailed out tens of thousands of long-playing records to physicians, with a reading of a "report on a one-year clinical study of ninety-nine duodenal ulcer patients, conducted by Drs. John S. Atwater and James M. Carson" on one side and a performance of Brahms' Hungarian Dances on the other.

As for the foreign market for Miltown, the Wallace people think it offers good possibilities. This part of Wallace's business is handled, under a licensing arrangement, by Lederle Laboratories, a division of the American Cyanamid Company possessing worldwide pharmaceutical marketing facilities. The latest country to feel a touch of the tranquillizer fever is Japan, where the drugs, commonly known as "*trankis*," are being sold without prescription and are openly advertised on billboards, in newspapers, and on television. According to a statement recently issued by the Welfare Ministry in Tokyo, the Japanese spent the equivalent of $3,500,000 for meprobamate alone last year, and this year they probably will spend more. Most Japanese drug manufacturers so far have lightheartedly ignored Wallace's patent claims on the compound, however; at present, meprobamate is being sold in Japan under at least thirteen trade names in addition to those of Miltown and Equanil. A recent wire-service dispatch from Tokyo on the subject reported that the resulting competition among rival drug companies was growing ever fiercer, and it added, striking a familiar note, that Japanese tranquillizer manufacturers were "searching desperately for sales gimmicks."

In this country, things remain relatively quiet on the tranquillizer front. The press carries only occasional articles on the drugs. Sometimes the headlines are favorable ("TESTS SHOW MILTOWN IS NOT HABIT FORMING," a recent one in the *Post* read); sometimes they aren't quite so favorable ("TRANQUILLITY PILLS NOT FOR DRIVERS—PERIL ON ROADS, TESTS INDICATE," another went, in the *Herald Tribune*). On the whole, the newspapers seem to have been taking the subject in stride, and recently, when a Congressional investigating subcommittee held several public hearings on various aspects of the tranquillizing-drug business, including advertising, there was hardly a ripple in the press.

Switzerland



Flag Throwing . . . In most Swiss villages you will see "Fahnenschwingen" performed. A thrilling memory to make your trip so much more enjoyable—especially during the Pageant of Switzerland, 1958. Throughout the year exciting events are being held. Among the highlights is the Women's Exposition in Zurich, July 17 to September 15.

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661 Market St., San Francisco 5, Cal.

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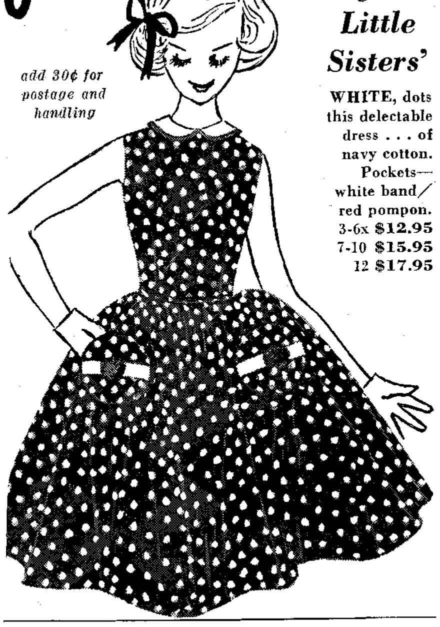

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WHITE, dots this delectable dress . . . of navy cotton. Pockets—white band/red pompon.
3-6x $12.95
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Meprobamate seems to be holding its place pretty well as America's most widely prescribed tranquillizer. As the person responsible for developing it, Berger enjoys a substantial income, and he believes what a number of other people in the pharmaceutical industry seem ready to concede—that meprobamate, in one form or another, is finding a place as a standard drug in everyday medical practice. With this statement the Miltown men at the Bates agency, not unexpectedly, concur. "Apart from the problem of the name, which I admit nobody had quite figured on, and the exciting nature of the product, which was something really worth talking about, the Miltown promotion pretty much followed the same old pattern that you find in this business," one of them says. "First you get up a drug and promote it. It catches on, everybody gets excited, and the publicity is terrific. Then people start saying the stuff can't be that good. Pretty soon all the wise guys and all the newspapers are going on a debunking kick, so for a while the publicity is awful. Then things start to settle down, and finally you find you're doing all right after all. Well, that's the ethical-drug business." —THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

REEL

whorl (hwûrl; hwôrl), *n.* . . . 2. Something that whirls or seems to whirl as a whorl, or wharve . . .—*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.*

Whirl, whorl, or wharve! The world
Whirls within solar rings
Which once were hotly hurled
Away by whirling things!

Wind whirls; hair curls; the worm
Can turn, and wheels can wheel,
And even stars affirm:
Whatever whirls is real.

We whirl, or seem to whirl,
Or seem to seem to; whorls
Within more whorls unfurl
In manners, habits, morals.

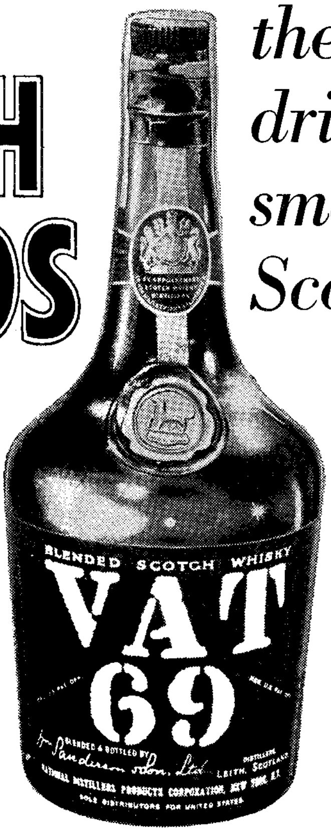
And when we go and carve
An onion or a tree,
We find, within, a wharve
And, in the wharve, a whee!

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

Adam Bede, called the father of modern economic thought, declared, "The subjects of every state ought to contribute toward the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities."—*Chattanooga Times.*

You're thinking of Bede the Obscure.



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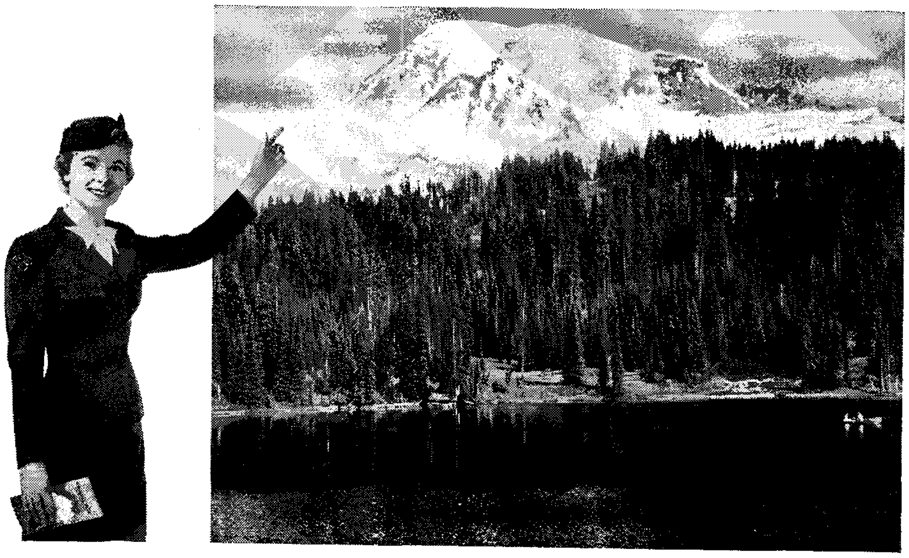

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GIGI
GOGI GRANT
TONY MARTIN
AN M-G-M RELEASE

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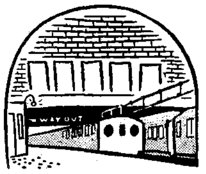
LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 24



FOR the ordinary citizen, last week's international news was hard to follow and mostly disturbing. The melancholy sounds from Paris of the fall of another French government, amid angry cries to American and British bystanders to sheer off and beware of other people's flying debris, produced gloom in this capital. They coincided with Dr. Adenauer's turning up here and being given the fullest red-carpet reception accorded a visiting German since the war, with a royal evening at Windsor as its glittering culmination. One of the topics down for discussion in the intervals between all these markedly warm civilities was the question of German coöperation in helping to sell the British *government's proposals for a European* free-trade area to the reluctant French, who now have no government to buy them. By the weekend, there was more depression over the news that the Moscow advance party for an eventual summit gathering—on which British public opinion sets vast store—had almost disappeared from view in the chilly smoke screen of ambiguities sent up by Foreign Minister Gromyko. In all the accumulation of worrying news from outside, the budget—a domestic item of eagerly awaited interest, which generally provokes loud cries of blame or approval on every side—passed off in what seemed like preoccupied silence.

By no means silent (though maybe not quite so emotionally vocal as it was at the time of the NATO talks in Paris last December), the great nuclear debate still rumbles up and down the country. The organization that calls itself the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and that sponsored the Good Friday march of several hundred dogged, protesting Britons, who slogged in nasty weather from Trafalgar Square to the atomic-research station at Aldermaston, in Berkshire, to register their moral vote against nuclear extinction, has been augmented by a companion group called Direct Action Against Nuclear War, which has announced that its members propose to organize further passive-resistance demonstrations on non-party lines. The Aldermaston pilgrimage was reported sympathetically, on the whole, by the press. The H-bomb has

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not yet become a major political issue, mostly because the official Labour policy on the continuation of the British nuclear tests and the rejection of unilateral disarmament proposals is hard to tell from the Government's policy on the same subjects, though the Labour Party leaders have tried to make it sound different. All recent Gallup Polls taken on these questions seem to show, too, that while the British public's heart may have its reasons for sympathizing with the Aldermaston marchers, solid British reason has not forgotten the lesson of the disarmament of the thirties. While many Britons have shown a strong non-party surge of obvious feeling in favor of holding summit talks and abandoning nuclear tests, they have been against Britain's giving up the bomb unilaterally, and have been overwhelmingly against equipping West Germany with atomic missiles, an idea that seems to send an uncontrollable shudder down the spines of large numbers of British—and of West Germans, too, for that matter. There are those who consider that Britain's continuing membership in the exclusive nuclear club is more expensive than realistic, and who object to the bomb on that ground. Mr. Thorneycroft, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, seemed to lots of thoughtful English of all parties to have put his finger on the spot when he suggested, in a recent speech to his constituents, that "we should ponder well the merits or demerits of duplicating the American effort" at vast cost while "struggling with inadequate reserves," and observed that "solvency and conventional arms are likely to be of greater benefit to us." His insistence that the British people, if given the choice, might plump for this course—though it would involve continuing conscription, a halt to the rising standard of living, and other politically unpopular items that a party with its eye on future votes would certainly hesitate over—maybe throws some fresh light on the reasons for his exit from the Government earlier this year.

Mr. Thorneycroft's successor, Mr. Heathcoat-Amory, produced his first budget last Tuesday, and it turned out to be a quiet, workmanlike, moderate affair in which the Opposition had some difficulty finding any grounds for indignation, except that it was too moderate. The groaning taxpayer did not find much reason for joy, either, but the Chancellor courageously pleased business circles by introducing a reform of the profits tax (the Labour benches naturally charged into this one), halved

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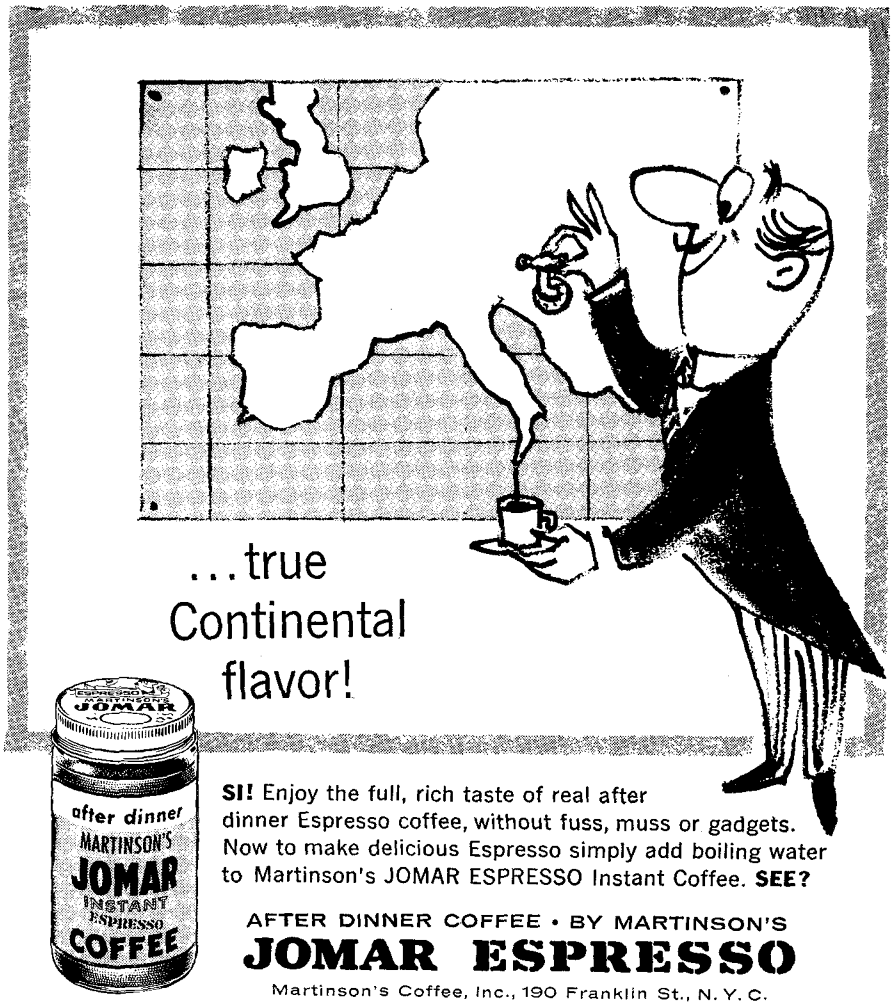
THOROUGHBRED RACING ON LONG ISLAND



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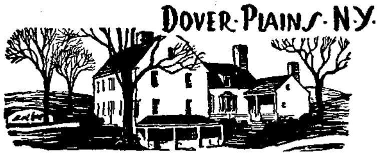

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the entertainment tax for hard-pressed cinemas, cut the purchase tax on many goods, threw a little relief to the elderly and to the buyer of a new house, and breezily lowered the duty on heavy wines, making the *Daily Worker* parody Marie Antoinette with a "Let them drink port!" gibe. The Conservatives, anyhow, seem well satisfied that Mr. Heathcoat-Amory has not been stampeded by a discouraging look at the popularity polls into distributing any handouts this time. There is a good deal of optimistic talk of a more cheering budget for next year, when a general election will certainly be looming, though these hopes are naturally dependent on the American recession's not looking any worse by then.

RIGHT now, Conservative spirits could do with a boost. The County Council elections that have just taken place in England and Wales showed an enormous swing away from the Tories. It is, of course, true—as depressed Tory editorial writers keep stoutly asserting—that these local elections are not absolutely dependable indications of which way a national election would go, for while fed-up individuals often indulge themselves and their grouses by taking a fling outside their party when it is a matter of voting for local government, the thought of marrying the girl for keeps generally sends them back to Mrs. Micawber in the final pinch. All the same, the Conservatives are in no mood to take this new blow lightly, and, to judge by the apathetic meagreness of the polls in many districts, the Labour Party also has reason for anxiety.

The only unqualified sounds of jubilation at the moment are proceeding from the Liberals, who are being taken seriously as a third-party force in British politics for the first time in nearly thirty years. Since the last general election, in May, 1955, the Liberal poll in practically every by-election that offered a Liberal candidate has been slowly and steadily moving upward, with much accompanying talk (pooh-poohed by both the big parties) of a genuine Liberal revival. At the February by-election in Rochdale, a Tory constituency, the Liberal candidate, Ludovic Kennedy, pulled in a whacking thirty-five per cent of the poll and caused the Tory vote to drop to nineteen per cent. The Labour man won the seat—a result that Conservatives sourly attributed to the intervention of a Liberal candidate who happened to be a celebrated television personality, with a wife, known in other

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spheres as Moira Shearer, who was a distinctly attractive asset on a platform. Last month, though, the delighted Liberals got their man home in the by-election at Torrington, down in the West Country, which has loyal roots in the Liberal tradition. Their successful candidate, Mark Bonham Carter, is also deeply rooted in the richest soil of intellectual liberalism, being the grandson of the Liberals' great leader Herbert Asquith (later Lord Oxford and Asquith); the son of Asquith's brilliant daughter, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, whose lively political mind and masculine tongue have been deployed for the Party outside Parliament (which, strangely enough, she has never reached); and the brother-in-law of the present Liberal Party leader, Jo Grimond.

The votes of the pious faithful at Torrington, however, were less interesting in subsequent analysis than the fact that Mr. Bonham Carter had collected backing from former Tory and Labour supporters, too. All this has made for a brand-new political situation, from which the Conservatives unhappily expect to come out the heaviest losers. The Liberals, who are naturally in fine fettle, have just issued a statement loftily turning down the idea of making a deal with the Tories for an "anti-Socialist front," whereby either the Conservative or the Liberal candidate would stand down in certain selected seats at the next general election, leaving a straight fight with the Socialist on the scene. On the contrary, the Liberals think that they have a good chance, unaided, of winning maybe thirty seats in the next election—now they have only six—and it is a sign of their changed fortunes that this estimate is causing much nervous study among the other parties, instead of derision, as it would have done a while ago. Some of the Liberals' new support in the country probably comes from people who are sick and tired of the present inflexible two-party system, in which both sides are regimented into dutifully following the prescribed party line on all big issues. Many people consider that the most profound reason for the anti-Government, and therefore often pro-Liberal, moves is the final result of Suez, which provided a shock that lots of Conservatives have never recovered from. The Liberals are also, it seems, gaining ground among the professional middle class—whose disappointment with what the Government has done to help them out of their grave economic fix has been loudly voiced in the last year or so—

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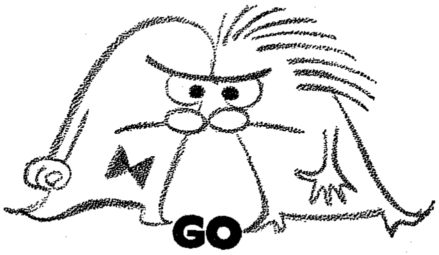

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and, significantly, among the young who will be voting next time. (There are thriving Liberal groups at Oxford and Cambridge, for instance.) The Party's own economy is thin compared to that of the two well-fleshed giants, but lack of cash, it cheerfully points out, did not stand in the way of winning Torrington from a good candidate with first-rate Tory organization behind him. Whatever the reasons for the Liberals' sudden extraordinary shift forward in the public eye—whether it is the obvious general disgruntlement with the Government or a lurking need for something difficult to define, which neither of the big parties seems to offer—there is no doubt at all that they are now looming much larger in the British political picture and may drastically alter it.

EARLIER this year, Christie's held an exhibition of "Treasures from National Trust Houses"—a selection of fine small pieces of furniture, rare china, and other precious portable objects that might easily be overlooked in their home settings by visitors bemused by grandiloquent family-portrait galleries and architectural vistas. Now the National Book League, in Albemarle Street, has opened a companion show of the pick of the country-house libraries owned by the National Trust—treasures that tourists generally peek at even more briefly, through locked brass grilles. The examples of beautiful medieval printing, splendid bindings, and rare manuscripts on view are borrowed, as the erudite catalogue points out, from shelves that have usually not been stocked by one bibliophile owner but have been lovingly added to by succeeding generations of bookish country squires, so that going around the show is rather like browsing through a long summer afternoon of cultivated English taste. The largest collection comes from the library at Blickling Hall, the superb Jacobean mansion in Norfolk that was given to the Trust by Lord Lothian. Among its rarities is a Gruninger edition of Terence's comedies, dated 1499 and illustrated with woodcuts in which straight lines ruled between the bosoms of ladies and gentlemen helpfully indicate that these characters are in love with each other. The show will be open until May 31st, and though it is particularly intended to attract the specialist attention of bibliophiles and scholars to the Trust's role as a great national librarian, lesser booklovers are also finding it a treat.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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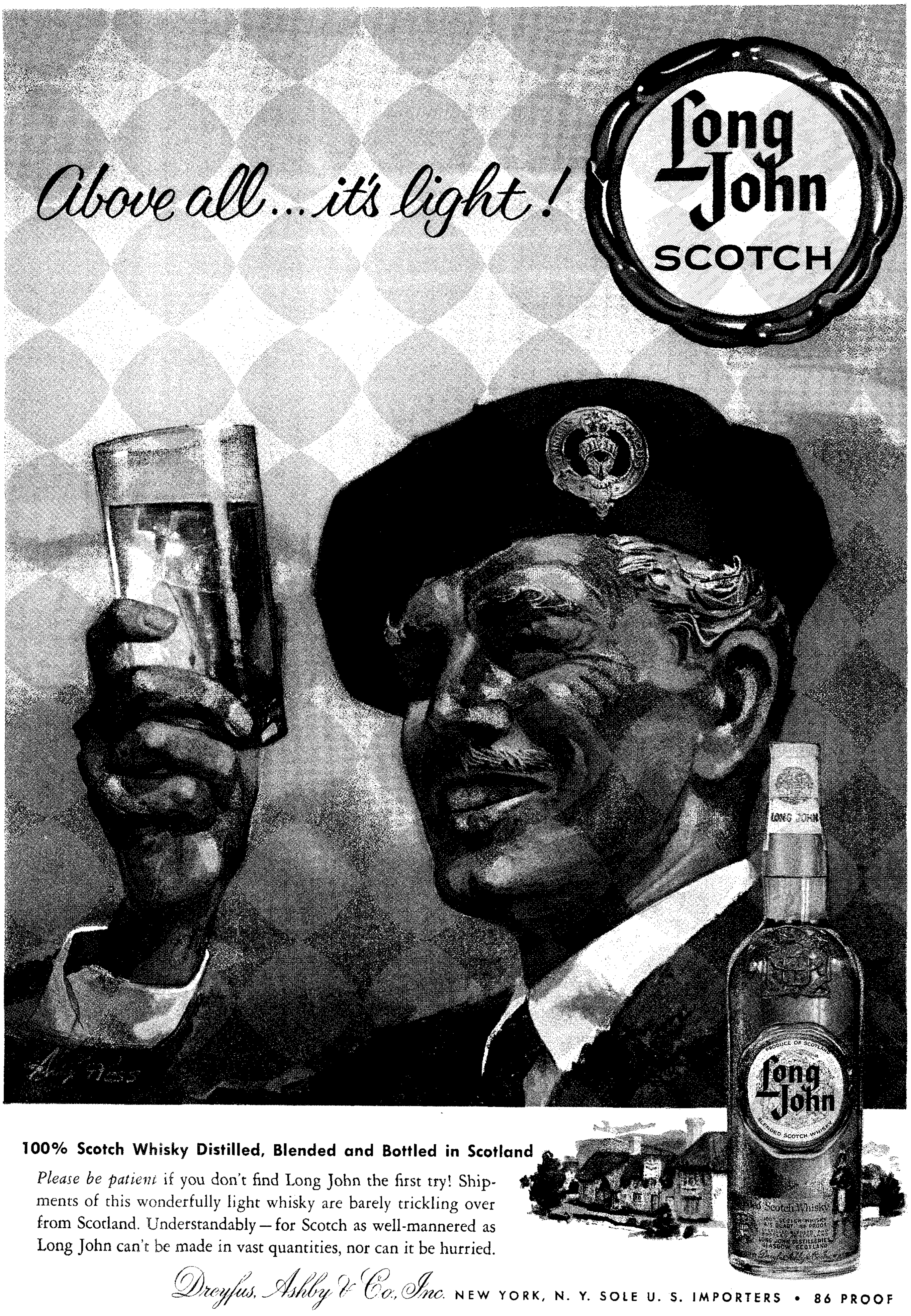
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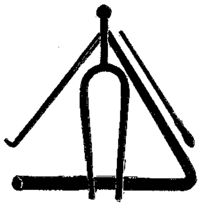

Robert Kurka's "The Good Soldier Schweik," the only full-length work to be given its world première as a part of the New York City Opera's current festival of American opera, was presented on Wednesday night a week ago, and turned out to be a curiously hybrid concoction. Perhaps it is most appropriately considered as a sort of revue—half farcical, half macabre—whose subject is, of course, Jaroslav Hasek's famous picaresque novel about the little man who, by simplicity and guile, succeeded in surviving the horrors of the First World War. The novel is episodic, bitterly satirical, and filled with a type of Middle European humor that is both broad and slightly sadistic, and in setting it to music Mr. Kurka has faithfully preserved the atmosphere of the original, as well as a good deal of its story. In considering the work as a revue, one can pay one's respects to the lively and often entertaining production given it by Carmen Capalbo; to the witty scenery, by Andreas Nomikos; to the original touches provided by movie projections of old newsreels and of drawings (by David Stone Martin, and somewhat in the style of the early satirical works of George Grosz), which contributed no end to the grim comedy of the spectacle; and to the distinguished, and even affectionate, portrayal of Schweik himself, by that admirably resourceful singing actor Norman Kelley. These things gave Mr. Kurka's work an appreciable amount of momentum, made it into a reasonably engrossing evening of theatre, and, I am sure, squeezed out every ounce of dramatic juice that it contains.

What "The Good Soldier Schweik" would have been without those things is another matter, for if you consider it as an opera and look into its qualities as music and evocative drama, there is really not much to it. A great deal of it consists of doggerel—and not very skillful doggerel, at that—sung over a distorted oom-pah accompaniment that keeps the production moving but seldom offers anything rewarding to the ear. There are moments here and there, especially in the last act, when Mr. Kurka's music is of a more ambitious

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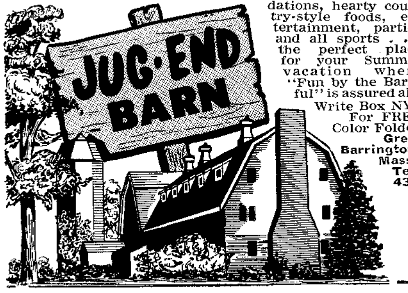

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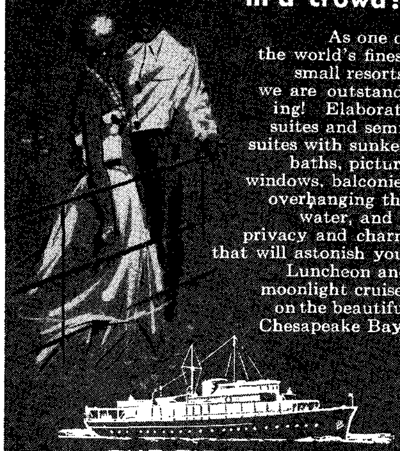

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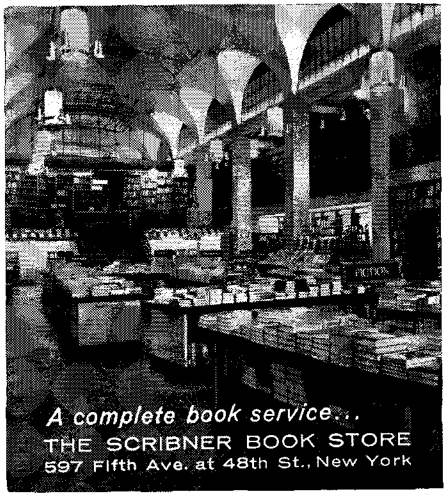
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calibre, and some of these suggest a composer of very promising talent—a talent that, as practically everybody knows, was cut short by Mr. Kurka's tragic death last December, at the age of thirty-five. But these moments are fragmentary and far between, and, in general, the score recalls the mannerisms of one of music's unhappiest and most unfruitful periods—the period of savage decadence that Central Europe underwent during the twenties. One might argue, of course, that since Hasek's novel was a product of that period, this sort of music, echoing the early satirical efforts of Kurt Weill and similar composers, is highly appropriate. But the fact remains that the period is over, that it was a far from good one, and that there isn't much point, at this late date, in resuscitating its bleak and grisly fashions. "The Good Soldier Schweik," to my mind, is neither American nor an opera. It is a nostalgic rehash of a theatrical era for which I, at any rate, find it very difficult to work up any genuine nostalgia.

EVER since the time of Debussy, French composers have been plagued by the lack of tradition that has simultaneously afflicted the composers of many other nations—a lack, that is, of a universally understood language of musical communication within which a musician can express his thoughts. In consequence, France has given us little important music of the symphonic, or "absolute," type during the past generation, and, indeed, the most interesting French music of the period has had a purely decorative or illustrative function, associated with literature of one form or another—usually the theatre. Arthur Honegger's "Joan of Arc at the Stake," which was revived at last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, under the baton of Leonard Bernstein, is certainly one of the strongest compositions by a Frenchman to come to light during the period I am referring to. It is full of fine sound and fury, and its music, as a background for the Paul Claudel drama to which it is set, is undeniably effective from a theatrical point of view. Nowhere, however, does the Honegger score take the lead over the text, by expressing the anguish, the brutality, and the tenderness of the subject in purely musical terms. It remains, on the contrary, a detached commentary, a vast and complicated piece of scenery that ornaments the drama but never really participates in it. The style is eclectic, being reminiscent at times of Wagner, French folk and martial music, Gregor-

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ian chant, and even jazz. One does not find in it the consistency of style or the originality that comes when a composer is speaking from the heart. Yet "Joan of Arc at the Stake" is a fairly stunning theatrical production. The chorus—in this instance the Westminster Choir, supplemented by the members of the Columbus Boychoir School—roars on occasion like an angry mob, and at other times croons touching phrases reflecting the childhood memories that occur to Joan as she faces martyrdom; the soloists, impersonating her judges and various Biblical figures, sing music that is frequently beautiful; and the long prose passages spoken by Brother Dominic, as he converses with her, have that peculiarly gripping quality that is often found in poetic speech delivered over an emotional musical accompaniment. Mr. Bernstein's interpretation of the gigantic score seemed to me gratifyingly vigorous and tensely dramatic, and the lines spoken by Felicia Montealegre (Mrs. Bernstein in private life), in the role of Joan, were, I thought, declaimed with all the sincerity and depth of feeling that they require. Since the performance was in English, Brother Dominic's speeches, handled by the French baritone Martial Singher, sounded a little as though they were being delivered by Maurice Chevalier, but the vocal soloists—Adele Addison, Leontyne Price, Frances Bible, David Lloyd, and Lorenzo Alvary—sang with fitting dedication, and the whole affair certainly qualified as one of the more impressive events of the Philharmonic season, which it brought to a close.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Children should be kept happy—that is very definite. The best way to keep them happy is to try to order some dish that they will find novel but appetizing. If the child wants a Martini, let him take a little sip of it but only a very small one. Certainly it is a dangerous thing to let a child of seven guzzle on any sort of strong drink. —*From "The Diner's Companion," by Maurice Dreicer.*

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•

An important stimulus to the United States economy may come from higher capital exports, the report said. It recalled President Eisenhower's statement, in his economic report to Congress last January, that "a continued rise in outflow of dollar payments would make for a reinforced economic expansion [hehe] and abroad." —*The Times.*

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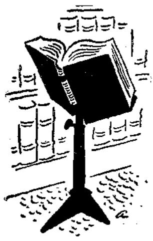
BOOKS

Himpies and the Turtles



Maria Dermoût is a seventy-year-old Dutch woman who was born and raised in the Dutch East Indies, and her first full-length novel, “The Ten Thousand Things” (Simon & Schuster), is a primitive work in the best sense. Much of it is a paean to natural objects, animate and inanimate, for Mrs. Dermoût, in the manner of Thoreau and the early Hemingway, is an extraordinary sensualist. But her approach is not the muzzy, semi-poetic one in which the writer damagingly affixes his own imagination to what he sees. Instead, her instinct for beauty results, again and again, in passages of a startling, unadorned, three-dimensional clarity; often, one can almost touch what she describes. The book is also a work of heresy, in which a practical woman named Felicia, who is, like the author, a Dutch colonial born in the Indies, survives without God or gods an unbendingly pagan round of murder, greed, lust, superstition, and legend. She is a realist who is apt to force the reader behind a cloud of fluttering bewilderment. Thus, the dust jacket is misleadingly coated with soft, hazy adjectives from Eudora Welty, Marianne Moore, Daphne du Maurier, and others, who welcome the book in collective wonderment as “charming,” “magical,” “translunary,” and “lovely.”

Felicia spends most of her early childhood at her grandmother’s spice garden, or plantation, in the Moluccas, where nearly everything conceals an underside of superstition or impending violence. But Mrs. Dermoût doesn’t tell us this outright. Instead, she sinks directly into Felicia’s awed imagination as it turns somersaults of fear and uncertainty:

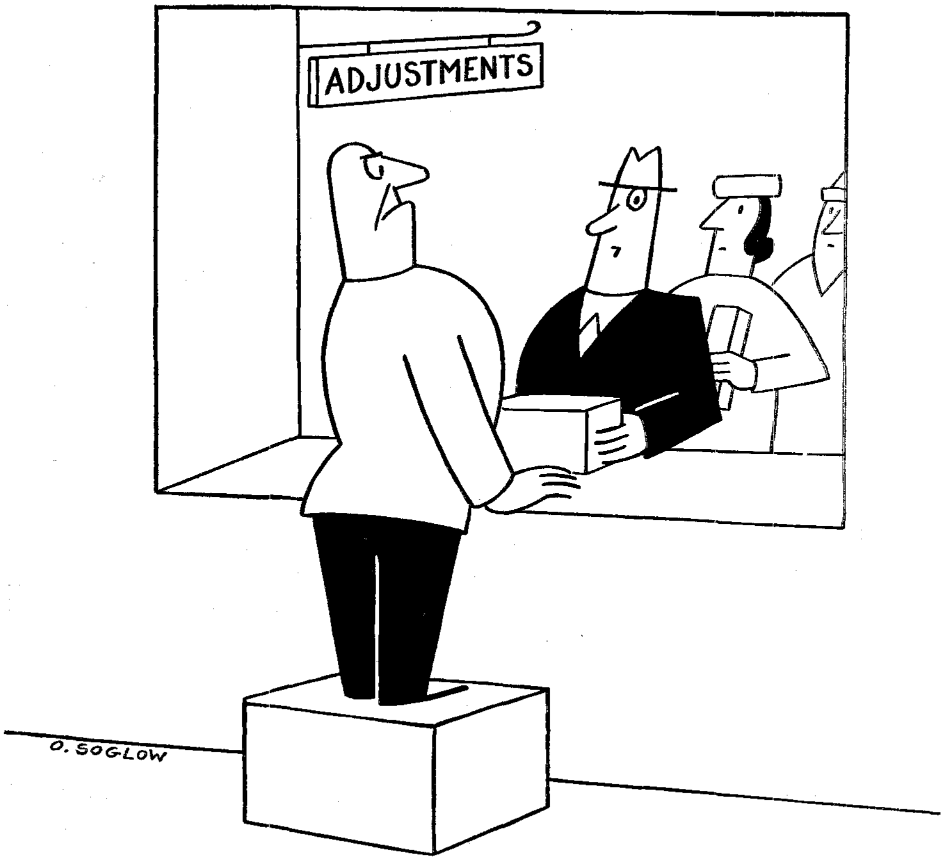
> When one of the high arèn palms was going to be tapped, they hung a little fellow in the tree to watch for thieves. He was cut from rough wood, about two feet long, dressed in old rags, with a mustache and a curly head of black palm hairs, a fiery red mouth, black-and-white gleaming eyes; and right through him they stuck a black rattan thorn, almost as long as he was himself and as thick as a finger, with the needle-sharp point sticking out in front.
>
> Up there in the high palm tree the little fellow couldn’t do much harm, but at times he climbed down the small rattan ladder, quick as a monkey, and pursued someone with his thorn! Then you had to watch out, and hide fast.

Even her pious nurse, who rattles off psalms in loud Malayan, is sinister: “Susanna . . . had a disease which made her arms and legs swell and look like tightly stuffed brown sausages to which the hands and feet were tied. . . . The disease was not contagious, the doctor said.” And her grandmother is a benign witch who sifts the world through a protective screen of superstition and legend. She has a cabinet with a marvellous drawer full of trinkets, charms, and cures, as well as live mollusks, which she uses as guards:

> The second box was lined with little pieces of blue velvet and in it another stone was lying. It looked like a common white pebble with a bit of a pearly shine over it; and next to it lay a little stone, like a piece broken off the other one. But that was something one should not think and certainly never say!
>
> The very small stone was the child of the other stone. First it had not been there: the larger one had been “all alone” in the box—and one morning the child was lying next to it, “born in the night,” grandmother said, and put the top back on the box.

When she is seven or eight, Felicia is taken to Europe by her parents. Cleansed of her grandmother’s world by Western modernity, she returns to the garden seventeen years later with a child but without her husband, who has left her. Thus, she has learned sorrow, but she now refuses to accept her grandmother’s defenses against its causes. The island has not changed. The spice garden is still haunted by three little girls—Felicia’s great-great-aunts, said to have been poisoned by their beautiful Malayan nurse. Felicia plants things in the ruins of the house the girls lived in, but nothing grows (“when she complained about it the grandmother looked at her, said nothing—only muttered something about foolishness!—what had she expected?”). A *bibi*, a witch who peddles herbs and charms, hangs a head-hunter’s shell necklace around the neck of Himpies, Felicia’s son. Her grandmother mysteriously warns her never to let Himpies wear a soldier’s uniform. One afternoon, long after her grandmother’s death, all these forces—fate, magic, the unseen—abruptly collide. Mrs. Dermoût’s method of revelation—the war, within the natural world, between the sinister and the beautiful—is the ingenious heart of her book. Himpies, now a soldier, is on duty on another island, and Felicia, returning to the plantation from town with a letter from him, glances down into the water:

> Suddenly there were three young turtles, all three of the same size, their shields gleaming, almost pink, with a symmetrical pattern of dark brown and yellow and



> black stripes and spots; each with its four fins waving up and down, young and yet with the same old man's bald head on a wrinkled neck, with little gleaming eyes under sleepy lids and a large yellow beak like a bird's.
>
> They let themselves drop, their fins upright, as if they were drowning, rose again; they kept together, swam over and under each other, carefully, not touching, with a strangely thoughtful and yet casual grace.
>
> Then, as unexpectedly as they had risen, they dropped down into the deep and did not reappear.

Felicia learns the next day that while the turtles danced, Himpies, caught in an ambush, was being shot through the neck by a head-hunter. She becomes a little unbalanced. Himpies not only has been killed in battle, he has been murdered; murder has killed her family, making her its last member. She begins collecting the stories of all the murders and suspected murders that occur in the islands, as her grandmother once collected charmed shells, and three of these tales form the last half of the book: an official drowns mysteriously in the bay in front of his house; a servant who works for acquaintances is stabbed to death; a Scotch botanist is robbed and thrown into the sea. The official owned valuable pearls, which are, Felicia's grandmother said, the unlucky tears of the sea. The botanist had been told long before that he would have a "sailor's grave." The stories of the official and the servant are flawless pieces of narrative prose; each word has an exact purpose, the suspense results from a delicate, growing intensity and not from a scattering of "then"s and "suddenly"s, and there is none of the nervous gallimaufry that most writers fall into when faced with blood and terror. Felicia sets aside the anniversary of her son's death as a time of commemoration for all the murdered of the world, and, sitting alone in a chair on the beach, thinks thus:

> She wasn't an oversensitive woman and certainly not sentimental, but she would always keep that deep and burning pity for those who had been murdered; she rebelled against it, murder, she couldn't accept it, not for her son nor for anyone, not then, not now, and not in all eternity.

The same night, an old woman finally softened by the weight of her own vindictiveness, she feels for the first time a pity—a lesser pity—for the murderers, and, looking out over the water, she has, ironically, a vision, in which all the people, murderers and murdered, and the things, real and legendary, she has known seem to form an eternal welter of separate yet interlocking entities. It is the realist's vision of immortality, a heaven stripped of angels, harps, and fish fries, which Felicia, had she

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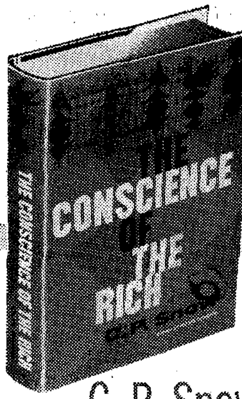

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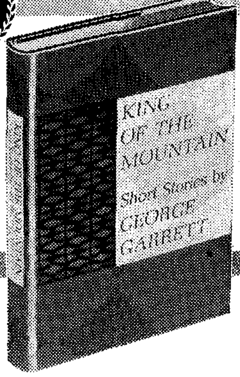

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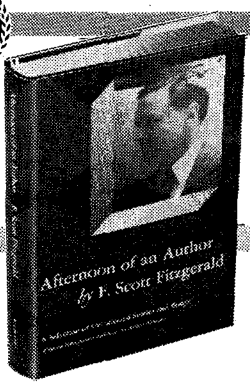

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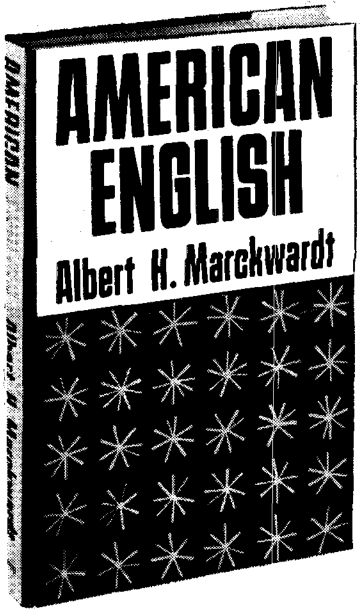
known, has been part of all her life. The translation from the Dutch, by Hans Koningsberger, is also a minor masterpiece.

THOMAS HINDE's second novel, "Happy as Larry" (Criterion), is another work of heresy. But it is a sneaky one. A mischievous, highly secular fable about *how to achieve goodness* through immorality, it deals with the salvation through weakness and indecision of a young London bohemian, Larry Vincent. Vincent is no longer an uncommon fictional hero. There have been countless variations of him in recent novels from both sides of the Atlantic. In fact, it is as if the amiable Victorian freaks like Micawber and George Eliot's Mr. Brooke, who, though forced to serve as a supporting gallery of comic misfits, were revolutionaries in disguise, had finally risen against the Copperfields and Twists and Caspar Goodwoods to follow a new messiah—Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, with his weak eyes, feverish brain, and sword of art. Vincent is a classic misfit who dabbles unsuccessfully in writing. A tall, thin, stooped, partly bald man, he rarely washes and he smokes and drinks too much. He is hypnotized by a sense of failure that has accumulated steadily throughout his life. He approaches responsibility accidentally, if at all, and from any angle but the head-on. Nonetheless, Vincent is in many ways a better man than his Victorian counterpart, who generally suggests iron and cold porridge. He isn't stuffy. He is absolutely honest with himself, if not with others. He is humble, kindly, self-sacrificing, and, with his considerable self-knowledge, slices swiftly through the confusions and chicaneries most of us use for truth. Above all, he is funny.

Vincent starts sidling toward salvation by indulging in a supreme act of weakness. He literally turns his back on his wife after seeing her hit by an automobile. A vessel of despair, he is filled with an irresistible resolve to right his life, and while his wife is recuperating, he becomes involved in a quest that resembles, in its dedication and fervor, the search for the Holy Grail. He sets himself to tracking down an indecent photograph of a friend who fears blackmail. His health fails, he loses his friends and his job (taken only to ward off starvation), suffers terrible physical abuse (such as being kicked downstairs by a B.B.C. interviewer, whose cousin, indirectly involved in the search, he insults), and is finally arrested by the police for attempted housebreaking. But just after his wife returns to a situa-



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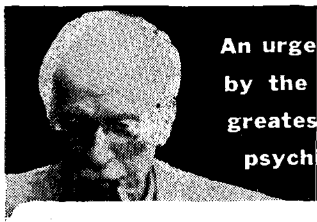

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tion that inconceivably appears even worse than the one she has left, Vincent finds the picture. He breathes for the first time in his life the pure gas of moral satisfaction. He begins a conscience.

Throughout this inspired nonsense, Mr. Hinde opens Vincent up again and again and lets us look in:

> "Can you imagine not knowing the difference between right and wrong?" [he asks a girl].
>
> "No."
>
> "I can. One person says do this, another do that. I like them both. I understand exactly why they say what they say and think the other absurd. I can think the way either of them think. What should I do?"
>
> "You must feel."
>
> "I sometimes genuinely don't—or rather I feel both. Then what am I to do? Start arguing? I haven't the intelligence. Anyway, it's a life work." . . .
>
> Tolerance was fine [Vincent is thinking] but it didn't mean much if it was only avoiding knowing people well enough to have any reason to hate them. . . .
>
> [Vincent] stared at the green sorbo rubber cushion which Carmichael brought to the office to make his great buttocks comfortable. It was three or four inches deep when he wasn't on it, but now it seemed to have no depth except at one edge where it was pressed against the chair struts in a thin tight roll. He could not feel angry with someone who did that to a cushion.

It is too bad that Mr. Hinde doesn't write as well as this all the time. But more often than not his prose is scrappy and gray and is buckled loosely together with a great many ill-fitting metaphors. And he is a heedless technician. His scenes often stop and start and collide without sense or warning. He circulates his characters, who are a heroic collection of maladjusts—a fat, weepy homosexual; an ex-Scotland Yard man who dreams drunkenly of a place in the country near water and ducks; a straightforward airplane pilot with an uncontrollably twitching mustache—as casually as if he were stirring soup, and not to satisfy any structural demands. In his search, Vincent himself is like a Roman candle, issuing a steady stream of instructive and even moving actions and thoughts. He noisily and delightfully lights up the darkness, but he keeps going out.

PETER DE VRIES' comic novels depend in large part on a high-powered intellectual slapstick in which words arranged in the form of an inexhaustible supply of puns, athletic paradoxes, wobbly aphorisms, and bad jokes take the place of pies and pratfalls. It is the nerviest kind of comic writing. But too much of it tends to leave one cold. Mr. De

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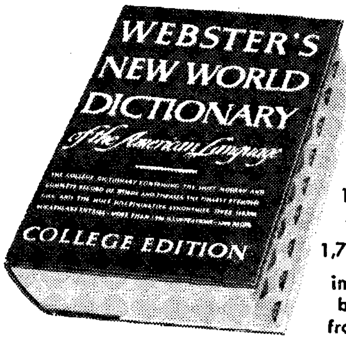

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Vries' new novel, "The Mackerel Plaza" (Little, Brown), never lets down. The book is an assault on some of the shams of contemporary religious practice, and revolves around a bristling, free-thinking minister, the Reverend Andrew Mackerel, who is pastor of the People's Liberal Church in a Connecticut commuting town. His church is a split-level structure, and is equipped with expandable medical and neuropsychiatric wings. Such airs as "Funiculi-Funicula" are used for hymns, and the sermons, which are knotty intellectual exercises ("It is the final proof of God's omnipotence that He need not exist in order to save us"), never last more than ten minutes. Mackerel's religious beliefs are complex but boil down to this: "Let us think and do according to our *time.* Let us graft on the Christian principle of selflessness, as Auden so cogently urges, the Freudian one of maturity, and come up with an ideal suited to our era." The book covers a frenzied year in Mackerel's life, in which he becomes involved in a triangular love affair, is accused of murder, and loses his congregation, all the while battling and befuddling his enemies with remarks like "Let us hope that a kind Providence will put a speedy end to the acts of God under which we have been laboring." But it is the quiet, almost incidental passages that sustain the book, and that are as funny as anything being written today.

—Whitney Balliett

•

Realizing that various staff members would mispronounce the latter part of "The Brothers Karamova," upcoming Loew's Poli attraction, manager Lou Cohen has instructed that the title, "Brothers K," be used in response to phone queries. —*Hartford Times.*

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•

The theory, however, can also be understood and appreciated by anyone not trained in mathematics who will accept the postulate that two n dimensional vectors are orthogonal to one another if their dot product summation vanishes.—*Instruction sheet for operating a Burroughs computer.*

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•

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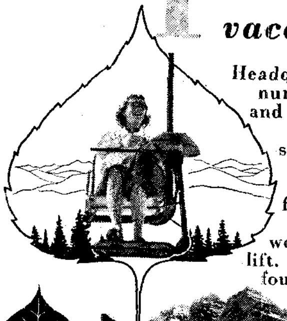

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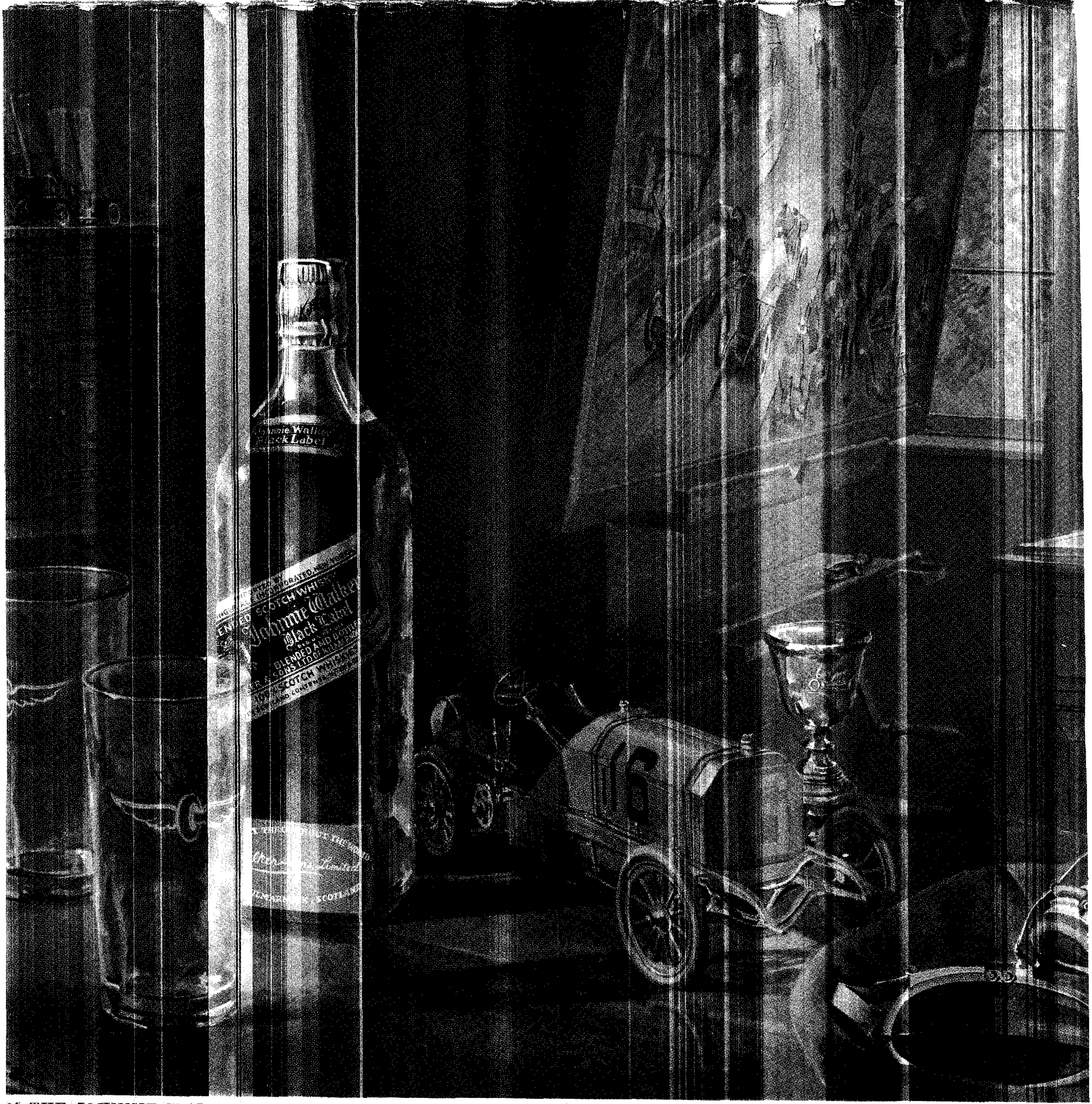

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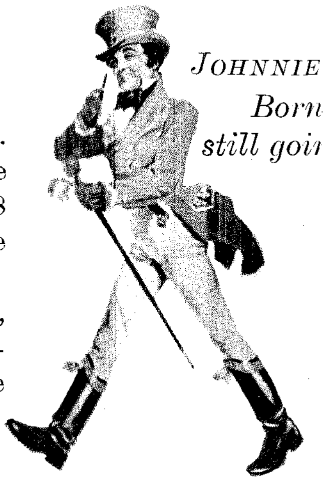

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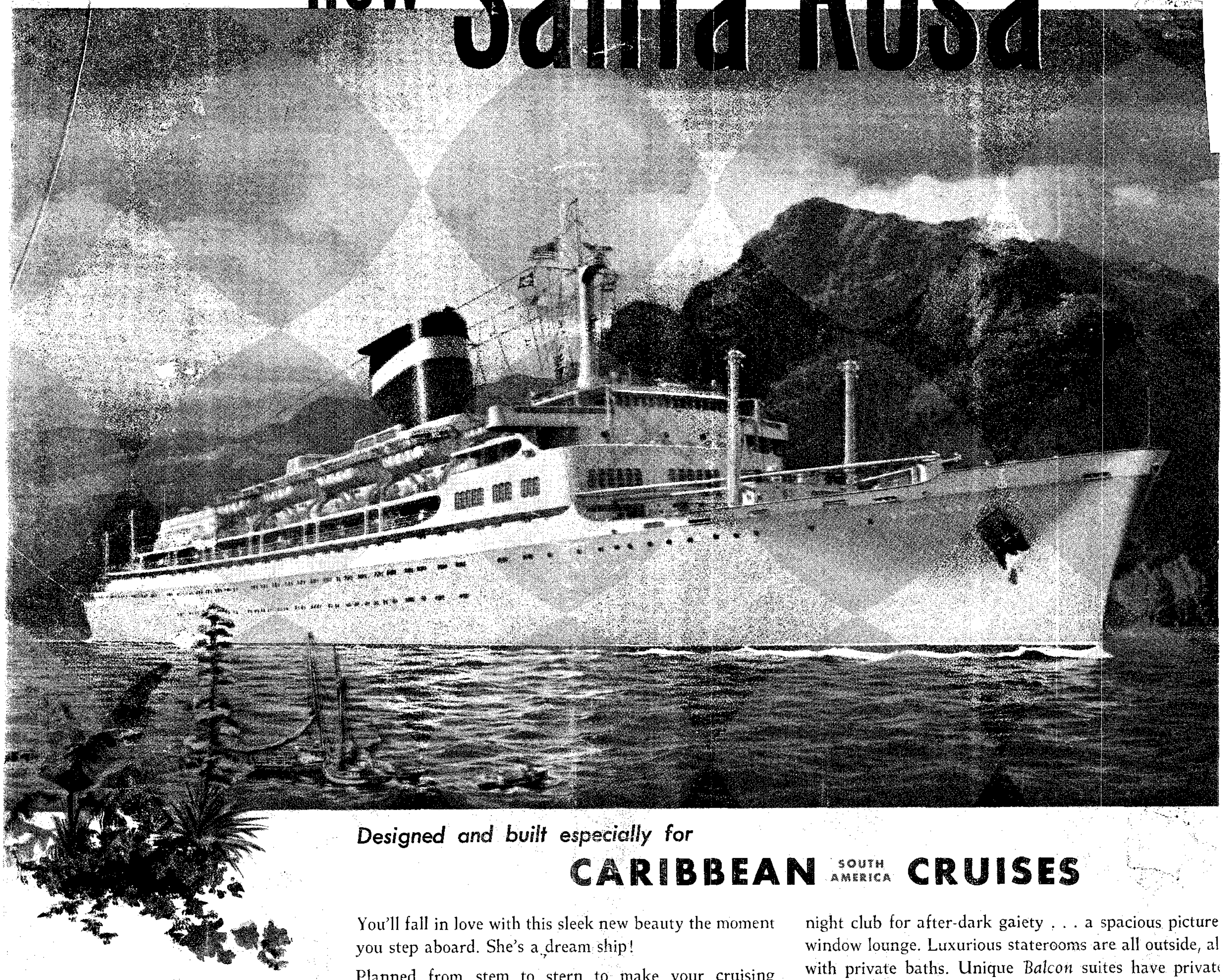

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